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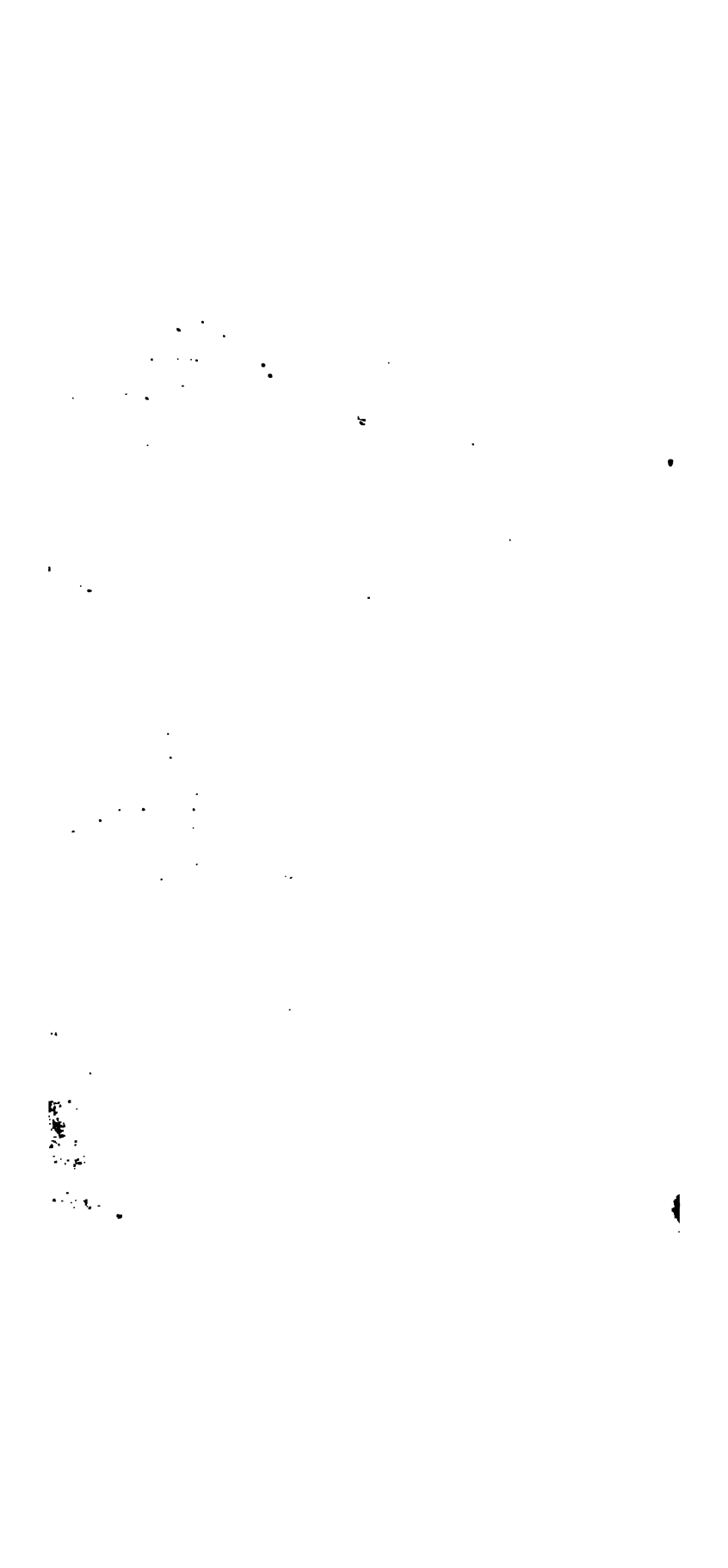
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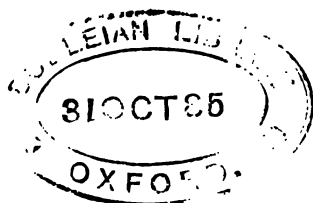
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London:
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1884.

22-1-1972



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THE ROYAL READERS have for many years been the most popular of English Reading Books.

As the Instructions to Inspectors recently issued by the Education Department necessitate considerable changes in all Reading Books, the opportunity has been taken by the Editors of the "Royal Readers" to prepare a new and thoroughly revised edition of each book of the series.

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the name by which it is intended that this series shall be known, to distinguish it from the series previously issued. This volume, like the others in the series, has been entirely recast. New Lessons, new Illustrations, and important Helps to Teachers have been given, so as to make it the best Fifth Standard Book ever published.

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As at this stage the scholar may be supposed to be prepared to go beyond the short extracts usually found in Miscellaneous Readers, the Editors have deemed it advisable to present something in the form of a continuous story. For this purpose a number of scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have been chosen, and thrown into a connected form. That famous book has long been recognized as a work of genius; and, like "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," it should be made familiar to the young. The passages chosen are the principal scenes in the book. Many of them are of thrilling interest. In linking them together the Editors have been careful to give the *author's own words*, with only such slight alterations here and there as were necessary to weave the whole into a connected story.

No. VI. of the Series is nearly ready.

June 1884.

NEW ROYAL READERS.

No. V.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD FIELDS.

1. It was the month of January in Australia; a blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was an arch of pure blue; and the southern air crept slowly up, its wings clogged with fragrance, and just tuned the trembling leaves—no more. “Is not this pleasant, Tom? isn’t it sweet?”

2. “I believe you, George; and what a shame to run down such a country as this! There they come home and tell you the flowers have no smell, but they keep dark about the trees and bushes being hay-stacks of flowers. Snuff the air as we go, it is a thousand English gardens in one. Look at all those tea-scrubs, each with a thousand blossoms on it as sweet as honey, and the golden wattles on the other side, and all smelling like seven o’clock, after which who need complain about flowers?”

3. “Ay, lad! it is very refreshing; and it is Sunday, and we have got away from the wicked for an hour or two. But in England there would be a little white church out yonder, and a spire like an *angel’s forefinger* pointing from the grass to heaven.

and the lads in their clean smock-frocks like snow, and the girls in their new shawls, and the old women in their scarlet cloaks, all going one road, and a tinkle-tinkle from the belfry, that would turn all these other sounds and colours and sweet smells holy, as well as fair, on the Sabbath morn. Ah! England. Ah!"

4. "There's no need to sigh: this is a lovely land. But where are we going, George?"

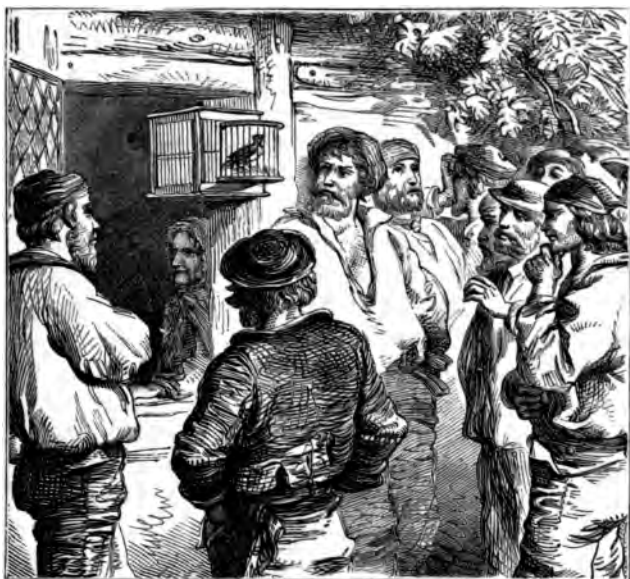
"Oh, not much further; only about twelve miles from the camp."

"Where to?"

"To a farmer I know. I am going to show you a lark, Tom," said George, and his eyes beamed with kindness upon his comrade.

5. The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and grounds. "Here we are!" cried George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight. The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze-bush had been planted by the door. Upright oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them.

6. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from over-towering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to *forty* rough fellows, most of them diggers.



THE LARK'S SONG.

7. "Ah, well," said he, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves; and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is—there!" Tom looked up, and in a cage at the window there was a light-brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh ay! I see! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

8. Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your noise," cried one; "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

9. Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The rough men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him, one by one.

10. And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out bursts in that distant land his English song.

11. It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme—the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had *held their breath to hear him*; and when he swelled *with song again*, and poured with all his soul the

green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

12. And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and desire for gain, had once been white-headed boys, and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song.

13. And so for a moment or two the years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine: they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days,—the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

From "It is Never too Late to Mend," by CHARLES READE.¹⁴

New Words in this Lesson. (See Word Lists, page 242.)

ca'denç-es	ex-pec-ta'tion	mag-nif'i-cent	squat'ter
clogged	fra'grance	mer'ri-ment	theme
con-found'ed	gam-bolled	re-mon'strance	thrill'ing
con-sis'ten-cy	glis'ten-ing	res-o-lu'tion	un-bri'dled
ex'ile	im-mor'tal	Rob'in-son	wat'tles

Questions:—1. In what country is the scene of the lesson laid? In what month? What kind of morning was it? 2. What did Tom say about the plants of Australia? 3. What did George say one would see in England on Sunday? 4. What did George wish to show Tom? 5. Where did the friends go? 6. What had been excluded from the plantation? 7. What did they see at the window? 8. By whom was Robinson interrupted? Why? 9. To what did they listen? 10. How were the rough diggers affected? 11. What was the theme of the lark's song? 12. What had these shaggy men once been? 13. Of what did the song remind them?

Notes and Meanings.

The figures refer to the numbers of the paragraphs.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jan'-u-a-ry. The seasons are reversed in Australia, and January is one of the summer months.
Clogged, loaded.</p> <p>2 Tea-scrubs, tea-plants.
Wat'-tles, twigs.</p> <p>3 Smock-frocks, linen outer garments worn by farm labourers.</p> <p>5 Squat'-ter, settler on land without payment.
Furze-bush, prickly shrub which bears a yellow flower.</p> <p>6 Ex-clūd'-ed, uprooted; not planted.
Con-sis'-ten-ey, firmness.</p> | <p>7 Con-found'-ed, greatly surprised.</p> <p>8 Re-mon'-strance, order to be quiet.</p> <p>9 War-rant'-ed him to, said that he would.
Ex'-ile, one away from his native
Re-vive', recall. [land.
Ca-denc'-es, tones.</p> <p>11 Its theme, subject; what it was singing about.
Un-bri'-dled, fierce; violent.</p> <p>13 Im-mor'-tal, never-dying.
Gam'-bolled, played.</p> <p>14 Charles Reade, a well-known novelist; born 1814, died 1884.</p> |
|--|---|

Summary:—To those who are far away from their native land, everything that reminds them of home has a special value. In this story we are told how rough men who had left their homes and gone to Australia to the gold-diggings walked many miles on a Sunday morning to hear a lark sing. For the lark's song told them of the green valleys of England; of their parents, and the friends of their childhood. As they listened they were, in fancy, once again at home.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *For the lark's song told them of the green valleys of England.*

2. Change into Nouns—blazing, hot, pure, sweet, wicked, clean. (See Rules for Formation of Nouns, Adjectives, and Verbs from each other, page 249.)

3. Make Sentences containing—accept, except; accede, exceed; addition, edition. (See List of Words pronounced Nearly Alike, page 253.)

4. Write a short description of Australia under the heads—position, size, chief physical features, people and productions. (See Hints on Composition, page 252.)

◆◆◆

THE SKY-LARK.

1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;



Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day ;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

4. Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.⁵

New Words in this Lesson.

blithe'-some
 cum'-ber-less

dew'y
 em'-blem

gloom'-ing
 her'-alds

mat'-in
 sheen

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ¹ Blithe ['] some, sprightly.
Oum ['] ber-less, free from care.
Mat ['] in, morning song.
Lea, meadow.—Em ['] blem, token.
² Lay, song.—Down ['] y, soft; white.
³ Fell, rocky hill.—Sheen, bright.
Red stream ['] er, stream of light from
the rising sun.—Oher ['] ub, angel. | Her ['] alds, announces.
⁴ Gloam ['] ing, twilight.
⁵ James Hogg (1770-1835), poet. He
was at one time a shepherd in the
vale of Ettrick, watered by the
Ettrick river, hence called the
Ettrick Shepherd; but he was better
known as a poet. |
|--|--|

The Sky-Lark.—The sky-lark is one of the best-known British birds. It has brown feathers, with a spotted breast. It is distinguished from other birds by the extreme length of its hinder claws, which extend in an almost straight line behind. From this formation, it has scarcely any power of seizing branches of trees; but it is well fitted for running along the ground. It is a general favourite on account of the sweetness of its song, which it pours forth while soaring in the air. It is valued as a cage-bird.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The sky-lark is one of the best-known British birds.*

2. Change into Adjectives—happiness, cloud, love, energy, heaven, earth.
3. Make Sentences containing—adds, adze; affect, effect; airy, eery.
4. Write in your own words anything you have heard or read about the Lark.

 THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

1. Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of one and another of his pupils unfinished sketches bearing marks of rich genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author.

2. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to theirs on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it; but each returned a sorrowful nega-

tive. "He who has left this drawing will one day be master of us all," said Murillo.

3. "Sebastian," said he to a youthful slave that stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, signor."

"Well, take your station here to-night; and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your punishment on the morrow."

The slave bowed in quiet submission, and retired.



4. That night he threw his mattress before the easel, and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's!" He seized a brush, and took his seat at the frame,

to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand, he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot, oh, I cannot erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

5. He went to work: a little colouring here, a touch there, then a soft shade; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around! the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the taper burned.

6. Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, signor."

"Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"You, signor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No; but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, and you have done better; you have profited by them."

7. Turning to his pupils, he then said, "Does this boy deserve punishment, or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, signor," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. One said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees, and lifted his eyes to his master's face: "The freedom of my father!"

8. Murillo was touched, and said: "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have a heart. You are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted—I have made a painter."

There may still be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

New Words in this Lesson.

clas'sic	ex'qui-site	prof'it-ed	spec'i-mens
con-jec-ture	ge-ni-us	pun-ish-ment	stu-di-o
ea'sel	Mu-ril'lo	re-sponse'	sub-mis'sion
e-rase'	mys-te'ri-ous	Se-bas'tian	sug-gest-ed
ex-cla-ma'tions	neg-a-tive	Sev'ille	sur-pass'ing
ex'e-cut-ed	pre-ced'ing	sign-or	Vir'gin

Questions:—1. Who was Murillo? What did he often find on the canvas of his pupils? 2. What did he find on entering his studio one morning? 3. Who was standing by? What instructions did Murillo give him? 4. Where did Sebastian sleep that night? What did he get up early to do? 5. What did he do? What caused him to look up? Who were around him? 6. How had the boy learned to paint? 7. What rewards were proposed for him? What did Sebastian ask? 8. What did Murillo then say? Where may specimens of the works of Murillo and Sebastian be seen?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Mu-ril'lo (1618-1682), a famous Span- ish artist.	Ex'qui-site, very fine; delicate.
Art-ist, painter.	Neg-a-tive, No!
Sev'ille, the chief city of Andalusia, in Spain, 62 miles north-east of	8 Sign-or, sir; master.
Sketch-es, drawings. [Cadiz.	Mys-te'ri-ous, unknown; secret.
Ge-ni-us, power of mind.	Vis-i-tant, visitor.
Con-jec-ture, guess.	Sub-mis-sion, obedience.
2 Stu-di-o, an artist's work-room or study.	4 E-rase' it, paint it out.
Ea-sel, the stand or frame on which a painter places his canvas.	5 Case-ment, window.
The Vir-gin, Mary, the mother of Christ.	7 Re-sponse', answer.
	Chord, feeling.
	8 Tal-ent, power to do great work.
	Clas'sic, of the highest class or rank. Italy is famous for the study of the fine arts.

Summary:—Murillo often found in his studio unfinished sketches, which had been painted during the night. One morning the picture so painted was a head of the Virgin. It was very beautiful. Murillo threatened to flog Sebastian, the slave-boy, who slept in the room, if he did not discover the unknown painter.

Next morning at three o'clock the lad arose to erase the picture. Instead of doing so he began to finish it. Before he had done, Murillo and his pupils entered the room. The great painter was so pleased with the slave's work that he adopted him as his son.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Murillo and his pupils entered the room.*

2. Change into Verbs—punishment, seat, response, clothes, captive, knees.

3. Make Sentences containing—aloud, allowed; ark, arc; aught, ought.

4. Describe a Picture in your own words. Look at it carefully before you begin to write. Say all you know about the subject of the picture.

EXCELSIOR.

1. The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!
3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!
4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!
5. "O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"



A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last Good-night :
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

7. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

8. A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

9. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior !

LONGFELLOW.¹⁰

New Words in this Lesson.

clar'-i-on	fal'-chion	heav'-en-ward	spec'-tral
Ex-cel'-si-or	gla'-ci-ers	se-rene'	twi'-light

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 Al'-pine, belonging to the Alps; a mountain village.—'Mid, amid.
De-vice', emblem or motto.
Ex-cel'-si-or, a Latin word meaning higher.
2 Fal'-chion, a curved sword.
Clar'-i-on, clear-sounding trumpet.
3 Spec'-tral gla'-ci-ers, masses of ice having a weird and ghost-like appearance.
4 Pass, road over the mountain.
Low-ers, threatens; darkens.
5 A tear stood, etc. The tear and the sigh showed that a struggle was going on in the youth's mind. He would like to stay for rest and comfort, but to do so would be to give up that which he had determined to do; so he keeps on.
6 Be-ware', look out for.
Av'-a-lanche, mass of snow sliding down a mountain-side, and carrying destruction with it.</p> | <p>7 Monks, men who live in a monastery.
Saint Ber'-nard. The Great St. Bernard Pass leads over the Alps from Switzerland to Italy. There is a convent situated high up in this pass, where devoted monks live all the year for the purpose of aiding travellers. With the assistance of their famous dogs, they save many lives.
8 Faith'-ful hound, St. Bernard dog.
9 From the sky....a voice fell.
"Excelsior" is the motto of the spirit rather than of the body. The youth's spirit soars heavenward, after his body has been overcome by physical weakness.
10 Long-fel-low, Hen'-ry Wads'-worth (1807-1882), the most popular of American poets. He wrote <i>The Village Blacksmith</i>, <i>The Wreck of the Hesperus</i>, <i>Hiawatha</i>, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

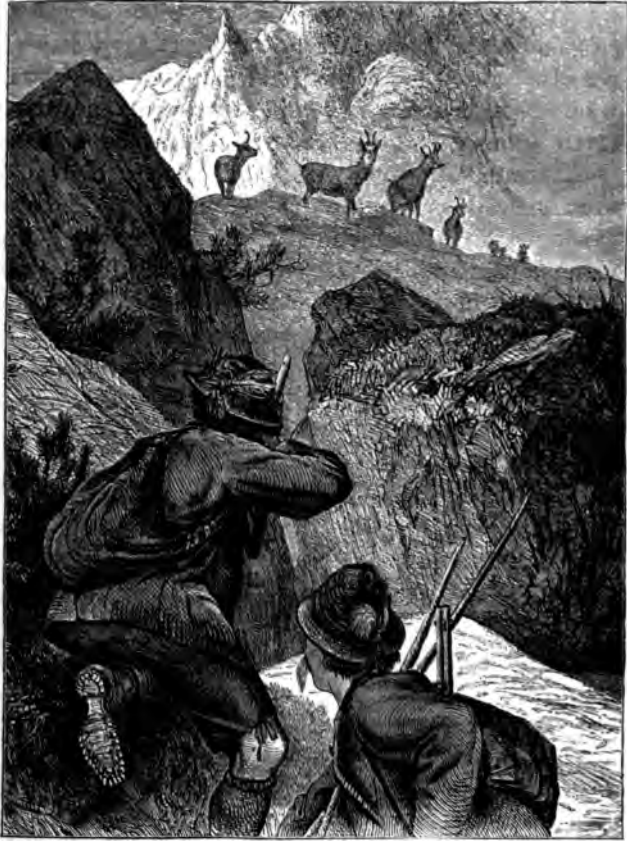
Summary:—Under the figure of a young man attempting to cross a mountain on a dark and stormy night, in spite of the warning of old age, the drawings of love, and the caution of those in the prime of life, we are shown how youth dares every danger, disregards every warning, and even sacrifices home comforts and personal happiness, to attain some coveted object or position.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Youth dares every danger.*

2. *Change into Nouns*—Alpine, happy, warm, deep, weary, pious, faithful.

3. *Make Sentences containing*—ascent, assent; assistance, assistants.

4. *What is Perseverance? How is it shown? Of what value is it? Tell any story you have read illustrating perseverance.*

**THE CHAMOIS.**

1. The home of the chamois is in the heart of Europe, among the lofty ranges of the Alps. This beautiful mountain-antelope is about the size of a goat. When full-grown it weighs from sixty to

eighty pounds. Its colour changes with the season. In summer it is brown; in winter it is nearly all jet black, except on the forehead and the breast, where it is of a tawny colour. Its horns are about seven inches in length. They are hooked backwards.

2. Chamois-hunters speak of the marvellously keen sight and scent of this animal. A chamois darting down a mountain will suddenly stop some yards from where recent human foot-prints have been made in the snow; and turning away in alarm, the animal will rush off immediately in the opposite direction. A rolling stone or a spoken word at once attracts its attention, and it will look and listen an incredibly long time to discover whence the sound has come. The hunter must lie still and close indeed in order to escape their observation.

3. The eyes of the whole herd are fixed on a spot with a long, steady stare; and as the hunter watches them from afar, they almost look like fragments of rock, so motionless are they. He perhaps begins to hope that they have found no cause for alarm, when a sharp whistle from one of the herd tells him that they have fathomed the mystery, and away they bound to the precipitous rocks overhead.

4. The way in which the chamois leaps from rock to rock is most wonderful. Sometimes he makes a tremendous bound upon a wall of rock, and striking it with his hind hoofs, with a renewed spring he bounds to a higher pinnacle, and there perhaps finds firm footing on a patch no larger than *could be covered by a man's hands.*

5. *Should he feel himself insecure even there,*

and should there be at the other side of his giddy pedestal nothing but a slope of ice stretching hundreds of feet down, he takes a great leap, and alighting on his four sharp hoofs, he goes to the bottom of the ice-slope with the speed of an arrow.

6. The food of the chamois consists of herbs which grow on the mountains. When, however, the winter sets in so fiercely that every green thing on the exposed uplands perishes, the chamois will shift its quarters to the woods near the base of the mountains, and there subsist on leaves and grass.

7. The young of the chamois are born in May. The doe has sometimes two kids, but frequently only one, at a birth. It is only about November that the full-grown chamois roam at large; during the remainder of the year, they keep close in the most secluded and inaccessible parts of the mountains.

New Words in this Lesson.

an'te-lope	in-ac-ces-si-ble	mo-tion-less	pin-na-cle
cham'ois	in-se-cure'	ob-ser-va-tion	pre-cip'i-tous
fath'omed	mar-vel-lous-ly	ped'es-tal	se-clud-ed

Questions:—1. Where is the home of the chamois? Describe the chamois.
 2. What shows the keenness of its scent? 3. What tells the hunter that he has been discovered? 4, 5. Describe the wonderful leaps taken by the chamois?
 6. What is the food of the chamois? Where does it go when the winter is severe? 7. When are the young of the chamois born? When do the full-grown chamois roam at large? Where are they the rest of the year?

Notes and Meanings.

Cham'ois (*sham'-oy*).

1 **Alps**, chief mountains in Europe.

An'te-lope, kind of deer.

Taw'ny, yellowish brown.

2 **Mar-vel-lous-ly**, wonderfully.

In-cred-i-bly, not to be believed.

Their ob-ser-va-tion, notice.

3 **Fath-omed**, found out.

Mys-ter-y, something very difficult to understand.

Pre-cip'i-tous, very steep.

4 **Pin-na-cle**, sharp point, generally a mountain peak.

5 **Ped-es-tal**, the stand or base on which a statue is placed.

6 **Up-lands**, high lands.

Base, foot; bottom.

Sub-sist', live.

7 **Se-clud-ed**, hidden; out of the way.

In-ac-ces-si-ble, not to be reached.

Summary:—The chamois is a kind of antelope that lives on the Alps. Hunters have great difficulty in approaching it, because of its marvellously keen sight and scent. Its hind legs, like those of the hare, are longer than the fore ones; this gives it great security in ascending and descending rocks.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The chamois feeds on herbs.*

2. Change into Adjectives—heart, Europe, Alps, season, mountain, ice.

3. Make Sentences containing—bad, bade; baize, bays; bald, bawled.

4. Write a short account of the Chamois.

THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA.

1. There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud folding the moon in a funeral shroud; that watches the stars dying one by one, till the whole of heaven's calm light hath gone. There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge, as the mourner turns to the anthem dirge. That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be, but a mother's who hath a child at sea?

2. There's a cheek that is getting ashy white, as the tokens of storm come on with night. There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane, to mark how the gloom gathers over the main, while the yeasty billows lash the shore with loftier sweep and hoarser roar. That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be, but a mother's who hath a child at sea?

3. The rushing whistle chills her blood, as the north wind hurries to scourge the flood; and the icy shiver spreads to her heart, as the first red lines of lightning start. The ocean boils! all mute she stands, with parted lips and tight-clasped hands. Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she is a mother who hath a child at sea!

4. *She conjures up the fearful scene of yawning waves, where the ship, between, with striking keel*

and splintered mast, is plunging hard and foundering fast. She sees her boy with lank drenched hair, clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair. Oh, the vision is maddening! No grief can be like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

5. She presses her brow; she sinks and kneels, whilst the blast howls on and the thunder peals. She breathes not a word; for her passionate prayer is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear: it is poured in the long convulsive sigh, in the straining glance of an upturned eye; and a holier offering cannot be than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

6. Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control, for they suit my own bond-hating soul; I like to hear them sweeping past, like the eagle's pinions, free and fast. But a pang will rise, with sad alloy, to soften my spirit and sink my joy, when I think how dismal their voices must be to a mother who hath a child at sea!

ELIZA COOK.⁷

New Words in this Lesson.

an'-them	dirge	lat'-tice	splint'-ered
con'-jures	drenched	pas'-sion-ate	to'-kens
con-vul'-sive	hoars'-er	scourge	yawn'-ing

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Fu'-ner-al shroud, as in a death-
Liste, listens. [dress.
Hiss-ing surge, sound made by large
An'-them dirge, funeral song. [waves.
2 Lat'-tice pane, window made of bars
crossing one another like net-work.
Main, ocean.
Yeast'-y, frothy; foaming.
3 Scourge, drive; beat upon.</p> | <p>4 Con'-jures up, imagines.
Yawn'-ing, gaping; opening.
Foun'-der-ing, sinking.—Lank, loose.
5 Con-vul'-sive, with deep feeling.
6 Spurn con-trol', will not be checked.
Al-loy', pain mixed with pleasure;
baser metal mixed with finer.
7 E-li'-za Cook, born 1818. Author of
<i>The Old Arm Chair</i>, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *She can see her boy's ship.*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—watches, light, storm, mark, lash.

3. Make Sentences containing—bale, ball; bare, bear; barren, baron; beer.

4. Describe a Storm at sea. Tell any story you know about a storm. [bler.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.—I.

1. About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men.

2. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the king with his own hands, the dog became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their masters' steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation, Comyn.

3. When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the king divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again.

4. But when John of Lorn came to the place *where the army of Bruce had been thus divided,*

the hound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

5. The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thus thinking that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse.

6. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the hound, after he had sniffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number.

7. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother.

8. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the *others were*, as well as stronger and more desperate.

9. But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the hound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers."

10. Accordingly the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the farther side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves.

11. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water; but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next: for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So, John of Lorn seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called—that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued—they gave up the chase.

New Words in this Lesson.

Ay'-mer
Com'-yn

fa-tigued'
fu'-gi-tives

Gal'-lo-way
Lorn

Pem'-broke
Val'-ence

Questions :—1. Who came into Galloway with large bodies of men to oppose Bruce? 2. By what means did John of Lorn hope to find Bruce? 3. How did Bruce try to avoid his pursuers? 4. With what result? 5. What did the king then do? 6. With what result? 7. Who were now sent in pursuit of the king? 8. With what result? 9. What plan was proposed by Bruce to get clear of the hound? 10. How was it carried out? 11. How far was it successful?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Bruce. Robert the Bruce was the grandson of Robert Bruce, one of the twelve claimants for the crown of Scotland in 1290, when the Scottish throne was without a direct heir. Edward I. opposed Bruce, who was crowned at Scone in 1306. For some time after this the English were so powerful in Scotland that Bruce was obliged to take shelter in remote parts of the country. In 1314 he won the Battle of Bannockburn, and drove the English out of Scotland. He died in 1329.</p> <p>Lorn, a district in Argyleshire.</p> <p>Blood-hound, dog trained to pursue</p> | <p>men or animals by following the scent of their tracks.</p> <p>2 Com'-yn, John Comyn, who claimed the Scottish crown at the same time as Bruce. They entered into a league against the English. Hearing that Comyn had betrayed this league to the English king, Bruce slew Comyn in the Greyfriars' Church, Dumfries.</p> <p>3 In the rear, from behind.</p> <p>4 Op-pressed', overpowered.</p> <p>5 Dis-perse', scatter.</p> <p>6 High-land-ers, natives of the Highlands of Scotland.</p> <p>7 Fa-tigued', worn out.</p> |
|--|---|

Summary :—Edward I. of England was very angry when he heard that Bruce had revolted against his authority and ascended the Scottish throne. He sent the Earl of Pembroke to attack Bruce. Pembroke defeated the Scottish king at Methven. Bruce fled, and for a time he was in great danger of being made a prisoner or slain. It was during this period that he was unsuccessfully hunted by John of Lorn with a hound.

Exercises :—1. Parse and analyze: *Pembroke defeated the Scottish king at Methven.*

2. Change into Verbs—death, divisions, pursuit, attendant, running, sight.

3. Make Sentences containing—bite, bight; border, boarder; boy, buoy; breaches, breeches.

4. Write an account of Robert Bruce, or some other monarch. Name chief events in his life.

ADVENTURES OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.—II.

1. But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. *At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with*

three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen.

2. They saluted the king civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The king answered, that if they would go with him he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish king.

3. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance; and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

4. So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded; and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep which their companion was carrying.

5. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one *for himself* and his foster-brother at one end of the *house*, the other at the other end for their three

companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the king and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

6. Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first, he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept; for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also; for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king.

7. When the three villains saw the king and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and, rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the king slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and, starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the king killed him with a stroke of his sword.

8. The king was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armour which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril.

and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion.

9. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

10. "All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

11. "You!" said the good woman in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame; "*for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death.*"

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

*From "The Tales of a Grandfather," by SIR WALTER SCOTT.*¹²

New Words in this Lesson.

at-tend'-ant	fi-del'i-ty	pur-sued'	sal-u-ta'-tion
dis-per'sion	hab-i-ta'-tion	ruff'-ians	sus-pi'-cion
drow'-si-ness	in-cu'-na'-tion	ru'-in-ous	trait'-tors

Questions:—1. Whom did Bruce and his foster-brother meet in the forest? 2. Whom did they say that they were seeking? 3. What did Bruce suspect? 4. How did Bruce show his suspicion? 5. Of what food did they partake? 6. What arrangement about sleeping did Bruce and his foster-brother make? 7. What happened? 8. How did Bruce escape? 9. Where did he next go? 10. How was he received? 11. Whose assistance did the Scotswoman offer him? What became of them?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Hab-i-ta'-tion, dwelling.
 2 Sa-lut'-ed, greeted; spoke to.
 3 Sus-pect', think.
 De-sign', evil intention. [dwelling.
 4 Waste and ru'-in-ous, not fit for a
 5 Broiled, cooked by laying on the coals.
 6 Drow'-si-ness, sleepiness; desire to
 sleep.
 7 Trait'-tors, those who betray trust.
 8 Ar-mour, coat of mail.</p> | <p>11 Fi-del'i-ty, to be faithful.
 12 Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a
 great novelist and poet. He wrote
 the <i>Waverley Novels</i> (<i>Ivanhoe</i>, <i>The
 Heart of Midlothian</i>, etc.); a num-
 ber of poems (<i>Lady of the Lake</i>, <i>The
 Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>, <i>Marmion</i>,
 etc.); <i>Tales of a Grandfather</i>
 (being the History of Scotland in
 the form of stories), etc.</p> |
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-

Summary:—After escaping from the pursuit of the hound, Robert Bruce and his foster-brother rested in a wood. Being very hungry, they at last set out to look for a house. In the forest they met three ruffians, one of whom carried a sheep. Bruce suspected that they knew him, and would kill him. However, he and his attendant went with them to a ruined cottage, where they partook of the sheep. Here Bruce and his foster-brother fell asleep, and were attacked by the ruffians. The foster-brother was slain, but Bruce succeeded in killing the three men. He then went to the farm-house where he had appointed to meet his followers, and there he received a hearty welcome.

- Exercises:**—1. Parse and analyze: *In the forest they met three ruffians.*
 2. Change into Nouns—saluted, answered, suspect, travel, hungry, sorrowful.
 3. Make Sentences containing—bridal, bridle; bruise, brews; burrow, borough.
 4. Write a short description of Scotland under the heads—position, size, chief physical features, productions, etc.



YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

1. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best :
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
2. He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
3. *So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,*
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "Come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young
 Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan ; [they ran ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see !
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

From "Marmion," by SIR WALTER SCOTT. (See page 35.)

New Words in this Lesson.

brake	dan'-gling	fume	Mus'-graves
bri'-dal	das'-tard	gall'-iard	Neth'-er-by
Can'-no-bie	daunt'-less	Græmes	quaffed
cra'-ven	Fen'-wicks	lag'-gard	scaur
croupe	For'-sters	Loch-in-var'	wooded

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 Loch-in-var', a loch in Kirkcudbrightshire. In the centre of the loch stood the castle of Lochinvar, the seat of the Gordons. The chief of the Gordons was called Lochinvar.
 Bor'-der, or Bor'-der-land, those parts of England and Scotland on either side of the boundary.
 Daunt-less, fearless.</p> <p>2 Brake, thicket.
 Esk, river in Dumfriesshire.
 Neth'-er-by, in Cumberland, near the Border.
 Lag'-gard, one who lags behind.
 Das'-tard, one whose nature it is to shrink or be frightened ; coward.</p> <p>3 King'-men, relatives.
 Cra'-ven, cowardly ; spiritless.
 Bri'-dal, marriage.</p> | <p>4 Wooded, courted ; loved.
 Sol'-way, Solway Firth, between England and Scotland, noted for its Meas'-ure, dance. [rapid tides.
 5 Gob'-let, cup.—Quaffed, drank.
 6 Gall'-iard, brave and handsome young man ; also a quick and lively dance.
 Fume, get in a rage.
 7 Char'-ger, war-horse.
 Croupe, behind the saddle.
 Scaur (<i>Scot.</i>), cliff ; steep bank.
 Quoth, said. [Border clan.
 8 Græmes of Neth'-er-by, a powerful For'-sters, Fen'-wicks, and Mus'-graves, names of families in the north of England.
 9 Mar'-mi-on, a tale of Flodden Field, is a long poem in which Scott gives a striking picture of feudal times.</p> |
|---|--|

Summary:—Lochinvar, a young Scotsman, was engaged to Ellen Græme, an English lady of Netherby. Her parents were opposed to their union, and promised her hand to another. On the wedding-day Lochinvar entered the house, and under the pretence of having a last dance with the bride, he swung her on to his horse and carried her off in the presence of all her friends.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *On the wedding-day Lochinvar entered the house.*

2. Change into Adjectives—west, war, knight, stone, brother, peace.

3. Make Sentences containing—calendar, calender ; cannon, canon ; carrot, carat.

4. Write a description of the Border or borderland of England and Scotland. *Name the boundaries, counties on either side, etc.*

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

1. It was dreadfully cold; it snowed, and was getting quite dark, for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year.

2. Amid the cold and the darkness, a little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home; but they were not of much use, for they were very large slippers—so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother. Besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street to avoid two carriages that were driving at a fearful rate. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own.



3. So the child went along, her little bare feet red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle

of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day, and nobody had even given her a penny.

4. She crept along, shivering with cold and hunger—a perfect picture of misery. Poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls around her neck; but she heeded them not. Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savoury smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. And this she did heed.

5. She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not carry back a penny. Her father would certainly beat her; and it was cold enough at home, besides, for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with rags and straw. Her hands were nearly frozen with cold.

6. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers, that were benumbed by the pitiless frost.

7. So at last she drew one out. Whist! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it. Truly, it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she *were sitting* before a large iron stove, with polished

brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when, lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half-burned match in her hand.

8. She lit another match; and she now sat under a Christmas-tree that was larger and more superbly decked than even the one she had once seen through a glass door at some rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures seemed to be looking down upon her. The match then went out.

9. The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

10. She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all around; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving.

11. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out—you will vanish, like the warm stove and the fine large Christmas-tree." And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast.

12. And the matches gave a light that was

brighter than noon-day. Her grandmother never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; for it was to the land of the blessed that they had flown.

13. But in the morning the poor girl was found leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth. She had been frozen on the last night of the Old Year.

14. The child sat in the stiffness of death, still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. People said, "She tried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendour she had entered upon the joys of the New Year.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.¹⁵

New Words in this Lesson.

cow'er-ing	pit'i-less	pro-ject'ed	su-perb'ly
ex-pired'	pounced	sa'voir-y	van'ished

Questions:—1. What evening was it? What kind of evening? 2. Who was roaming through the streets? What had become of her slippers? 3. What did she carry? Why was she sad and miserable? 4. What did she not heed? What did she heed? 5. Where did she sit down? Why did she not dare to return home? 6. What might do her some good? 7. What did she therefore do? What did the light seem to show her? What happened when it expired? 8. What did she see when she lit a second match? 9. What did she say when the star fell down? 10. What did she see the third time she lit a match? 11. What did she say to her grandmother? Why did she go on rubbing more matches? 12. What kind of light did they give? What did her grandmother then do? Where did she take her? 13. What was found in the morning? 14. What did people say? Of what did nobody dream?

Notes and Meanings.

5 Cow'er-ing, crouching; lying close.	12 Ra'di-ant, bright; beaming.
Pro-ject-ed, juttied out.	Ken, knowledge.
6 Were be-numbed', had lost the power	15 Hans Christ-ian An'-der-sen (1806-
7 Ex-pired', died out. (of feeling.	1875), a Danish poet and writer of
8 Su-perb'-ly, grandly; splendidly.	travels and fairy tales.

Summary:—A little match-girl wandered through the streets on the last night of the old year. She had not sold any of her matches, and she did not dare to go home, so she sat down in a corner between two houses. To warm her nearly-frozen hands she struck a match, and imagined that she was sitting before a large fire in an iron stove. She lit another match, and she seemed to be sitting under a large and beautiful Christmas-tree. Another match gave her a vision of her dead grandmother; and to keep her, the child lit the whole bundle of matches, and was carried away in her arms. In the morning the child was found dead—frozen to death on the last night of the old year.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The child was found dead.*

2. Use the following words as Nouns and Adjectives—dark, evening, cold, iron, brass, glass.

3. Make Sentences containing—ceiling, sealing; celery, salary; cellar, seller.

4. Describe Christmas and New Year. Why is this a season of festivity?

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

1. A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers; there was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears; but a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away, and bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

2. The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand, and he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land. Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine, for I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

3. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around to hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground, that we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was done, full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun. And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—the death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars: but some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline; and one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

4. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,—and I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage; for my father was a soldier, and, even as a child, my heart leaped forth



to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild. And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard, I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword; and with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine, on the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

5. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob *with drooping head*, when the troops are marching

home again with glad and gallant tread ; but to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye, for her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die. And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name to listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ; and to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine), for the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

6. "There's another—not a sister ; in the happy days gone by, you'd have known her by the merri-ment that sparkled in her eye ; too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,—O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!—tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen, my body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,) I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine on the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

7. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along ; I heard, or seemed to hear, the German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear ; and down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill, the echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still ; and her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk ; and her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine : but we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

8. His voice grew faint and hoarser ; his grasp was childish weak ; his eyes put on a dying look ; *he sighed, and ceased to speak.* His comrade bent

to lift him, but the spark of life had fled: the soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead! And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down on the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown; yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine, as it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

HON. MRS. NORTON.⁹



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

New Words in this Lesson.

Al-giers'	co'-quet-ry	ech'-o-ing	hoard
Bing'-en	dearth	ghast'-ly	Le'-gion
con-fid'-ing-ly	ebbed	heav'-i-est	Rhine

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|---|
| <p>1 Bing'-en, a German town on the Rhine. [French army.]
 Le'-gion, name given to a part of a
 Al-giers', a town on the Mediter-
 ranean; capital of Algeria, a coun-
 try in the north of Africa.
 Dearth, want.
 Ebbed a-way', flowed out.</p> | <p>3 Ghast'-ly, ghost-like.
 Life's morn, the days of youth.
 4 Tru'-ant, wandering.
 Scant'-y hoard, small savings.
 6 Co'-quet-ry, trifling with; flirting.
 Pris-on, the body.
 7 Of yore, long ago.
 Con-fid'-ing-ly, trustfully.
 9 Mrs. Nor-ton (1808-1877), an English
 poetess.</p> |
|---|---|
- 2 Rhine, one of the chief rivers of Eu-
 rope. It runs through Germany.

Summary:—A German soldier in Algiers, dying from the effects of his wounds, sends messages by a comrade to his family and other friends in Blugen, his native place. The incident might have occurred in the disastrous expedition of Charles V. in 1541; but the story is independent of time or place, and gives expression in a touching way to the dying thoughts of a soldier stricken down in a foreign land.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The story is independent of time or place.*

2. Change into Nouns—pitying, nursing, see, meet, fought, divide, sing.

3. Make Sentences containing—check, cheque; choir, quire; claws, clause; close, clothes.

4. Describe the life of a Soldier. Say what you know about Wellington or some other great soldier.

HOW TO WRITE.

1. Whenever I am going to write anything, I find it best to think first what I am going to say. This is a lesson which nine writers out of ten have never learned. Even the people who write leading articles for the newspapers do not, half the time, know what they are going to say when they begin. And I have heard many a sermon which was evidently written by a man who, when he began, only knew what his first head was to be. The sermon was a sort of riddle to himself when he started, and he was curious as to how it would come out.

2. I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to the Sunday school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example:—

3. "My dear young friends, I do not know that I have anything to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning.—The *morning* is so beautiful after the refreshment of the night, that as

I walked to church, and looked around, and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world.—For the *world*, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own, that we might enjoy our own lives and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and our sisters.

4. "*Our brothers and our sisters* they are indeed, though some of them are in distant lands, and beneath other skies, and parted from us by the broad oceans.—These *oceans*, indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. They make it one. The winds which blow over them, and the currents which move their waters, all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to commerce and to the good of man.—And *man*, my dear children," etc., etc., etc.

5. You see there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word or the last idea of one sentence, and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only "occupy the time" that is appointed. It is very easy for you; but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who read and who listen.

6. The vice goes so far, indeed, that you may divide literature into two great classes of books. The smaller class of the two consists of the books written by people who had something to say. They had in life learned something, or seen something, or done something; which they really wanted and needed to tell to other people. They told it. And

their writings make perhaps a twentieth part of the printed literature of the world. It is the part which contains all that is worth reading. The other nineteen-twentieths make up the other class.

7. In learning to write, our first rule is: *Know what you want to say.* The second rule is: *Say it;* that is, do not begin by saying something else which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to "think of eight and sing seven." That may be a very good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking or writing.

8. Thirdly, and always: *Use your own language.* I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your every-day language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better.

9. Remember that the very highest compliment paid to anything printed is paid when a person hearing it read aloud thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

10. *A short word is better than a long one.* I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said,—

"I do not think I am fit for this post. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take it, and when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can."

11. It is a very grand speech. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon,—there is not one word of Latin. Yet this was a learned man, who, if he chose, could have said the whole in Latin. But he was one English gentleman talking to another English gentleman, and therefore he chose to use the tongue to which they both were born.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

12. Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
 To whom can this be true who once has heard
 The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
 When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
 So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
 Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note
 Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
 Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth
 than length.
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
 And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and
 shine;
 Light, but not heat—a flash, but not a blaze!
13. Nor mere strength is it that the short word boasts :
 It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
 The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
 The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
 On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well

For them that far off on their sick-beds lie,
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
 For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand.
 To Joy's quick step, as well as Grief's slow tread,
 The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time;
 And though the theme be sad or gay or grand,
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
 In thought or speech or song, in prose or rhyme.

New Words in this Lesson.

com'merce	con-ver-sa'tion	lit-er-a-ture	re-fresh'ment
com'pli-ment	dis-tin'guished	phrase	rhyme
con-trib'ute	in-dif-fer-ent	priv'i-lege	syll'a-ble

Questions:—1. What should a person do before beginning to write? 2. In what state of preparation was a gentleman who used to address a Sunday school? 3. 4. How did he manage to find something to say? 5. Who suffer most from this kind of speaking? 6. Into what two classes may all books be divided? Which is the larger class? 7. What is the first rule in learning to write? What the second? 8. What the third? 9. What is the highest compliment that can be paid to a writer and a reader? 10, 11. Give another good rule.

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Lead'ing ar-ti-cles, the chief articles in newspapers on the leading questions of the day.
 Ev'i-dent-ly, seemingly; without doubt.
 3 Priv'i-lege, benefit.
 Con-trived', arranged; planned.
 A Pow'er, God.
 4 Our-rents, streams.
 Con-trib-ute, join in aiding.
 Com'merce, trade.
 5 Cap-ping vers-es, naming alternately verses beginning alike.
 In-dif-fer-ent, without a thought.
 6 Lit-er-a-ture, books.
 8 Se-ries, course; habit.
 Slang, low, vulgar words.</p> | <p>10 Dis-tin'guished, famous; man of Post, place; employment. [note.
 11 Sax-on, Old English, the language spoken by the Anglo-Saxon tribes who invaded Britain.
 Lat'in, the Latin or Roman language. Many English words are derived from the Latin.
 Tongue, language.
 Rev. Ed-ward Ev'-er-ett Hale, an
 12 Fay, fairy. [American essayist.
 Round, full; high-sounding.
 Fiend, bad spirit.
 Sleek, smooth; polished.
 13 Theme, subject.
 Rhyme, poetry.</p> |
|--|--|

Summary:—Before we write on any subject, we should know what we are going to say, and then say it. We should also use our own language—that is, we should tell our story in our own words. And last of all, we should remember that a short word is better than a long one.

- Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *We should tell our story in our own words.*
 2. Change into Adjectives—man, school, boy, friend, power, fun, word, blaze.
 3. Make Sentences containing—cobble, coble; compliment, complement; concert, consort; coral, choral.
 4. Write a letter to your teacher on a Newspaper—its contents, and its uses.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has long been recognized as a work of genius. Its pathos, its humour, and its thrilling incidents, can never cease to attract both young and old. It was first published in 1852, when slavery prevailed in the United States of America.

A slave was regarded not as a *person*, but as a *thing*. The most sacred laws of nature were set at naught. A mother had no right to her children, nor a husband to his wife, except during the master's pleasure. No slave could give evidence in a court of law against a white man.

In 1850 a law was passed called the Fugitive Slave Law, by which the slave-owner could not only reclaim his slave who had escaped into a Free State, but the officers of the Government and all good citizens were commanded to give the pursuer all needful help.

This wicked law was habitually set at defiance in the North, and plans were carefully framed for aiding slaves to escape. It was soon whispered about among the negroes that at certain points they were sure to find friends, shelter, and safe conveyance to Canada.

Around every plantation there stretched dense jungles, swamps, and pathless forests. The escaping slave fled to these gloomy solitudes. If happily undiscovered, he made his way to certain well-known stations, a chain of which passed him safely on through the Northern States to the protection of the British flag.

Such was the state of matters in the United States when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published.

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—Part I.

I.—LITTLE HARRY.

1. Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone in a well-furnished room in a small town in the State of Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen seemed to be discussing some subject *with great earnestness*.

For convenience' sake, we have called them two

gentlemen. One of the parties, however, when carefully examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under that title. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse features and a swaggering air.

2. His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy and even wealthy circumstances. As we have stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other.

3. "Why, the fact is, Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth a large sum anywhere—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, if you had any conscience."

"Well," said the trader jocularly, "I'm ready to do anything in reason to oblige friends; but this, you see, is a little too hard on a fellow—a little too hard."

4. "Well then, Haley, how will you settle it?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy, or a girl, that you could throw in with Tom?" said the trader.

"Hum!—none that I could well spare. To tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my *hands*," said Mr. Shelby.

5. Here the door opened, and a little boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance very beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss-silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face; while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

6. "Halloo, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and throwing a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up, now."

The child scampered with all his little strength after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he.

The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing."

7. The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs, common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic motions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

8. "Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe when *he has the rheumatism*," said his master.

Instantly the child, with his back humped up,



LITTLE HARRY.

and his master's stick in his hand, hobbled about the room in imitation of an old man.

Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

9. At this moment the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her to identify her as its mother.

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir;" and the boy bounded towards her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

10. Both the boy and his mother, though they had all the appearance of being whites, were slaves. The trader, who had a heavy claim against Mr. Shelby, wanted to buy the little boy. For a long time Mr. Shelby refused; but the trader would not settle any other way, and Mr. Shelby had to yield.

11. Now it had so happened that, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody.

She would gladly have stopped at the door to listen as she came out; but her mistress just then calling, she was obliged to hasten away.

12. "O missis!" she said, bursting into tears, "*there's been a trader talking with master in the parlour! I heard him.*"

"Well, silly child, suppose there has?"

"O missis, *do* you suppose master would sell my Harry?" And the poor creature threw herself into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

13. "Sell him? No, you foolish girl! Why, who do you think would want to buy your Harry? Do you think all the world are set on him as you are, you goosie?"

"Well, but missis, *you* never would give your consent to—to—"

"Nonsense, child! to be sure I shouldn't. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose inside the door but you think he must be coming to buy him."

Reassured by her mistress's confident tone, Eliza proceeded nimbly and adroitly with her toilet, laughing at her own fears as she proceeded.

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-com'pa-ny-ing	dis-cuss'ing	joc'u-lar-ly	re-as-sured'
a-droit'ly	gro-tesque'	Ken-tuck-y	rheu'ma-tism
ar-range-ments	Ha-ley	ne-ces-si-ty	Shel-by
as-sur'ance	hes'i-tat-ing-ly	ne'-groes	swag'-ger-ing
bash'-ful-ness	i-den'ti-fly	pos'i-tive-ly	toi'let
Cud'-joe	in'di-cât-ed	quad-roon'	up-roar'i-ous-ly

Questions:—1. Where is the scene of the story laid? Who were engaged in conversation? Describe one of the persons. 2. Who was the other? 3. In whose praise did Mr. Shelby speak? 4. Why was Mr. Shelby forced to sell? 5. Who entered while they were speaking? Describe him. 6. What did Mr. Shelby say to him? What did he tell him to do? 7. Describe the child's song. 8. What did he next do to amuse Mr. Haley? 9. Who now appeared? What did she want? 10. What had Mr. Shelby to agree to? 11. What alarmed Eliza? 12. What did she do? 13. What did her mistress say? What effect had this on Eliza?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 State of Ken-tuck-y, one of the United States of America.
 Dis-cuss-ing, talking about.
 For con-ve-ni-ence' sake, to suit the present purpose.
 Swag-ger-ing air, janty manner; noisy; boastful.</p> <p>2 In-di-cat-ed, showed.
 Pos-i-tive-ly, certainly; without</p> <p>3 Ca-pa-ble, able to work. [doubt.
 Like a clock, with the regularity of the movements of a clock.
 Bal-ance, remainder.
 Con-science, thought of fair dealing.
 Joc-u-lar-ly, playfully; with a laugh.</p> | <p>4 In-ter-val of si-lence, pause; time when nothing was said.</p> <p>5 Floss-silk, finest, softest silk.
 Com-ic, amusing; laughable.</p> <p>7 Gro-tesque', funny; queer.
 Ne-groes, blacks; natives of Africa.</p> <p>8 Rheu-ma-tism, a painful disease which attacks the joints.</p> <p>9 Quad-roon', one who is more white than black.
 I-den-ti-fy, know.
 Spoils, gains; fruit given to him.</p> <p>13 Re-as-sured', comforted.
 A-droit-ly, skilfully.
 Toi-let, dressing.</p> |
|---|--|

Summary:—Mr. Shelby, a slave-holder, owed a large sum of money to Mr. Haley, a slave-trader. Not being able to pay his debt, Mr. Shelby settled the account by giving the trader a slave named Tom, and a little boy, named Harry, the son of Eliza his wife's maid. While the gentlemen were talking about the matter, Eliza overheard enough to frighten her. She told her fears to her mistress, who, knowing nothing of her husband's difficulties, assured Eliza that Mr. Shelby would never think of selling her child.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Mr. Shelby, a slave-holder, owed a large sum of money to Mr. Haley, a slave-trader.*

2. Change to Nouns—chilly, discussing, wealthy, arrange, honest, manage.
 3. Make Sentences—cord, chord; core, corps; correspondence, correspon-
 4. Write a short account of North America. [dents.

II.—WHO MADE HIM MY MASTER ?

1. George Harris, a bright and talented young mulatto man, and a slave on a neighbouring estate, was Eliza's husband and the father of little Harry.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Shelby had agreed to sell Uncle Tom and little Harry to the slave-trader, Mrs. Shelby had gone out, and Eliza stood in the veranda, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

"George, is it you? How you frightened me! Well; I am so glad you've come! Missis is gone out

to spend the afternoon ; so come into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves."

2. Saying this, she took him into a neat little apartment opening on the veranda, where she generally sat at her sewing, within call of her mistress.

"How glad I am!—why don't you smile? And look at Harry—how he grows!" The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirt of his mother's dress. "Isn't he beautiful?" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

3. "I wish he'd never been born!" said George bitterly. "I wish I'd never been born myself!"

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down and leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"There now, Eliza; it's too bad for me to make you feel so, poor girl!" said he fondly—"it's too bad. Oh, how I wish you never had seen me—you might have been happy!"

4. "George! George! how can you talk so? What dreadful thing has happened, or is going to happen? I am sure we've been very happy, till lately."

"Yes, Eliza; but now it's all misery, misery, misery! My life is bitter as wormwood; the very life is burning out of me. I'm a poor, miserable, forlorn drudge. What's the use of our trying to do anything, trying to know anything, trying to be anything? What's the use of living? I wish I were dead!"

5. "Oh, dear George, that is really wicked! I know you have a hard master; but after all he is *your master*, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? What right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. He says he'll bring me down, and humble me; and he puts me to just the hardest, meanest, and dirtiest work, on purpose."

"O George—George—you frighten me! Why, I never heard you talk so; I'm afraid you'll do something dreadful. I don't wonder at your feelings at all; but, oh, do be careful—do, do—for my sake—for Harry's!"

6. "I have been careful, and I have been patient; but it's growing worse and worse—flesh and blood can't bear it any longer. Every chance he can get to insult and torment me he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work-hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on.

7. "It was only yesterday, as I was busy loading stones into a cart, that young Master Tom stood there, cracking his whip so near the horse that the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as pleasant as I could; he just kept right on. I begged him again; and then he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand; and then he screamed, and kicked, and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He came in a rage, and said he'd teach me who was my master; and he tied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he might whip *me till he was tired*; and he did do it."

8. *The brow of the young man grew dark, and*

his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master?—that's what I want to know," he said. "I have been kicked, and cuffed, and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I *won't* bear it—no, I *won't*!" he said, clinching his hand with a fierce frown.

9. He told his wife at last that he had made up his mind to escape, come what might. She listened in fear and trembling. After a long conversation, George said,—

"So, Eliza, you will have to bear up now; for I'm going."

"Going, George—going where?"

"To Canada," said he, straightening himself up. "And when I'm there I'll buy you—that's all the hope that's left us. You have a kind master that won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy—God helping me, I will!"

"Oh, dreadful—if you should be taken!"

"I won't be taken, Eliza—I'll *die* first! I'll be free, or I'll die!"

10. George stood holding Eliza's hands and gazing into her eyes, without moving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping—such parting as those may make who scarcely hope to meet again. Little did either of them think that in a few hours Eliza and her little Harry would also be fugitives.

New Words in this Lesson.

clinch'-ing *de-ject'-ed-ly* *mu-lat'-to* *straight'-en-ing* *ve-ran'-da*

Questions:—1. Who was little Harry's father? When did he call to see his wife and child? 2. Where did she take him? 3. In what state of mind was George? What did he say? 4. How did he describe his life? 5. Of what did Eliza remind her husband? What question did this cause George to ask? 6. What had he tried to do? What had been his hopes? 7. What had happened the day before? 8. What declaration did he now make? 9. What did he say that he would do? 10. And then?

Notes and Meanings.

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|---------------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Tal'ent-ed, gifted; clever. | | Drudge, one who works hard; one |
| Mu-lat-to, half black and half white. | | put to the meanest work. |
| De-ject-ed-ly, sadly. | [taste. | 6 Flesh and blood, human beings. |
| 4 Worm-wood, plant with a bitter | | 8 Clinch-ing, tightly closing. |

Summary:—George Harris, the father of little Harry, was a slave on a neighbouring estate. Because he was a bright and talented young man his master gave him hard, mean, and dirty work to do, thinking to humble and degrade him. At last George could bear such treatment no longer, and he told his wife that he would not. When she reminded him that after all this man was his master, George replied,—“My master! and who made him my master?” At last the husband and wife parted, scarcely hoping to meet again.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Who made him my master?*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—*smile, hand, shoulder, torment, whip, master.*

3. Make Sentences containing—*council, counsel; councillor, counsellor.*

4. What do you know about Canada?

III.—THE CURSE OF SLAVERY.

1. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Shelby sat talking together.

“By-the-by, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you had in to our dinner-table to-day?” said Mrs. Shelby.

“Haley is his name,” said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair.

2. “Is he a negro-trader?” said Mrs. Shelby, noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner.

“*Why, my dear, what put that into your head?*” said Shelby looking up.

"Nothing—only Eliza came in here after dinner in a great worry, crying and taking on, and said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make an offer for her boy—the ridiculous little goose!"

3. "She did, eh?" said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper, which he seemed for a few moments quite intent upon, not perceiving that he was holding it upside down!

"I told Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, "that she was a little fool for her pains, and that you never had anything to do with that sort of persons. Of course, I knew you never meant to sell any of our people, least of all to such a fellow."

4. "Well, Emily," said her husband, "so I have always felt and said; but the fact is, I shall have to sell some of my hands."

"To that creature? Impossible! Mr. Shelby, you cannot be serious."

"I am sorry to say that I am," said Mr. Shelby. "I've agreed to sell Tom."

5. "What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature—been your faithful servant from a boy! Oh, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom too—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now. I can believe *now* that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby, in a tone between grief and indignation.

6. "Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I *don't know why* I am to be rated as if I were

a monster, for doing what every one does every day."

"But why, of all others, choose these?" said Mrs. Shelby. "Why sell them?"

"Because they will bring the highest sum of any—that's why. I could choose another, if you say so. The fellow made me a high bid on Eliza; but I didn't listen to it a moment—out of regard to your feelings I wouldn't; so give me some credit."

7. "My dear," said Mrs. Shelby, recollecting herself, "forgive me. I have been hasty. I was surprised, and entirely unprepared for this. But surely you will allow me to intercede for these poor creatures. Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, though he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you."

8. "I know it, I daresay; but what's the use of all this? I can't help myself. I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily—indeed I am," said Mr. Shelby; "but I tell you now solemnly it's of no use—I can't help myself. I did not mean to tell you this, Emily; but, in plain words, there is no choice between selling these two and selling everything. Either they must go, or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I was in his power, and *had* to do it."

9. Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"*This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing!—a curse to the master, and a*

curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave, under laws like ours; I always felt it was. But I thought I could gild it over; I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom—fool that I was!"

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-curs'-ed	in-dig-na'-tion	no'-tic-ing	slāv'-er-y
cred'-it	in-ter-cede'	per-ceive'-ing	un-ea'-si-ly
em-bar'-rass-ment	mort'-gage	ri-dic'-u-lous	un-pre-pared'

Questions:—1. What question did Mrs. Shelby ask her husband? 2. What reason did she give for asking the question? 3. What did she say that she had told Eliza? 4. What reply did Mr. Shelby make? Whom did he say that he had agreed to sell? 5. What did Mrs. Shelby say to that? 6. What reasons did Mr. Shelby give for selling Tom and Harry? 7. What did Mrs. Shelby say about Tom? 8. What reason did Mr. Shelby give for having to sell any one? 9. What effect had this on Mrs. Shelby?

Notes and Meanings.

2 Ne'-gro trad'-er, one who buys and sells negroes.	7 In-ter-cede', plead; say a kind word.
Em-bar'-rass-ment, confusion; inability to reply.	8 Mort'-gage, bond; pledge for money lent.
Ri-dic'-u-lous, stupid; silly.	9 Strick'-en, who had received a heavy blow.
5 In-dig-na'-tion, anger at a wrong being done.	Ac-curs'-ed, wicked; hateful.
6 Mon'-ster, horrible being; unnatural.	Gild, soften; hide the evil or disagreeable parts.

Summary:—In the evening of the day on which Mr. Shelby had sold Tom and Harry he was sitting talking with his wife, when she told him about Eliza's fears. Then Mr. Shelby told his wife what he had done, and gave her his reasons for so doing. He said that he had never meant to sell Tom and Harry, but being in the slave-trader's power he had no choice between selling those two—because they would bring the highest price—and selling everything. The sad news fell heavily on Mrs. Shelby, and in her grief she called slavery a curse to the master and a curse to the slave.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The sad news fell heavily on Mrs. Shelby.*
 2. Change to Verbs—trader, dinner, choice, possession, instruction, freedom.
 3. Make Sentences containing—creek, creek; crews, cruise; current, current; cymbal, symbol.
 4. What are the evils of Slavery?

IV.—THE MOTHER.

1. There was one listener to the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Shelby whom they little suspected. Eliza, full of fear, had hidden herself in a large closet which opened both into her mistress's room and also into the passage.

When the voices died into silence, Eliza rose from her hiding-place and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress's door and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room.

2. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress's. There was the pleasant sunny window where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there was a little case of books, and various little fancy articles ranged by them, the gifts on Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers. Here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

"Poor boy! poor fellow!" said Eliza, *"they have sold you; but your mother will save you yet."*

3. No tear dropped over that pillow. In such straits as these the heart has no tears to give; it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence. She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote hastily,—

“O missis! dear missis! don’t think me ungrateful—don’t think hard of me, any way. I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me. God bless and reward you for all your kindness!”

4. Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and so fond is a mother’s remembrance, that even in the terrors of that hour she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favourite toys, reserving a gaily-painted parrot to amuse him when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after some effort he sat up, and was playing with his bird while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl. “Where are you going, mother?” said he, as she drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

5. His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter. “Hush, Harry,” she said; “mustn’t speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him off in the dark. But mother won’t let him; she’s going to *put on her little boy’s cap and coat and run off*

with him, so the ugly man can't catch him." Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into the outer veranda, she glided noiselessly out.

6. It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night; and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane. Instantly the door was opened, and Uncle Tom and his wife, Aunt Chloe, came out in surprise.

7. "I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe," said Eliza, "carrying off my child. Master sold him!"

"Sold him!" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom, both to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

8. Tom had stood during this speech with his hands raised and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed rather than seated himself on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon *his knees*.

"*The good Lord have pity on us!*" said Aunt

Chloe. "Oh, it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done that master should sell *him*?"

9. "He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; and missis—she's always good—I heard her plead and beg for us. But he told her 'twas no use—that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all—the man was driving them so hard.

10. "And now," said Eliza as she stood in the door, "when I saw my husband this afternoon, I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing-place, and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went. And tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him; and tell him if I never see him again—" She turned away and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added in a husky voice, "Tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven." A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

New Words in this Lesson.

af-fright'-ed	com-pressed'	pack'-age	rig'-id
Can'-a-da	di-lät'-ed	pos-ses'-sion	stealth'-i-ly
Chloe	neg'-li-gent-ly	re-mem'-brance	vague
ool-lapsed'	noise'-less-ly	re-serv'-ing	ward'-robe

Questions:—1. How did Eliza learn that her boy and Uncle Tom had been sold? What effect had the news on Eliza? 2. How had her mistress's kindness shown itself? Where was Harry? 3. What did Eliza do? What did she write? 4. What preparations did she make? 5. What did she tell her boy? 6. Where did she first go? 7. What did she tell her friends? 8. What effect had the news on Uncle Tom? What did Aunt Chloe say? 9. What explanation did Eliza give? 10. What message did she leave for her husband?

Notes and Meanings.

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| 1 Sus-pect'-ed, thought of. | Ve-ran'-da, covered walk along the side of the house. |
| Rig'-id, stiff; hard. | 6 Vague ter'-ror, fear that something might happen. |
| Com-pressed', firmly closed. | 8 Di-lät'-ed, widely opened. |
| Mute ap-peal', silent prayer for help. | Col-lapsed', sunk down. |
| 2 Ward'-robe, stock of clothes. | 10 Can-a-da, a part of British America bordering the United States. The moment a slave put foot on British soil he was free. |
| Neg'-li-gent-ly, loosely. | A-di-eus', good-byes; farewells. [fear. |
| Un-con-scious, not aware of what was passing. | Af-fright'-ed, frightened; full of |
| 3 Straits, difficulties. | |
| Un-grate'-ful, unthankful. | |
| 4 Re-serv'-ing, putting aside. | |
| 5 Di-vined', guessed. | |

Summary:—When her master and mistress retired for the night, Eliza hid herself in a closet that opened into their room, where she heard that Mr. Shelby had really sold her boy and Uncle Tom. At once she packed up a few things for herself and her boy, and leaving a note for her mistress, she left the house. Calling at Uncle Tom's cottage, she told him and Aunt Chloe what she had heard; said that she was running away to save her boy, and would try to reach Canada; and asked them to try to see her husband, and tell him the story of her flight.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Eliza hid herself in a closet.*

2. Change into Nouns—frosty, wrapped, beg, plead, driving.

3. Make Sentences containing—deference, difference; dependant, dependant.

4. Write a letter to a school-fellow on the last School-treat.

V.—ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

1. It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin. But stronger than all other feelings combined was her maternal love, aroused by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have *walked by her side*, and in an indifferent case she *would only have led him by the hand*; but now the

bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp as she went rapidly forward.

2. The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every fluttering leaf and passing shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above, "Lord, help me! Lord, save me!"

3. Meanwhile the child slept;—his little sleepy head on her shoulder; the small, soft arms, trustingly holding on to her neck. At first the novelty and alarm kept the child waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep,—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

4. "No; so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, ain't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure*!" said the mother in a voice that *startled herself*; for it seemed to her to come from

a spirit within that was no part of her ; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came on her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements !

5. The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood, passed by her dizzily as she walked on ; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects, upon the open highway.

She had often been with her mistress to visit some friends in the little village not far from the Ohio river, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape : beyond that, she could only hope in God.

6. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling an apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it ; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile. After a while they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him ; and sitting down behind a rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not *eat* ; and when, putting his arms round her neck, *he tried to thrust some of his cake into her mouth,*

it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

7. "No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on—on—till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road. At noon she stopped at a neat farmhouse to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and herself; then on again she went. An hour before sunset she entered the village by the Ohio river, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

8. It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Eliza stood for a while contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small inn on the bank to make a few inquiries. The hostess, who was busy in various stewing operations over the fire, preparing the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"Isn't there any ferry, or boat, that takes people over the river now?" she said.

9. "No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats have stopped running. But there's a man, who will be here presently, that is going across to-night if it is any way prudent. So you had better sit down *and wait*. *That's a sweet little fellow,*" added the

woman, offering him a cake. But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening the door of a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed.

10. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters, with their freight of ice, that lay between her and liberty.

New Words in this Lesson.

bound'a-ries	e-jac-u-la'tions	nov-el-ty	ruse
Ca'naan	ex-pe-di-ents	O-hi'o	su-per-nat'u-ral
con-ceive'	freight	op-er-a'tions	tur-bid
con-tem-plät-ing	Jor'dan	plain'tive	tur-bu-lent
dis-zil-y	ma-ter-nal	re-pressed'	un-fa'-vour-a-ble

Questions:—1. In what state of mind was Eliza when she started from Uncle Tom's cabin? 2. In what way was her fear shown? 3. Where was Harry? 4. What assurance did his mother give him? 5. How did Eliza know the way? What plan of escape had she? 6. How did she quicken her child's speed? Where did they stop to get some breakfast? 7. Where did they get dinner? When did they arrive on the banks of the Ohio? 8. In what state was the river? 9. When was a boat expected to cross? 10. Where was Harry placed to rest?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Con-ceive' of, imagine; think.
Des-o-late, forsaken.
For-lorn', cast down; sad.
Ma-ter-nal, motherly.
In-dif-fer-ent, not important; every-
Con-vul-sive, nervous; tight. (day.
2 Su-per-nat'u-ral, more than human.
E-jac-u-la'tions, short, hasty words.
3 Nov-el-ty, newness.
Re-pressed', kept down.
5 O-hi'o Riv-er, between the States of
Kentucky and Ohio.
6 Ex-pe-di-ents, means.</p> | <p>Ruse, trick; plan.
7 Jor'dan, the chief river in Palestine.
Ca'naan, now Palestine, the land
promised to the Israelites, who had
to cross the river Jordan to reach it.
8 Swol-len, very full.
Tur-bu-lent, swift; violent.
Tur-bid, muddy.
Con-tem-plät-ing, looking at.
Host-ess, mistress of the house.
Plain-tive, mournful.
9 Pru-dent, wise; a proper thing to do.
10 Freight, burden.</p> |
|---|---|

Summary:—Desolate and forlorn, with her boy clasped in her arms, Eliza started on her midnight journey. Her object was to get across the river Ohio from the State of Kentucky to that of Ohio. She knew the way to the river, and along this path she made all haste. For a time her child slept, trusting that his mother would keep him from harm. Then he walked by her side, or ran after an apple rolled along before him. At last they reached the river, to find that it was so blocked with great cakes of floating ice that the ferry-boat could not cross. Accepting the offer of a bed in a village inn in which to rest her child, Eliza waited a chance to cross the river.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Eliza started on her midnight journey.*

2. Change into Adjectives—danger, leaf, shadow, strength, feather, spirit.

3. Make Sentences containing—descent, dissent; doe, dough; done, dun; draft, draught.

4. Describe the Town in which you live.

VI.—A DESPERATE LEAP.

1. The slave-trader who had purchased her son was indeed fast' approaching. As soon as Eliza's flight was discovered, Haley prepared to follow in pursuit. But he was not to get away as quickly as he wished. Sam and Andy, the negroes who were told to assist Haley, saw that their mistress did not want Eliza to be overtaken, and so they caused Haley's horse to throw its master; and then letting their own horses loose, they spent the remainder of the morning in catching them.

2. It was two o'clock before Haley, attended by Sam and Andy, started in pursuit. They had not gone far before they came to a place where two roads met. Both roads had once led to the river, but one of them was now closed. Sam knew this, and he told Mr. Haley so, but in such a manner that the slave-trader would not believe him. An hour's riding brought them to the end of the road; then *they had to retrace their path.* It was evening be-

fore they reached the village where Eliza was resting with her child. About three-quarters of an hour after she had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern, her pursuer came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing at the window when her quick eye caught a glimpse of the dreaded object. A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught up her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader espied her just as she was disappearing down the bank ; and throwing himself from his horse, he was after her like a hound after a deer.

3. In that dizzy moment her feet scarce seemed to her to touch the ground, and in a few seconds she reached the water's edge. Right on behind came her pursuer. Nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair ; even the slave-hunter, as he came down the bank, instinctively cried out and lifted up his hands as she did it.

4. The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another, and still another cake,—stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again ! Her shoes *were gone*, her stockings cut from her feet, while *blood marked every step* ; but she saw nothing, felt





nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw herself on the other side, and a man helping her up the bank.

5. "You're a brave girl now, whoever ye are!" said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh save me—save me—do hide me!" said Eliza. "My child—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his master," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but

kindly drew her up the steep bank. "I say you're a right brave girl. I like pluck when I see it."

6. When they had gained the top of the bank the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for you," said he, "but then there's nowhere I could take you. The best I can do is to tell you to go up there," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself off the main street of the village. "Go there; they're kind folks. There's no kind o' danger but they'll help you—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

7. "The Lord bless you," said Eliza earnestly. "And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go along, girl! What do you take a fellow for? In course not," said the man. "Come now, go along like a brave, sensible girl, as you are. You've earned your liberty, and you shall have it, for me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

8. Eliza made her desperate flight across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank; and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly *returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done.*

New Words in this Lesson.

bar'-ri-er	dis-con-tent'-ed-ly	glimpse	tav'-ern
con-cen'-trät-ed	en-vel'-oped	in-stinc'-tive-ly	vault'-ed

Questions:—1. Who was fast approaching? How was he delayed? 2. How long had Eliza been in the village when Haley arrived? What did she do when she saw him? 3. How did she cross the river? 4. In what state did she reach the other side? 5. What did the man who helped her up the other side say? 6. Where did he tell her to go? 7. What did he say that she had earned? 8. What did Haley do?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Throw, pitch off; overturn.	In-stinc'-tive-ly, without thinking.
2 Re-trace', follow back.	5 Rec'-og-nized, knew.
Con-cen'-trät-ed, brought together.	Pluck, courage; bravery. [covered.
E-spiad', caught sight of.	8 En-vel'-oped, wrapped around;
3 Nerved, armed.	Floun'-der-ing, moving; rolling.
Des'-pe-rate, hopeless; frantic; wild.	Bar'-ri-er, check; that which sepa-
Vault'-ed sheer over, cleared;	rates or comes between.
jumped.	Dis-con-tent'-ed-ly, sulkily.

Summary:—After some delay, Haley, attended by two of Mr. Shelby's negroes, started in pursuit of Eliza. Her child had been asleep only about three-quarters of an hour when her pursuers rode into the village. She saw them pass the window of the room, and seizing her boy in her arms she ran for the river. Haley sprang from his horse and followed her. With one desperate leap Eliza reached the nearest piece of ice; and then on to the next, and the next, and so she crossed the river. A man whom she knew helped her up the other side, and telling her that she had earned her liberty, he directed her where to go for help.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Haley sprang from his horse and followed her.*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—sleep, ground, cry, leap, despair.

3. Make Sentences containing—eruption, irruption; ewe, yew, you; ewer, your.

4. Write in your own words all you can remember of Eliza's escape from slavery.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

- By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave:
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.
3. Noiselessly as the Spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.
4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;

They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
 We lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honoured place,
 With costly marble drest,
 In the great minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
 Along the emblazoned wall.

7. This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword,
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

8. And had he not high honour,—
 The hill-side for a pall,—
 To lie in state, while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall ;
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave ;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave ?

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.⁹

New Words in this Lesson.

Beth-pe'-or
 bier
 (770)

em-bla'-zoned
 ey'-rie

Mo'-ab
 Ne'-bo

phi'-los'-o'-pher
 pro-ces'-sion

re-ver-sed'
 tran'-sept

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Ne'-bo, one of the peaks of the mountains of Pisgah; the ridge, it is believed, on the north-east of the Dead Sea.
 Jor-dan, the chief river in Palestine.
 Vale, valley;
 Land of Mo'-ab, on the eastern shores of the Dead Sea.
 Sep'-ul-ohre, tomb; grave.
 3 Ver'-dure, green.
 Crown, top; peak.
 4 Beth-pe'-or was a town between the Dead Sea and the mountains.
 Ey'-rie, eagle's nest.
 5 Re-vers-ed', turned back.
 Fu'-ner-al car, hearse.
 Tell, say over.—Peals, sounds.</p> | <p>Min'-ute-gun, gun fired every minute to show respect for the dead.
 6 Sage, wise man.—Bard, poet.
 Min-ster tran-sept, part of a church.
 Great men are buried in Westminster Abbey.
 Choir, company of singers.
 Em-bla-zoned, adorned with figures.
 7 Phi-los-o-pher, learned man.
 Traced, wrote.
 Death-less page, books which are so good that men will always wish to
 Sage, wise. [read them.
 8 Pall, coffin cloth.—Ta'-pers, candles.
 9 Mrs. C. F. Al-ex-an-der, the wife of an Irish bishop, and the author of numerous poems.</p> |
|--|---|

Summary:—Before his death, we are told that Moses "went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." After he had looked on the promised land, which he was not allowed to enter, he "died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: *but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day*" (Deut. xxxiv.). The last statement forms the text of the poem. It dwells on the silence and secrecy of the grand funeral; contrasts it with the pomp and pageantry which attend the burial of the warrior, the poet, and the philosopher; and concludes that the honour done to Moses was far greater than that done to any of them.

- Exercises:**—1. Parse and analyze: *Moses went up from the plains of Moab.*
 2. Make into Adjectives—mountain, wave, angel, train, music, poet.
 3. Make Sentences containing—faint, feint; farther, further; feat, feet; few, feu.
 4. Write all you know about Moses.

THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

1. The following is an account of a remarkable escape from wolves in America, during the winter of 1844:—"I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble river which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. *A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from*



every frost-covered tree in millions. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusts of branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river, that like a jewelled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness; and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

2. *"I had gone up the river nearly two miles.*

when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness.

3. "My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose,—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice. It was low and tremulous at first, but it ended in one long wild yell! I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the brushwood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.

4. "The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see several dark objects dashing through the brushwood at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded *gray wolves*.

5. "The bushes that skirted the shore flew past

with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained. A few seconds more, and I would be comparatively safe ; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought. I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river !

6. "Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back ; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad : one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me,—and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape.

7. "I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half-minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came. At last I heard their feet pattering on the ice ; I even felt their very breath and heard their snuffing scent ! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

8. "The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my *own breathless speed* ; yet still my pursuers seemed

to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them,—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

9. "I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close at my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, the animals becoming more excited and baffled every moment.

10. "At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clasped together *like the spring* of a fox-trap! Had my skates *failed for one instant*,—had I tripped on a stick, or

had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice,—the story I am now telling would never have been told.

11. "I thought over all the chances. I knew where they would first seize me if I fell. I thought how long it would be before I died; and then of the search for my body, that would already have had its tomb: for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

12. "At last I came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them!—then I should have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and after a few moments turned and fled.

13. "I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet I never see a broad sheet of ice by moonlight without thinking of that snuffing breath, and those fearful things that followed me so closely down that frozen river."—*W. Whitehead.*

14. Such is the strange tale of escape from the winter wolves of America. In Russia they are no less dreaded; and the traveller, even when flying over the snow in his swift sledge, often finds the speed of his horses barely sufficient to rescue him

from the hungry pack. On such occasions their merciless rapacity often proves his means of escape ; for no sooner does he shoot down one of the foremost, than the whole pack crowd round it and tear it to pieces ! By such means time is gained, and the affrighted horses, fleeing at their utmost speed, at length dash with the sledge into the shelter of the long wished-for station.

New Words in this Lesson.

an-tag'-o-nists	ex-celled'	jew'-elled	re-mark'-a-ble
ap-palled'	fls'-sure	mis-cal'-cu-lât-ing	re-ver'-ber-ât-ed
com-par'-a-tive-ly	for-ma'-tion	oc-ca'-sion-al-ly	saf'-gui-na-ry
den'-i-zens	haunch'-es	o-rig'-i-nal	ten'-sion
ev-o-lu'-tion	in-vol'-un-ta-ry	ra-paç'-i-ty	ve-loç'-i-ty

Questions :—1. Where did this incident occur ? At what time ? 2. How far up the river had the skater gone when he turned into the forest ? 3. What sounds did he hear in the forest ? 4. What did he see dashing through the brush-wood ? 5. What place of danger had he to fear ? Why did the wolves miss him ? 6. What place did he try to reach ? 7. How did he know that they were in close pursuit ? 8. How was a plan of escape suggested to him ? 9. How did he carry it out ? With what result ? 10. What nearly happened ? 11. What were the skater's thoughts ? 12. What caused the wolves to return to the forest ? 13. What thoughts does a broad sheet of ice by moonlight always bring to the writer ? 14. By what means do travellers in Russia often escape packs of wolves ?

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|---|
| <p>1 In-crust'-ed, covered with hoar-frost ;
Zone, belt or girdle. [crusted over.</p> <p>2 Hem'-lock, a Canadian fir-tree, which
grows to the height of eighty feet ;
not the poisonous herb.</p> <p>Ra'-di-ant, glittering ; bright.</p> <p>3 Re-ver'-ber-ât-ed, resounded.</p> <p>Trem'-u-lous, shaking ; not loud or
strong.</p> <p>Ap-palled', in the greatest fear.</p> <p>En'-er-gies, strength ; powers.</p> <p>4 Ex-celled', beaten ; gone faster.</p> <p>5 Ve-loç'-i-ty, swiftness. [being.</p> <p>Com-par'-a-tive-ly, for the time</p> <p>Mis-cal'-cu-lât-ing, not allowing for ;
reckoning wrongly.</p> <p>In-tend'-ed prey, the skater ; that
which they hoped to devour.</p> | <p>6 Fu'-gi-tive, one who flees from
danger.</p> <p>Ex-ert'-ed, put forth.</p> <p>7 At-tend'-ants, pursuers ; the wolves.</p> <p>Ten'-sion, strain ; the full extent of
one's powers.</p> <p>8 In-vol'-un-ta-ry, not intended.</p> <p>For-ma'-tion, shape.</p> <p>9 Ev-o-lu'-tion, turning ; quick move-
ment.</p> <p>Baf'-fled, beaten ; disappointed.</p> <p>10 Saf'-gui-na-ry, blood-thirsty.</p> <p>An-tag'-o-nists, foes ; the wolves.</p> <p>Fls'-sure, crack.</p> <p>11 O-rig'-i-nal, real thing.</p> <p>12 Den'-i-zens, dwellers.</p> <p>13 I-mag'-ined, thought about.</p> <p>14 Ra-paç'-i-ty, greediness.</p> |
|---|---|

Summary:—A gentleman in America out skating one moonlight night was pursued by wolves. He kept out of their way by turning aside whenever they came too near him. In this way he managed to reach his home, when the baying of his hounds in their kennels so frightened the wolves that they turned and fled. The winter wolves of Russia are also very dangerous.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The winter wolves of Russia are also very dangerous.*

2. Make into Nouns—laugh, silent, distant, sorry, thinking, shoot.

3. Make Sentences containing—flea, flee; flew, flue; fool, full; frees, freeze; furs, furze, firs.

4. Write all you know about the Wolf. Give any wolf-story you have heard or read.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

1. A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
 And thought with a nervous dread
 Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
 Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
 There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
 And the children to send away
 To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
 And all to be done this day.

2. It had rained in the night, and all the wood
 Was wet as it could be;
 There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
 A loaf of cake for tea.
 And the day was hot, and her aching head
 Throbbled wearily as she said:
 "If maidens but knew what good wives know,
 They would be in no haste to wed!"

3. "Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
 Called the farmer from the well;
 And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
 And his eyes half bashfully fell.
 "It was this," he said, and, coming near,
 He smiled, and, stooping down,



Kissed her cheek,—“’Twas this : that you were the
And the dearest wife in town !” [best

4. The farmer went back to the field ; and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She’d not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea ;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.
5. “Just think,” the children all called in a breath—
“Tom Wood has run off to sea !
He wouldn’t, I know, if he’d only had
As happy a home as we.”

The night came down, and the good wife smiled
 To herself, as she softly said :
 " 'Tis so sweet to labour for those we love—
 It's not strange that maids will wed ! "

Notes and Meanings.

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|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Ner'-vous dread, fear caused by a | 2 The wood, firewood. |
| want of energy. She was afraid | 3 Bronzed, brown; sunburnt. |
| that her work would be too much | 4 Snatch-es, bits here and there. |
| for her. | 5 As we, as we have. |

Summary:—This poem is intended to show us that the hardest work becomes light when it is done for those whom we love, and who love us. The good wife had no heart to begin her heavy day's work, and wearily she went about it, till a few kindly words from her husband cheered her so that she forgot how much she had to do in her love for those for whom she laboured.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The good wife had no heart to begin her heavy day's work.*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—rose, thought, dread, milk, pain, labour.

3. Make Sentences containing—gage, gauge; gait, gate; gamble, gambol; gild, guild; gilt, guilt.

4. Show how we may each perform a labour of love—as a brother, or a sister, or a friend.

RALEGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—I.

1. They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,—“the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth.”

2. “The one will light us to Greenwich well enough,” said Blount; “and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb tide.”

“And this is all thou think'st—all thou carest—all thou deem'st the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs, as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony ! ”

3. "It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount; "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. And by my honour," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

4. It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river; and along with it two or three other boats, for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

5. "In truth, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion at such an hour. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let *us do his* errand, and tell him what the Queen says *in reply*."

6. So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companion. As they approached the gates of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to the officer, who said in reply that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

7. "Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden."

8. At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to come forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, *joined to striking and commanding features.*

9. Raleigh had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept drawing him back, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder ; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

10. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of outward form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers.

11. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling incident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the *Queen's passage*. As she hesitated to pass on, the *gallant*, throwing his cloak from his shoulder, laid

it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod.

12. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who



accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

13. "Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

14. Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

15. So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation: "Who in the world would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-com'pa-nied	El'e-ments	or'di-na-ry	ser'geant
Blount	Green'wich	pro-por'tioned	Sus'sex
cal'tiffs	hal'berds	re-luc'tance	Tra'cy
cav-a-lier'	in-ci-dent	re-sent'ment	trans-port'ing
Cox'comb	jer'kins	ret'i-nue	u'ni-verse
Dept'ford	liv'er-ies	rev'er-ence	yeo'men

Questions:—1. Where is the scene of the story laid? What two things did Walter say could scarcely be matched? 2. Of what use did Blount say they were? What reply did Raleigh make? 3. Why did Blount think their errand was labour in vain? 4. Describe the scene. 5. What did Blount propose? How did Walter reply? 6. What did he do? 7. Whom was he determined to see? 8. What happened as they spoke? 9. What did Raleigh do? 10. How came the warders to allow him to approach the Queen? 11. What incident brought him directly under the Queen's notice? 12. How did Elizabeth receive the act of courtesy? 13. What did Raleigh say should never be done to his cloak while in his possession? 14. Who came in search of Walter? At whose request? 15. What did Blount say of all this?

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Thames, chief river of England. London stands on its banks.
U-ni-verse, world.
Wal-ter, Sir Walter Raleigh, navigator and author, born 1552. After his introduction to the Queen, as stated in this lesson, he became a great favourite. He first brought the potato and tobacco to England. In 1603 James I. imprisoned him in the Tower for taking part in the Main Plot. In 1616 he was released, on promising to disclose a gold mine in South America. He failed, and was again imprisoned to please the Spanish Court. He was executed on his former sentence, 1618.</p> <p>2 Green-wich (<i>Grin'-itch</i>), a town on the Thames, near London.
Ebb tide, returning; going back to the ocean.
Deem'st, supposes; imagines.
El'e-ments, the atmosphere.
Cal-tifs, fellows; mean persons.
Court-ly cer'e-mo-n-y, an act which shows respect to the sovereign.</p> | <p>3 Dog's wag'-es, a kick; a repulse. Barge, a large boat.
4 Re-gal liv'-er-ies, dresses worn by the royal household.
Ret'-i-nue, attendants.
Hal-berds, pole-axes; battle-axe fixed on long pole.
5 Bodes, does not promise.
The Earl, Earl of Sussex, who had sent Walter and Blount with a message to the Queen.
Jer'-kins, jackets; short coats.
6 Tit'-tle, smallest part.
8 Ush'-ers, officers who introduce strangers, or walk before persons of rank.
Gen'-tle-men Pen'-sion-ers, persons in receipt of a stated allowance for past services in attendance on the Queen.
9 Well-pro-por'-tioned, well-made.
11 Re-sent'-ment, anger; displeasure.
13 Sir Cox'-comb, foolish fellow.
E-con'-o-my, thrift; carefulness.
14 Cav-a-lie'r', military man.
15 Vent, utterance. [near Greenwich.
Dept'-ford, a town on the Thames,</p> |
|---|--|

Summary:—Raleigh, afterwards Sir Walter Raleigh, was brought directly under Queen Elizabeth's notice by an act of courtesy seldom shown even to a monarch. He was sent with a message to the Queen by the Earl of Sussex. Just as he arrived at the Palace of Greenwich, where her Majesty was staying, she came forth to enter her barge on the Thames. Seeing that a muddy place lay right before the Queen, Raleigh laid his cloak on the miry spot for Elizabeth to step on. When the Queen had embarked in her barge she sent for Raleigh.

- Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Raleigh laid his cloak on the miry spot.*
2. Change to Nouns—princely, broad, idle, courtly, carry, richly, royal.
3. Make Sentences containing—goer, gore; groan, grown; group, grope; guest, guessed.

4. Write all you know about Queen Elizabeth.

RALEGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—II.

1. The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect—a circumstance which to persons in his situation may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

2. The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

3. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside; and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear.

4. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, *not the less gracefully* that his self-possession was *mingled with embarrassment*. The mudded cloak



still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

5. "That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent.—"Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

6. "May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose—"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him. "Fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or *thy parents* may be— It shall be gold, if thou

wilt; but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

7. Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

8. "Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed, and endeavoured to cover by laughing a slight degree of not unpleasant surprise and confusion.

9. "Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends.—What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen; the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in *Ireland*?"

"*I have been so fortunate as to do some service*

there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

10. "They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

11. The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarcely acquire from long experience, knelt; and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

From "Kenilworth," one of the Waverley Novels, by SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹²

New Words in this Lesson.

a-bridged'	con'se-quence	for'tu-nate	rec-ol-lec'tion
a-gil'i-ty	con-sid'er-a-ble	gal'lant-ry	ro-manc'es
as-so-ci-ates	Dev'on-shire	hon'our-a-ble	Shan'non
au'gu-ry	ex-pe-di'tion	liege-man	wher'ry
awn'ing	ex-pe'ri-ence	rai'ment	wher'ries

Questions:—1. Where did the pensioner take Raleigh? 2. What notice did the Queen take of him? 3. What invitation did he receive? 4. What formed the natural topic of their conversation? 5. What reward did the Queen promise him? 6. Thinking he preferred gold, what did the Queen say? 7. What did he ask? 8. Why? 9. What did the Queen wish to know? Of what did the name remind her? 10. What service had Raleigh rendered? 11. What permission did the Queen grant him? With what did she present him at the same time?

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Au'-gu-ry, omen; sign; that which
Flood-tide, incoming tide. [foretells.
As-so-ci-ates, companions.
2 Ex-pe-di-tion, speed.
Awn'-ing, covering; screen.
Ad-vent-u-rer, one who seeks oppor-
tunities for advancement.
3 Grace-ful a-gil-i-ty, easy, quick
movement; not awkward.
4 Em-bar-rass-ment, bashfulness; a
holding back. | Top'-ic, subject; thing spoken of.
Liege-man's, loyal subject's.
6 Thrift-less fol-ly, wasteful spend-
ing of money.
A-bridged', cut short; made less.
9 Ro-manc-es, fanciful stories unlike
real life.
10 Shan-non, a river in Ireland.
12 Sir Walter Scott. See note on
page 35. |
|---|---|

Summary:—By the Queen's command Raleigh was taken into Her Majesty's presence. The mudded cloak still hung upon his arm. Elizabeth thanked him for his service, and promised to give him a suit of the newest cut as a reward. This he declined, asking only permission to wear the cloak, his own cloak, on which Her Majesty's foot had been placed. The Queen, pleased with the request, bid him wear the muddy cloak till her pleasure should be further known, and gave him a jewel of gold to wear at the collar.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Raleigh was taken into Her Majesty's presence.*
 2. Change to Adjectives—respect, topic, service, duty, gold, shame, youth, honour.

3. Make Sentences containing—hall, haul; haven, heaven; hew, hue.
 4. Write all you know about Sir Walter Raleigh.

LADY CLARE.

1. It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.
2. I trow they did not part in scorn;
 Lovers long betrothed were they:
 They two will wed the morrow morn;
 God's blessing on the day.
3. "He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands, so broad and fair;—
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

4. In there came old Alice the nurse ;
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"—
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare ;
"To-morrow he weds with me."
5. "O God be thanked !" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair ;—
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."
6. "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"—
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth—you are my child."
7. "The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."
8. "Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true ;
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."
9. "Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse ;
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."
10. "If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie ;—
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by !"

11. "Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse ;
 " But keep the secret all ye can."—
 She said, " Not so ; but I will know
 If there be any faith in man."
12. " Nay, now, what faith ?" said Alice the nurse ;
 " The man will cleave unto his right."—
 " And he shall have it," the lady replied,
 " Though I should die, to-night !"
13. " Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
 Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."—
 " O mother, mother, mother," she said,
 " So strange it seems to me."
14. " Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,—
 My mother dear, if this be so ;
 And lay your hand upon my head,
 And bless me, mother, ere I go."
15. She clad herself in a russet gown ;
 She was no longer Lady Clare :
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.
16. The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.
17. Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
 " O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
 Why come you drest like a village maid,
 That are the flower of the earth ?"



18. "If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are ;—
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

19. "Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed ;—
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald ;
"Your riddle is hard to read."

20. O, and proudly stood she up !
 Her heart within her did not fail ;
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.
21. He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
 He turned and kissed her where she stood :
 " If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, " the next in blood—
22. " If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.²³

New Words in this Lesson.

be-trothed'	Clare	heir-ess	Ron'-ald
brooch	drest	neck'-lace	rus'-set

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Doe, female of the fallow deer.
2 Trow, trust; believe.
Be-trothed', engaged to be married;
pledged.
3 Birth, rank or position.
7 Stead, place.
8 Due, rights.
12 Cleave, hold fast.
15 Rus'-set gown, coarse dress of a
reddish-brown colour.
Dale, valley.—Down, hill. | 19 Rid'-dle, puzzle.
21 Next in blood, nearest relation.
22 Law'-ful heir, heir by birth.
23 Ten'-ny-son, Al'-fred, Lord, ap-
pointed Poet Laureate (or king's
poet, one decked with laurel) in
1850, in succession to Wordsworth,
was born in 1809. Among his
poems are the <i>May Queen</i> , the
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade</i> , <i>In</i>
<i>Memoriam</i> , <i>Enoch Arden</i> , etc. |
|--|--|

Summary :—This poem is a genuine ballad—a simple story in verse, with dialogue. The points to be noted are, Lady Clare's honesty and self-sacrifice, when she discovered her humble birth, and the wrong she had done her cousin; and Lord Ronald's constancy, showing that he had not loved Lady Clare for her lands, but for herself. The sudden awakening of the filial instinct in the daughter is also very touching.

Exercises :—1. Parse and analyze: *This poem is a genuine ballad.*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—blow, scorn, nurse, mind, lie.

3. Make Sentences containing—hide, hied; his, high; hoard, horde; holy, wholly.

4. Write a short description of Harvest Time under the heads—time of year, crops, reapers, benefits of a good harvest.

ECONOMY OF TIME.

1. A celebrated Italian was wont to call his time his estate ; and it is true of this as of other estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized till it is nearly squandered. Habits of idleness once firmly fixed cannot be suddenly thrown off, and the man who has wasted the precious hours of life's seed-time finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine ; but lost time is gone for ever.

2. In the long list of excuses for the neglect of duty, there is none which drops oftener from men's lips, or which is founded on more of self-delusion, than the want of leisure. People are always cheating themselves with the idea that they would do this or that desirable thing, "if they only had time." It is thus that the lazy and the selfish excuse themselves from a thousand things which conscience dictates to be done. Now, the truth is, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is *less* than in that of leisure.

3. Go, seek out the men who have done the most for their own and the general good, and you will find they are—who? Wealthy, leisurely people, who have abundance of time to themselves, and nothing to do? No ; they are the men who are in ceaseless activity from January to December. Such men, however pressed with business, are always found *capable of doing a little more* ; and you may

rely on them in their busiest seasons with ten times more assurance than on idle men.

4. There is an instinct that tells us that the man who does much is most likely to do more, and to do it in the best manner. The reason is, that to do increases the power of doing; and it is much easier for one who is always exerting himself to exert himself a little more, than for him who does nothing to rouse himself to action.

5. Give a busy man ten minutes to write a letter, and he will dash it off at once; give an idle man a day, and he will postpone it till to-morrow or next week. There is a momentum in the active man which of itself almost carries him to the mark, just as a very light stroke will keep a hoop a-going, while a smart one was required to set it in motion.

6. The men who do the greatest things do them not so much by fitful efforts, as by steady, unremitting toil—by turning even the moments to account. They have the genius for hard work,—the most desirable kind of genius. A continual dropping wears the stone. A little done this hour and a little the next hour, day by day, and year by year, brings much to pass. Even the largest houses are built by laying one stone upon another.

7. Complain not, then, of your want of leisure to do anything. Rather thank God that you are not cursed with leisure; for a curse it proves, in nine cases out of ten. What if, to achieve some good *work which* you have deeply at heart, you can *never command* an entire month, a week, or even a

day? Shall you therefore stand still, and fold your arms in despair? No; the thought should only stimulate and urge you on to do what you can do in this swiftly passing life of ours.

8. Try what you can build up from the broken fragments of your time, rendered more precious by their brevity. It is said that in the Mint the floor of the gold-working room is a net-work of bars, to catch the falling grains of the precious metal; and that when the day's labour is done the bars are removed, and the golden dust is swept up, to be melted and coined.

9. Learn from this the nobler economy of time. Glean up its golden dust; economize with the utmost care those raspings and parings of life, those leavings of days and bits of hours, which most persons sweep out into the waste of life; and you will be rich in leisure. Rely upon it, if you are a miser of moments, if you hoard up and turn to account odd minutes and half-hours, you will at last be wealthier in knowledge, wealthier in good deeds harvested, than thousands whose time is all their own.

10. The biographer of George Stephenson tells us that the smallest fragments of his time were regarded by him as precious, and that "he was never so happy as when improving them." For years Benjamin Franklin strove, with inflexible resolution, to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won.

11. Henry Kirke White learned Greek while *walking to and from a lawyer's office*. Livingstone

taught himself Latin grammar while working at the loom. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most successful authors of the day.

12. The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up of a man's mind in good proportions, and with strength. If you really prize mental culture, or are sincerely anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only prove the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

13. Franklin said: "Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." And how many of us may say with Horace Mann: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever."

New Words in this Lesson.

a-chieve'	de-lu'sion	in-flex'i-ble	pur-su'ing
ac-tiv'i-ty	de-sir'a-ble	lei'sure	sin-cere'ly
bi-og'-ra-pher	e-con'o-mize	Liv'ing-stone	squan'dered
brev'i-ty	en-grossed'	ment'al	Ste'-phen-son
bus'i-est	es-sen'tial	mo-ment'-um	stim'u-late
crev'-ic-es	ex-e-cu'tion	post-pone'	un-re-mit'-ting

Questions:—1. What did a celebrated Italian call his time? What is true of *that*, as of other estates? Wherein does lost time differ from lost wealth?
 2. For what is want of leisure a common excuse? Why is it a bad one? 3. Who

are the men who do most for the general good? 4. Why is it that the man who does much is likely to do more? 5. Compare a busy and an idle man. 6. What is the most desirable kind of genius? 7. What does leisure prove in nine cases out of ten? To what should the thought of the impossibility of finding leisure stimulate you? 8. Describe the floor of the gold-working room in the Mint. What is the object of this? 9. What lesson may be learned from this? 10, 11. Mention instances of great men who made good use of their spare moments. 12. What are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones? How is this applied to time? 13. Give quotations from Franklin and Horace Mann showing the value of time.

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 E-state', property; possessions.
 Squan'-dered, spent; wasted.
 Seed'-time, youth; au'-tumn, old age.
 Tem'-per-ance, carefulness in eating and drinking.</p> <p>2 Self-de-lu-sion, deceiving of oneself.
 Lei'-sure, spare time.
 De-sir'-a-ble, good; to be wished for.
 Dic'-tates, commands; points out.</p> <p>3 Jan-u-a-ry to De-cem-ber, the beginning to the end of the year.</p> <p>5 Post-pon'e', put off.
 Mo-ment'-um, moving force; the tendency of a moving body to go on by its own weight.</p> <p>6 Un-re-mit'-ting, constant.</p> <p>7 A-chieve', do; finish.
 Stim'-u-late, spur on.</p> <p>8 Mint, place where money is coined.</p> <p>9 Rasp-ings and pār-ings, scraps; odd moments.</p> <p>10 Bi-og'-ra-pher, writer of the life of.
 George Ste'-phen-son (1781-1848), inventor of the locomotive steam-engine. He was son of a colliery</p> | <p>fireman, and began life by herding cows.</p> <p>Ben'-ja-min Frank'-lin (1706-1790), an American patriot and philosopher. He proved lightning and the electric fluid to be the same. One of his earliest publications was <i>Poor Richard's Almanac</i>, containing the maxims entitled "The Way to Wealth."</p> <p>In-flex'-i-ble, unyielding; firm.</p> <p>11 Hen-ry Kirke White (1785-1806), an English poet.</p> <p>Liv'-ing-stone (1813-1873), the greatest of African travellers. He went to South Africa as a missionary in 1840, and did not return to England till 1856. He went out again in 1858, and remained till 1864. He went out once more in 1865, and died there.</p> <p>Hugh Mill'-er (1802-1856), an eminent geologist; began life as a stonemason. Author of "The Old Red Sandstone."</p> <p>12 Ment'-al cul'-ture, education of the mind.</p> |
|---|---|

Summary:—The value of time cannot be estimated. Time once lost is lost for ever. We often say what we would do if we only had time. This is often but an excuse for laziness and selfishness. The busiest men have always the most time at their disposal, for they know how to make the best use of it. We must learn to gather up the minutes, for we find that by making good use of them men have done great things.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *The busiest men have always the most time.*

2. Change to Nouns—Italian, prized, lazy, selfish, wealthy, leisurely, mental.

3. Make Sentences containing—idle, idol; impostor, imposture; indite, indict.

4. Write all you can about making a right use of our Time. Show how a few minutes a day may produce great results.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

1. Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
2. Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.
3. On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
4. Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one !
5. Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
6. In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
7. Under his slouch-hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

8. It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

9. She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

10. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

11. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

12. All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

13. And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

14. Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

15. Peace and order and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

J. G. WHITTIER.¹⁶

New Words in this Lesson.

Bar'-bar-a	Friet'-chie	Ma'-ry-land	Stone'-wall
Fred'-erick	horde	ri'-fle	sym'-bol

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Clus'-tered spires, many spires crowded together.
Fred'-erick, a town in Maryland, 40 miles west of Baltimore. It is not far from the Blue Ridge, a branch of the Alleghany Mountains, and is therefore said to be "green-walled by the hills,"—surrounded by the hills as by a natural wall.
Ma'-ry-land, one of the United States of North America.</p> <p>2 Gar'-den of the Lord, Paradise.
Reb'-el horde, the Southern or Confederate army; so called because they rebelled against the United States Government.</p> <p>3 Early fall, beginning of autumn.
Lee's first invasion of Maryland took place early in September 1862. Lee, General Robert, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army.</p> <p>4 For'-ty flags, etc. The flag of the Union has white stars on a blue ground in the upper corner next</p> | <p>the staff, and red and white bars in the body of the flag.</p> <p>6 Stone'-wall Jack'-son. Thomas Jackson, one of the bravest of Lee's generals, born 1826. He was called "Stonewall" from the saying at the battle of Bull's Run that his brigade "would stand like a stone wall." After the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, he was fired on by his own men by mistake, and died a week afterwards.</p> <p>7 Slouch-hat, hat with a broad brim.</p> <p>8 Silk'-en scarf, flag made of silk.</p> <p>13 Hill-gaps, hollows between the hills.
Rides on his raid, rides about to do mischief.</p> <p>14 Bier, carriage that bears a coffin.</p> <p>15 Sym'-bol of light and law, the flag of the Union.</p> <p>16 John Green'-leaf Whit'-ti-er, an American poet; an earnest opponent of slavery.</p> |
|---|---|

Summary:—During the American Civil War (see Note, page 217), in which the Southern States made war upon the Northern States with the object of breaking up the Union, an old woman shows the flag of the Union at her attic window, in defiance of the Confederates (Southern soldiers) under Stonewall Jackson. Jackson respects her courage and her loyalty.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Jackson respects her courage and her loyalty.*

2. Use as Nouns and Adjectives—September, round, rebel, mountain, rifle.

3. Make Sentences containing—jam, jamb; jester, gesture; jury, Jewry; kernel, colonel; kill, kiln.

4. Tell the story of Barbara Frietchie in your own words.

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—Part II.

VII.—SENATOR BIRD.

1. The light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosy parlour as Senator Bird, on his return from Washington, sat talking with his wife.

"Well," said she, after the business of the tea-table was over, "and what have they been doing in the Senate?"

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the House of the State, wisely considering that she had quite enough to do to mind her own. Mr. Bird therefore opened his eyes in surprise, and said, "Not very much of importance."

2. "Well; but is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor coloured folks that come along? I heard they were talking of some such law, but I didn't think any Christian legislature would pass it."

"Why, Mary, you are getting to be a politician all at once."

"No, no; nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for all your politics generally; but I think this is something downright cruel and unchristian. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed?"

3. "There has been a law passed forbidding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear."

"*And what is the law?* It does not forbid us to

shelter these poor creatures a night, does it? and to give them something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quietly away?"

4. "Why, yes, my dear; that would be aiding and abetting, you know."

Mrs. Bird was a timid little woman, with mild blue eyes, and the gentlest, sweetest voice in the world. Her husband and children were her entire world, and in these she ruled more by entreaty and persuasion than by command or argument.

5. On the present occasion Mrs. Bird rose quickly with very red cheeks, and walked up to her husband with quite a resolute air, and said in a determined tone, "Now, John, I want to know if you think such a law as that is right and Christian?"

"You won't shoot me now, Mary, if I say I do?"

"I never could have thought it of you, John. You didn't vote for it?"

"Even so, my fair politician."

6. "You ought to be ashamed, John. Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It's a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I'll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I *shall* have a chance, I do! Things have got to a pretty pass if a woman can't give a warm supper and a bed to poor, starving creatures, just because they are slaves, and have been abused and oppressed all their lives, poor things!"

7. "But, Mary, just listen to me. Your feelings are all quite right, dear, and interesting, and I love *you for them*; but then, dear, we mustn't suffer *our feelings* to run away with our judgment."

"Now, John, I don't know anything about politics, but I can read my Bible; and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate; and that Bible I mean to follow."

8. "Now listen to me, Mary, and I can state to you a very clear argument to show—"

"Oh, nonsense, John! you can talk all night, but you couldn't do it. I put it to you, John: would *you* now turn away a poor, shivering, hungry creature from your door, because he was a runaway? *Would* you, now?"

9. "Of course it would be a very painful duty," began Mr. Bird in a moderate tone.

"Duty, John! don't use that word! You know it isn't a duty—it can't be a duty! The poor creatures suffer enough with cold and hunger and fear without everybody's turning against them; and, law or no law, I never will, so help me God!"

10. "Mary, Mary, my dear, let me reason with you."

"I hate reasoning, John—especially reasoning on such subjects. There's a way you political folks have of coming round and round a plain, right thing. I know *you* well enough, John. You don't believe it's right any more than I do; and you wouldn't do it any sooner than I."

New Words in this Lesson.

a-bet'-ting	en-treat'y	pol'i-tics	res'-o-lute
a-bom'-i-na-ble	leg'-is-la-ture	po-lit'-i-cal	Sen'-ate
ar'-gu-ment	per-sua'-sion	pol-i-ti'-cian	sen'-a-tor

Questions:—1. What question did Mrs. Bird ask her husband? Why did this surprise him? 2. What law did she inquire about? What was her opinion of that law? 3. What did Mr. Bird say that the law forbade? What did Mrs. Bird ask?

4. Why must help be refused? What kind of woman was Mrs. Bird? 5. What effect had Mr. Bird's answers on his wife? What was her next question? What did her husband say that he had done? 6. What did she say that she would do? 7. What argument did Mr. Bird use? What was his wife's reply? 8. What question did she put to him? 9. What did he answer? On what word did his wife stop him? What did she say about duty? 10. What was her opinion of her husband's belief?

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|--|
| 1 Sen'-a-tor, law-maker; member of Senate or Parliament. | slave, and punish those who assisted the slave. Passed 1850. |
| Wash'-ing-ton, capital of the United States of America. | Leg'-is-la-ture, body of men who make laws. |
| Sen'-ate, Council; governing body; Parliament. | Pol-i-ti'-cian, one interested in public affairs. |
| 2 Pass'-ing a law, the Fugitive Slave Law, which commanded all good citizens to help a slave-holder in his attempts to recapture a runaway | Pol-i-tics, public affairs. |
| | 4 A-bet-ting, helping. |
| | 5 Vote for, support; say Yes. [right. |
| | 7 Judg'-ment, power to decide for the |

Summary:—Senator Bird, having returned from his duties in the Senate or Parliament at Washington, was questioned by his wife respecting a new law—the Fugitive Slave Law—passed in the interests of slave-holders. Mrs. Bird was very indignant that such a cruel and unchristian law should have been passed, and hoped that she might have a chance of breaking it.

- Exercises:**—1. Parse and analyze: *Senator Bird was questioned by his wife.*
 2. Change into Adjectives—importance, law, woman, voice, world, hunger.
 3. Make Sentences containing—lade, laid; lain, lane; lair, layer; lapse, laps.
 4. Write a description of a Thunderstorm.

VIII.—AMONG FRIENDS.

1. At this critical juncture old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "missis would come into the kitchen."

After a moment his wife's voice was heard at the door in a quick, earnest tone, "John, John, I do wish you'd come here a moment."

2. He laid down his paper and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself:—A young and slender woman, with *garments torn* and frozen, with both shoes gone, and *the stockings torn* away from her cut and bleeding

feet, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face.

3. "Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bird, compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosed her large dark eyes, and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying, "Oh, my Harry! Have they got him?"

The boy at this jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and running to her side put up his arms. "Oh, he's here!—he's here!" she exclaimed.

4. "Oh, ma'am," said she wildly to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us! don't let them get him!"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you," said the woman, covering her face and sobbing; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap.

5. "You needn't be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman! Tell me where you came from, and what you want," said Mrs. Bird.

"I came from Kentucky," said the woman.

"How did you come?" said Mr. Bird.

"I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice?" said every one present.

"Yes," said the woman slowly, "I did. God helping me, I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind, and there was no other way."

6. "Oh, missis," said Cudjoe, "the ice is all in broken-up blocks, a-swinging up and down in the water!"

"I know it was—I know it!" said she wildly; "but I did it! I wouldn't have thought I could—I didn't think I should get over; but I didn't care! I could but die if I didn't. The Lord helped me: nobody knows how much the Lord can help them till they try," said the woman with a flashing eye.

7. "Were you a slave?" said Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir; she was always good to me."

"What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?"

8. The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird with a keen, scrutinizing glance, and it did not escape her that she was dressed in deep mourning.

"Ma'am," she said suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?" The question was unexpected, and it was thrust on a new wound, for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

9. Mr. Bird turned round and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears; but recovering her voice, she said, "Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one."

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another—left them buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He *was my comfort and pride, day and night; and, ma'am, they were going to take him away from me—*

to *sell* him—sell him down south, ma'am—to go all alone—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life. I couldn't stand it, ma'am. And when I knew that the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me—the man that bought him, and some of master's folks; and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice, and how I got across I don't know; but the first thing I knew, a man was helping me up the bank."

The woman did not sob nor weep. Her trouble was too deep for tears; but every one around her was, in some way characteristic of themselves, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

10. "And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far to Canada?" she asked, looking up with a simple, confiding air to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Much farther than you think, poor child," said Mrs. Bird; "but we will try to think what can be done for you.—Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning."

New Words in this Lesson.

char-ac-ter-is'tic	crit'i-cal	en-cour-ag-ing-ly	scru'ti-niz-ing
com-pas-sion-ate-ly	Di'nah	junc'ture	va'cant-ly

Questions:—1. What happened at this critical juncture? 2. What sight met their gaze? 3. Whom did Eliza ask for? 4. What assurance did Mrs. Bird give her? How did Eliza express her thankfulness? 5. What account did Eliza give of herself? 6. To what power did Eliza say she owed her ability to cross on the ice? 7. What did she tell Mr. Bird? 8. What question did she ask Mrs. Bird? 9. Why? 10. Where did Eliza say she meant to go?

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 Crit-i-cal junc-ture, important mo-
 2 Im-press, mark; appearance. [ment.
 De-spised' race, negroes; regarded as
 only fit for a state of slavery.
 3 Va-cant-ly, with a meaningless look.
 8 Scr-u-ti-niz-ing, searching.</p> | <p>9 Down south, in a Southern State,
 where the worst forms of slavery
 were to be found.
 Char-ac-ter-is-tic of, peculiar to;
 after their own fashion.
 10 Air, manner.</p> |
|---|--|

Summary:—While Mr. and Mrs. Bird were engaged in conversation, a servant called Mrs. Bird into the kitchen; and she called her husband. There they found Eliza in a swoon, bearing all the marks of her terrible passage over the ice. When she came to herself, Eliza told them her sad story; and Mrs. Bird promised her protection and help.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *A servant called Mrs. Bird into the kitchen.*

2. Change into Nouns—wished, amazed, young, protect, sign, sold.

3. Make Sentences containing—lax, lacks, lacs; lea, lee; leak, leek; least, leased.

4. Of what use is a knowledge of Geography?

IX.—THE MIDNIGHT DRIVE.

1. Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlour. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro, while Mr. Bird strode up and down the room grumbling to himself.

At length, striding up to his wife, he said, "I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early to-morrow morning."

"To-night! How is it possible? Where to?"

2. "Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots. "You see," he said, "there's my old friend, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, *unless they go on purpose*; and it's a place that *isn't found in a hurry*. There she'd be safe enough;

but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there to-night but *me*."

"Why not? Cudjoe is an excellent driver."

3. "Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has to be crossed twice; and the second crossing is quite dangerous, unless one knows it, as I do. I have crossed it a hundred times on horseback, and know exactly the turns to take. And so, you see, there's no help for it. Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o'clock, and I'll take her over."

4. "John," said the wife, laying her little white hand on his, "could I ever have loved you had I not known you better than you know yourself?"

And so what could the worthy senator do but walk off soberly to see about the carriage? At the door, however, he stopped a moment, and then coming back, he said with some hesitation,—

"Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about it, but there's the drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry's." So saying, he turned quickly on his heel and shut the door after him.

5. His wife opened the little bedroom door adjoining her room, and taking the candle, set it down on the top of a table there; then from a small recess she took a key, and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer and made a sudden pause, while two boys who, boy-like, had followed close on her heels, stood looking with silent, significant glances at their mother. And oh!—mother that reads *this—has* there never been in your house a

drawer or a closet the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave? Happy mother that you are if it has not been so!

6. Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There were a toy horse and waggon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear and many a heart-break. She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer.

7. "Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away *those* things?"

"My dear boys," she said softly and earnestly, "if our dear loving little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am; and I hope God will send his blessing with them."

8. After a while Mrs. Bird opened a wardrobe, and taking from thence a plain serviceable dress or two, she sat down busily at her work-table, and with needle, scissors, and thimble at hand, quietly commenced "letting down," and continued busily at work till the old clock in the corner struck twelve, *and she heard the low rattling of wheels at the door.* "Mary," said her husband, coming in with

his overcoat in his hand, "you must wake her up now ; we must be off."

9. Mrs. Bird hastily deposited the various articles she had collected in a small plain trunk, and locking it desired her husband to see it into the carriage, and then proceeded to call the woman. Soon, arrayed in a cloak, bonnet, and shawl that had belonged to her benefactress, she appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and Mrs. Bird pressed on after her to the carriage-steps.

10. Eliza leaned out of the carriage and put out her hand, a hand as soft and beautiful as was given in return. She fixed her large dark eyes, full of earnest meaning, on Mrs. Bird's face, and seemed going to speak. Her lips moved, she tried once or twice, but there was no sound, and pointing upward, with a look never to be forgotten, she fell back in the seat and covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove away.

New Words in this Lesson.

ben-e-fac'tress	hes-i-ta'tion	scis'sors	sig-nif-i-cant
de-pos'it-ed	me-mo'ri-als	ser-vice-a-ble	Trompe

Questions:—1. What did Mr. Bird say to his wife? 2. To what safe place did Mr. Bird propose to take Eliza? 3. How did Mr. Bird propose to take her? 4. Of what did Mr. Bird speak as he went to see about the carriage? 5. What did Mrs. Bird open? 6. What did the drawer contain? 7. Why was she about to give away these things? 8. What did she take from a wardrobe? When was her husband ready to start? 9. How was Eliza prepared for the journey? 10. Describe the parting scene.

Notes and Meanings.

1 On the scent, in pursuit.	Sig-nif-i-cant, full of meaning.
2 Creek, small river.	6 Me-mo'ri-als, things kept in remem-
Plague, troublesome part.	8 Ser-vice-a-ble, useful. (brance.)
4 Hes-i-ta'tion, backwardness.	9 Ar-rayed', dressed.
5 Be-cess', corner.	Ben-e-fac'tress, kind friend.

Summary:—Mr. Bird determined to take Eliza and her child to a place of safety that night. Mrs. Bird dressed Eliza in some of her own clothes, and placed some things, once worn by her own child, now dead, in a box for little Harry. Then Mr. Bird placed the mother and child in his carriage and drove away to the house of Van Trompe, who lived in an out-of-the-way place in the woods.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Mrs. Bird dressed Eliza in some of her own clothes.*

2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—scent, plague, drive, lock, pause, form.

3. Make Sentences containing—led, lead; lessen, lesson; liar, lyre.

4. What is Charity? How may we show it? Tell any story you know.

X.—JOHN VAN TROMPE.

1. It was late in the night when the carriage arrived at the door of a large farm-house. It took no inconsiderable perseverance to arouse the inmates; but at last a tall, powerful man, arrayed in a red flannel shirt, undid the door. This was honest old John van Trompe, once a considerable land-owner and slave-owner in the State of Kentucky. Gifted by nature with a great honest, just heart, he had been for years witnessing the cruelties of the American slave system, till his conscience could stand it no longer.

2. At last, one day he took his pocket-book out of his desk, and went over into Ohio, one of the Free States, and bought a quantity of good rich land. He then made out free papers for all his people, men, women, and children, packed them up in waggons, and sent them off to settle down with himself on the property.

3. "Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers?" said the senator.

"I rather think I am," said honest John, with *some considerable emphasis.*

"I thought so," said the senator.

4. "If there's anybody comes," said the good man, stretching his tall, muscular form upward, "why, here I'm ready for him; and I've got seven sons, each six feet high, and they'll be ready for them. Give our respects to them," said John; "tell them it's no matter how soon they call; it makes no difference to us," said John, running his fingers through the shock of hair that thatched his head, and bursting out into a great laugh.

5. Weary, jaded, and spiritless, Eliza dragged herself up to the door, with her child lying, in a heavy sleep, on her arm. The rough man held the candle to her face, and, uttering a kind of compassionate grunt, opened the door of a small bedroom adjoining to the large kitchen where they were standing, and motioned her to go in. He took down a candle, and lighting it, set it upon the table, and then addressed himself to Eliza.

6. "Now, I say, girl, you needn't be a bit afraid, let who will come here. I'm up to all that sort o' thing," said he, pointing to two or three goodly rifles over the mantel-piece: "and most people that know me know that 'twouldn't be healthy to try to get anybody out o' my house when I'm against it. So *now* you just go to sleep now, as quiet as if your mother was a-rockin' you," said he, as he shut the door.

7. The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history. Honest old John was deeply interested.

"*You'd better put up here now till daylight.*"

said he heartily to the senator; "and I'll call up the old woman, and have a bed got ready for you in no time."

"Thank you, my good friend," said the senator. "I must be along, to take the night stage for Columbus."

"Ah, well, then, if you must, I'll go a piece with you, and show you a cross road that will take you there better than the road you came on. That road's mighty bad."

8. John equipped himself, and, with a lantern in hand, was soon seen guiding the senator's carriage towards a road that ran down in a hollow, at the back of his dwelling. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten-dollar bank-note.

"It's for her," he said briefly.

"Ay, ay," said John with equal conciseness.

They shook hands and parted.

New Words in this Lesson.

Co-lum'-bus	con-cise'-ness	dol'-lar	e-quipped'
com-pas'-sion-ate	cru'-el-ties	em'-pha-sis	mus'-cu-lar

Questions:—1. Who met the party at the door? 2. What had John van Trompe done with all his slaves? 3. What did the senator ask him? 4. Whom had Trompe ready to help him to oppose the slave-catchers? 5. Into what place was Eliza taken? 6. What words of encouragement did she receive? 7. Where had the senator to go that night? Why did his friend accompany him? 8. What did John receive from him in parting? For whom?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Con'-science, power of knowing right and wrong.	6 Health'-y, safe; good for their health.
3 Em'-pha-sis, stress of the voice; force.	7 Co-lum'-bus, capital of Ohio.
4 Mus'-cu-lar, strong; powerful.	8 E-quipped', got ready.
5 Jād'-ed, tired out.	Ten-dol'-lar bank-note, about two pounds in our money.
	Con-cise'-ness, shortness; brevity.

Summary:—Late at night Mr. Bird arrived with his charge at John van Trompe's house. John was opposed to slavery. He had given his slaves their freedom, and had taken them to work for him in a Free State. When asked by Mr. Bird if he would shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers, he at once replied that he and his seven sons would defend them. Eliza was shown a small bedroom, and told that she might sleep there in safety. Before leaving Van Trompe, Mr. Bird gave him a ten-dollar bank-note for the use of Eliza.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Mr. Bird gave him a ten-dollar bank-note for the use of Eliza.*

2. Change into Adjectives—nature, thought, sleep, mother, child, emphasis.

3. Make Sentences containing—links, lynx; lo, low; loan, lone.

4. Write a short paper on Money—the different metals used, notes, etc.

XI.—RE-UNION AND LIBERTY.

1. From Van Trompe's farm Eliza was taken safely to a Quaker village where many a fugitive slave had been kept hid before. After she had been there for some time, one day the mistress of the family in whose house she had been received said to her,—

“And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?”

“Yes, ma'am,” said Eliza firmly. “I must go onward. I dare not stop.”

2. “And what'll thee do when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter.”

“My daughter” came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made “mother” seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hand trembled, and some tears fell on the work she was doing; but she answered firmly,—

“I shall do—anything I can find. I hope I can find something.”

“Thee knows thee can stay here as long as thee pleases,” said Rachel.

3. “Oh, thank you,” said Eliza; “but”—she pointed

to Harry—"I can't sleep at night; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but thee mustn't feel so. The Lord hath ordered it so that never hath a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust thine will not be the first."

4. As they were speaking, Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and broad-brimmed hat, entered.

"Any news, father?" said Rachel.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along to-night, with *friends*," said Simeon, significantly.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

5. "Did thee say thy name was Harris?" said Simeon to Eliza.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered "Yes:" her fears, ever uppermost, suggested that possibly there might be advertisements out for her.

"Mother!" said Simeon, taking Rachel into the porch, "Eliza's husband is in the village, and will be here to-night!"

"Now, thee doesn't say that, father?" said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday with the waggon to the other settlement, and there he found an old woman and two men; and one said that his name was George Harris, and, from what *he told of his history*, I am certain who he is. Let *us tell her now*."

6. Rachel went into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, "Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee."

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face; she rose, trembling with nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy.

7. "No, no," said Ruth (a friend who had called) darting up and seizing her hands. "Never thee fear; it's good news, Eliza—go in, go in!" And she gently pushed her to the door, which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

8. "Thee'll see thy father, little one. Does thee know it? Thy father is coming," she said, over and over again, as the boy looked wonderingly at her.

Meanwhile, within the door, another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza towards her, and said, "The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage."

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down, pale and faint.

9. "Have courage, child," said Rachel, laying her hand on her head. "He is among friends, who will bring him here to-night."

"To-night!" Eliza repeated. "To-night!" The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist in a moment. When *she awoke*, she found herself snugly tucked up on

the bed, with a blanket over her. Again she slept as she had not slept before, since the fearful midnight hour when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty starlight night.

10. She dreamed of a beautiful country—a land, it seemed to her, of rest, of green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing, a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her; his tears falling on her face; and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

11. We have not space to tell all the adventures that befell George and Eliza with little Harry on their way to Canada. At one place their pursuers overtook them, and George had to fight for his life; but with the help of the friends who were with them they at last got safely away. From one hiding-place to another he and Eliza and little Harry at length reached Lake Erie, where they embarked on board a steamer crossing to Canada.

12. It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced rippling and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

Oh, what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George walked calmly

up and down the deck of the steamer, with his shy companion at his side, of all that was burning in his bosom? The mighty good that was approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and he felt a jealous dread every moment of the day that something would rise to snatch it from him.

But the boat swept on—hours fled, and at last clear and full rose the blessed English shore—shores charmed by a mighty spell—with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

13. George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and with his wife and child landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then with tears and embracing, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God. **THEY WERE FREE!**

New Words in this Lesson.

Am'-herst-berg	bond'-age	in-can-ta'-tion	Ra'-chel
anx-i'-e-ty	E'-rie	na'-tion-al	Sim'-e-on
bag'-gage	Hal'-li-day	Qua'-ker	Steb'-bins

Questions:—1. To what place was Eliza next taken? Where was Eliza determined to go? 2. What offer did Rachel make to Eliza? 3. Why did Eliza refuse? What had never happened to the Quaker village? 4. Who now came forward? What did he say? 5. Who did Simeon say was in the village?

6. What did Rachel say to Eliza? 7. How did Ruth soothe Eliza? 8. What news did Rachel give her? 9. How was Eliza affected? 10. Of what did she dream? Whom did she find beside her when she awoke? 11. What happened to George and Eliza on their journey to Canada? 12. Of what was George thinking as he paced the deck of the steamer? 13. Describe the scene on the landing of George and his wife.

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|---|
| 1 Qua-ker, a member of a religious body called the Society of Friends, known as a kind-hearted, peace-loving people. | 11 Be-fell', happened to.
Lake E-rie, one of the four great lakes of North America which divide Canada from the United States. |
| 2 Nat-u-ral-ly, as the most fitting thing | 12 Su-perb', lovely. |
| 4 Friends, a name given to runaway slaves. | Might-y spell, the knowledge that a slave cannot exist on British soil: he touches it, and is free. |
| 5 Set-tle-ment, place where persons from another land have made their homes. | In-can-ta-tion, evil device. |
| 8 House of bond-age, state of slavery. | 13 Am-herst-berg, a town of Ontario, in Canada, on the shores of Lake Bag-gage, luggage. [Erie. |

Summary:—Eliza and her child were passed on to a Quaker village, where they found rest and safety for a time. There they met George, who had escaped from his master. From one hiding-place to another the husband, wife, and child passed safely, though many dangers beset them, till at last they embarked on board a steamer bound for Canada. A few hours more and they were free.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *They embarked on board a steamer.*

2. Change into Nouns—safely, natural, radiant, beautiful, pleasant, human.

3. Make Sentences containing—manner, manor; mantel, mantle; mare, mayor; marshal, martial.

4. Tell in your own words the story of George and Eliza's escape, from the crossing of the river till they reached Canada.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

1. Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2. Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou and succour him.



"WIDOW AND ORPHAN, HELPLESS LEFT."

3. Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain,—
Go thou and comfort him.
4. Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;

Widow and orphan, helpless left,—
Go thou and shelter them.

5. Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou and ransom him.

6. Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour man,
Thy brother or thy son.

7. Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery,—
Go, share thy lot with him.

New Words in this Lesson.

ach'-ing be-reft' fet'-tered ran'-som suc'-cour

Notes and Meanings.

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|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1 Ach'-ing, troubled. | Gem, thing worth having. |
| Burn'-ing, hot; feverish. | 5 Fet'-tered, bound. |
| Sooth'-ing, gentle; calming. | Ran'-som him, pay the price of his freedom. |
| 2 Want, hunger. | 6 Less fa'-voured, in worse circum- |
| Suc'-cour, help; relieve. | stances. |
| 3 At their brim, nearly ended. [it. | 7 Re-deem', rescue. |
| 4 Be-reft', deprived; had taken from | |
-

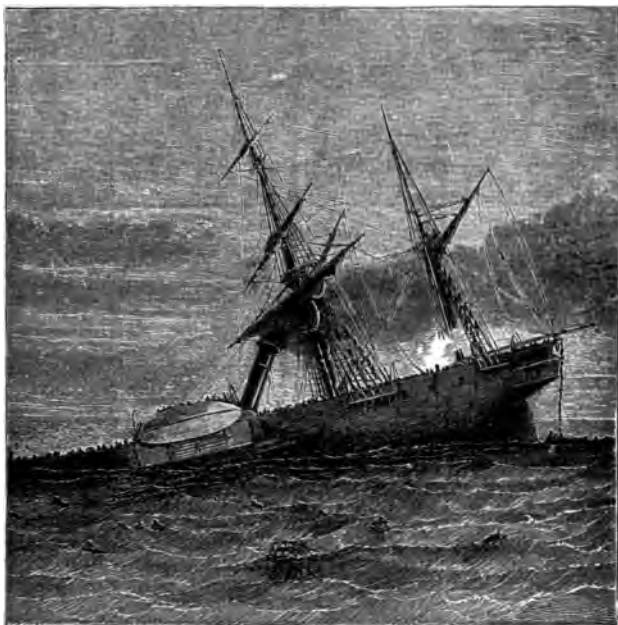
Summary:—This poem is founded on our Lord's reply to a certain lawyer who asked what he must do to inherit eternal life. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart....and thy neighbour as thyself." Then asked the lawyer, "And who is my neighbour?" In answer to this question Jesus spoke the parable of the good Samaritan, in which he taught that to show mercy to one in trouble is to act a neighbour's part. (Luke x. 25-37.)

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Jesus spoke the parable of the Good Samaritan.*

2. Change to Adjectives—neighbour, care, pain, comfort, widow, misery.

3. Make Sentences containing—maze, maize; mead, meed; mean, mien; metal, mettle; miner, minor.

4. How may we show our love for our neighbour? Give an example.



THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

1. The *Birkenhead*, a large troop-ship, with 632 souls on board, was sailing off the coast of South Africa on a clear night in February 1852. As the captain was anxious to shorten the voyage, and as the sea was calm, he kept as near as possible to the shore.

2. Off Cape Danger, the vessel was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour. Suddenly she struck upon a sunken rock with such force that in a few minutes she was a wreck.

3. The roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every man knew that it was his death-summons. There they stood, as if on parade, no man showing restlessness or fear, though the ship was every moment going down, down.

4. Their commander, Colonel Seton of the 74th Highlanders, told them that there were only boats enough to carry the women and children to shore, and that these must be saved first.

5. No man muttered an objection. Orders were given coolly and obeyed promptly. The boats were got ready and lowered. Everything was done quickly, for there was no time to lose; but there was no haste, no panic, no wailings of despair.

6. The women and children were got into the boats. They pushed off, and made for the shore, landed their freight, and returned for another. Again and again this was done, till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved—the soldiers all the while giving help or looking on without a murmur.

7. All was now done that could be done. There were no boats for the troops; and the ship was sinking so fast that it was vain to expect the boats to return in time to save any of them.

8. The soldiers stood on deck in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder, officers and men together, watching the sharks that were waiting for them in the waves, and patiently abiding the end.

9. *And the end soon came. In half an hour from the time when she struck, the Birkenhead*

went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen.

10. There stands in Greenwich Hospital a monument, erected by command of Queen Victoria, in memory of the "heroic constancy and unbroken discipline" which officers and men displayed.

New Words in this Lesson.

Bir'-ken-head	dis'-ci-pline	hos'-pi-tal	ob-jec'-tion
con'-stan-cy	e-rect'-ed	mon'-u-ment	pa'-rade'
			Se'-ton
			Vic-to'-ri-a

Questions:—1. Where was the *Birkenhead* lost? When? What had she on board? 2. What was the cause of the wreck? 3. Why was the drum sounded when she struck? 4. What did their commander tell the soldiers? 5. What did they do? 6. Who were put in the boats? 7. Was there any hope of the troops being saved? 8. How did the soldiers wait the end? 9. How long was the *Birkenhead* in sinking after she struck? 10. How is the memory of these brave men preserved? How is their conduct described there?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 Souls, persons.</p> <p>2 Cape Dan'-ger, a cape near the Cape of Good Hope, on the coast of South Africa.</p> <p>3 Prompt'-ly, quickly; at once.</p> <p>Death-sum-mons, call to die.</p> <p>On pa'-rade', in military order.</p> | <p>5 Pan'-ic, sudden fear.</p> <p>6 Freight, the women and children.</p> <p>10 Green'-wich Hos'-pi-tal, formerly a hospital for aged and disabled seamen; now used as a Royal Naval Con'-stan-cy, firmness. [College.</p> <p>Dis'-ci-pline, order.</p> |
|--|--|
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Summary:—The *Birkenhead*, a large troop-ship, with 632 persons on board, struck on a rock off the coast of South Africa. In a few minutes she was a wreck. The soldiers were formed in line on the deck, while the women and children were placed in the boats. The men looked on without a murmur. The boats left the ship, but before they returned the vessel had gone down with her living freight. In Greenwich Hospital a monument to their memory records the "heroic constancy and unbroken discipline" this band of heroes displayed.

- Exercises:**—1. Parse and analyze: *The soldiers were formed in line on the deck.*
2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—force, wreck, roll, drum, call, order, haste.
3. Make Sentences containing—mist, missed; moan, mown; mood, mode, mowed; more, mower; mote, moat.
4. Describe a Shipwreck. Tell a story of one.
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THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

The following verses (by Sir F. H. Doyle) are put into the mouth of a soldier who is supposed to have escaped from the sinking ship:—

1. Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.
2. The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock :
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them
The spirit of that shock ; [passed
3. And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.
4. Confusion spread ; for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.
The boats could hold ?—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.
5. "Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."
The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.
6. We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply ;
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line—to die.

7. There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek ;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.
8. So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.
9. What followed why recall ? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

New Words in this Lesson.

bab'-blers

clam'-our-ing

finch'-ing

thrilled

Notes and Meanings.

1 Flank, side.

2 Thrilled, shook ; trembled.

Spir'-it of that shock, movement
caused by the shock.

3 Rush of steel, bayonet charge.

Keel, the bottom of a ship.

5 Clam'-our-ing, shouting ; calling out.

6 Bab'-blers, idle talkers.

Col'-onel (kur'-nel), chief officer in a
regiment.9 Flinch'-ing, shrinking ; drawing
back.Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze : *The men looked on without a murmur.*

2. What words rhyme with—repose, steel, clear, reply, seek, turf ?

3. Make Sentences containing—palate, pallet, palette ; pastor, pasture ;
peak, pique.4. Why do women and children receive the first care and attention in times of
danger ? Give an example.

THE EARTH'S JOURNEY ROUND THE SUN.

1. One, two, three, four, five ! Does the reader know that while he has been counting these five beats—five seconds—he has actually been conveyed through space a distance of more than a hundred miles ? Yet so it is. However incredible it may

seem, no fact is more certain than that the Earth is constantly on the wing, flying around the Sun with a velocity so prodigious that for every breath we draw we advance on our way forty or fifty miles.

2. When, passing across the waters in a steam-boat, we wake after a night's repose, and find ourselves conducted on our voyage a hundred miles, we exult in the triumphs of art, which has moved the ponderous vessel so swiftly, and yet so quietly as not to disturb our slumbers. But with a motion vastly more quiet and uniform, we have, in the same time, been carried with the Earth over a distance of more than half a million of miles.

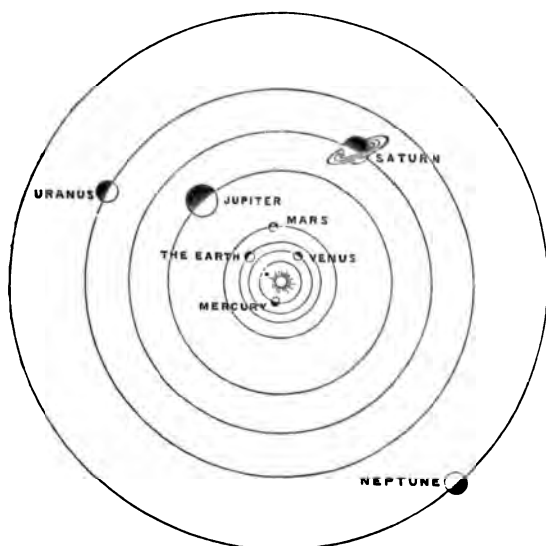
3. In the case of the steam-ship, however perfect the machinery may be, we still, in our waking hours at least, are made sensible of the action of the forces by which the motion is maintained; but in the more perfect machinery which carries the Earth forward on its grander voyage, no sound is heard, nor the least intimation afforded of the mighty power by which this immense ball is rolled forward through space.

4. The distance of the Earth from the Sun is more than ninety millions of miles. No human mind can fully comprehend what this vast distance is; but we may form some conception of it by such an illustration as this: A ship may cross the Atlantic by less than ten days' steady sailing; but it would take that ship, moving at the rate of ten miles an hour, more than a thousand years to reach *the Sun*.

5. And yet, at this vast distance, the Sun, by his

power of attraction, serves as the great regulator of the planetary motions, bending them continually from the straight line, and compelling them to circulate around him, constantly keeping at about the same distance from him, and all in perfect harmony.

6. What a wonderful force must the Sun put



PLANETS MOVING ROUND THE SUN.

forth to bend out of their courses into circular orbits such a number of planets, some of which are more than a thousand times as large as the Earth! Were a ship of war under full sail, we can easily imagine how great a force it would need to turn her from her course by a rope attached to her bow,

especially were it required that the force should remain stationary, and the ship be so held as to be made to go round the force as a centre.

7. Somewhat similar to this, but on a much grander scale, is the action which is exerted on the Earth in its journey round the Sun. By an invisible influence which we call *gravitation*, the Sun turns all the planets out of a straight course, and bends them into circular orbits round himself, though they are all many millions of times more ponderous than the largest ship, and are moving many thousand times more swiftly.

New Words in this Lesson.

at-trac'tion	ex-ult'	in-vis'i-ble	plan-et-a-ry
cen'tre	grav-i-ta'tion	ma-chin'er-y	pon'-der-ous
cir'-cu-lar	har'-mo-ny	mill'-ion	reg'-u-lât-or
cir'-cu-late	in'-flu-ence	or-bits	tri-umphs
con-cep'tion	in-ti-ma'tion	plan'-ets	u'-ni-form

Questions:—1. At what speed does the Earth move round the Sun? 2. What do we regard as a triumph of art? 3. In what does the motion of the Earth differ from that of machinery? 4. How may we form some conception of the distance from the Earth to the Sun? 5. How does the Sun influence the planetary motions? 6. What is a proof of the wonderful force put forth by the Sun? 7. What is this force called?

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|--|
| <p>1 In-cred'i-ble, hard to believe; unlikely.
On the wing, in motion.
Ve-loc'i-ty, speed.
Pro-dig'i-ous, great; enormous.</p> <p>2 Ex-ult', rejoice in triumph.
Tri-umphs, victories; successes.
Pon'-der-ous, heavy; large.
U'-ni-form, regular.</p> <p>4 Com-pre-hend', understand; grasp.
Con-cep'tion, idea; understanding.</p> <p>5 Reg'-u-lât-or, power that guides and controls.
<i>Plan-et-a-ry</i>, relating to the planets,</p> | <p>which, like the Earth, move round the Sun.
Cir'-cu-late, move round and round.
Har'-mo-ny, order.</p> <p>6 Or-bits, paths.
Plan'-ets, stars that move round the Sun. They are—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Asteroids (a large number of small stars), Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.</p> <p>Sta'tion-a-ry, fixed.</p> <p>7 Grav-i-ta'tion, the power by which bodies are drawn towards each other.</p> |
|--|--|
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Summary:—The Earth moves so quickly on its journey round the Sun, that while we count five we are carried through space a distance of more than a hundred miles. The Earth is more than ninety millions of miles from the Sun, and yet so great is its power of attraction that at this great distance the Sun serves as the great regulator of the planetary motions.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *We are carried through space a distance of more than a hundred miles.*

2. Change into Nouns—know, quiet, perfect, imagine, more, steady.

3. Make Sentences containing—pearl, peril; peer, pier; place, plaoce; plaintiff, plaintive.

4. What do you know about the Motions of the Earth?

THE ENGLISH BOY.

1. Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy !
Thy country's fields around thee gleam,
In sunlight and in joy.
2. Ages have rolled since foeman's march
Passed o'er that old firm sod ;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God !
3. Gaze proudly on, my English boy,
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind !
4. There in the shadow of old Time
The halls beneath thee lie
Which poured forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.
5. How bravely and how solemnly
They stand 'midst oak and yew,
Whence Crecy's yeomen haply formed
The bow, in battle true.



6. And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English boy !
7. Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.
8. Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood
That England's prayer might rise

From those gray fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfettered to the skies.

9. Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.
10. Gaze on, gaze further, further yet,
My gallant English boy !
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy !
11. Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead ;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.
12. They perished this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstained,
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.
13. And high and clear their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet !
14. Lift up thy heart, my English boy !
And pray like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee* to guard
The altars of thy land.

FELICIA HEMANS.¹⁵

New Words in this Lesson.

aisles	Creeç'y	in-vi'o-late	un-fet-tered
an-tique'	fe'al-ty	i'-vied	un-pro-faned'
bes'con	hos'tile	mar'-tyrs	vic-to'-ri-ous-ly

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 <i>Foe'-man</i>, enemy.
 <i>Fe-al-ty</i>, faithfulness.
 3 <i>Chain'-less</i>, free; wanting the badge of slavery.
 4 <i>Yore</i>, old time; time long past.
 <i>Chiv'-al-ry</i>, body of warriors.
 5 <i>Crec'-y</i>, a great victory gained by Edward III. and his son the Black Prince over the French in 1346. The victory was chiefly due to the English archers.
 <i>Hap'-ly</i>, perhaps.
 <i>Yeo'-men</i>, farmer-vassals; men who paid for their land by service in war instead of by money.
 6 <i>Al-loy'</i>, mixture of evil with good.
 7 <i>Ham-let</i>, a small village.
 <i>An-tique'</i>, old.—<i>Min'-ster</i>, church.
 8 <i>Mar'-tyrs</i>, those who die or who suffer on account of their belief.
 <i>Fanes</i>, temples; sacred places.</p> | <p><i>Un-fet'-tered</i>, chainless; free.
 9 <i>Aisles (iles)</i>, the side divisions of a church, right and left of the centre, which is called the <i>nave</i>.
 11 <i>Red-cross flag</i>, the banner of St. George, the patron-saint of England, consisting of a red cross on a white ground.
 12 <i>Hos'-tile</i>, of or belonging to enemies.
 <i>In-vi'-o-late</i>, not desecrated or insulted.
 <i>Un-pro-faned'</i>, not profaned or treated with abuse.
 13 <i>Bea'-con-fire</i>, signal-fire.
 15 <i>Fe-lie'-a-Ho-mans</i> (1794-1835). Mrs. Hemans, an English poetess, was one of the most popular writers of her time. Among her poems are the following well-known pieces—<i>The Homes of England</i>, <i>The Graves of a Household</i>, <i>Casablanca</i>, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

Summary:—Our children should be taught the value of the liberties gained for us by our forefathers, that they in their turn may be faithful guardians of these liberties. In this poem their value is shown by the price paid for them. Our ancestors fought and suffered and died in the cause of freedom.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Our ancestors fought and suffered and died in the cause of freedom.*

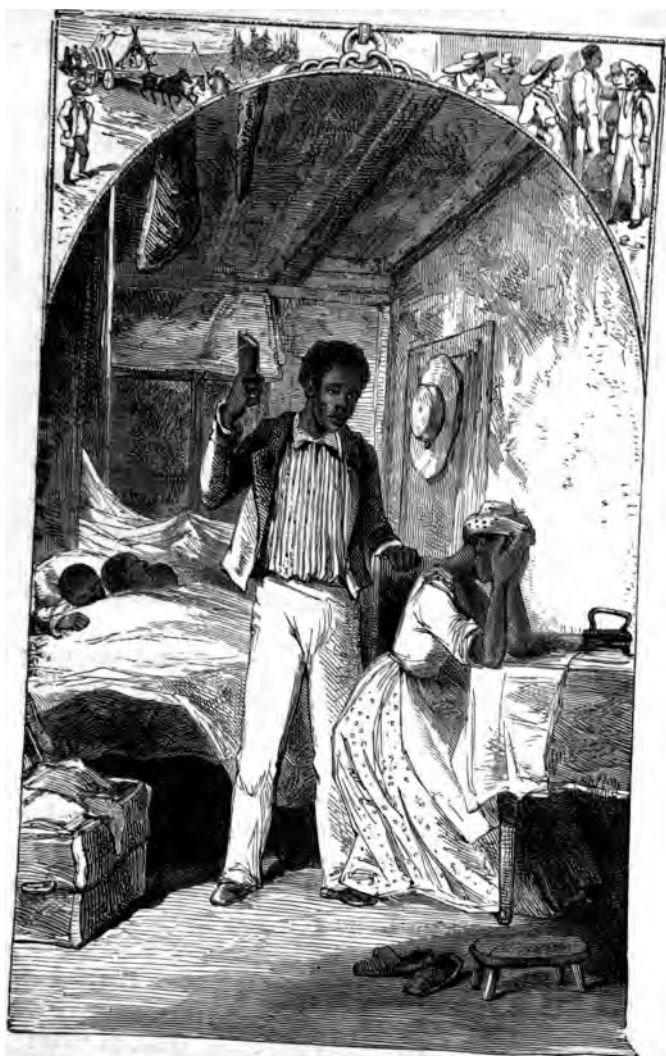
2. Change into Adjectives—*mind*, *spirit*, *wind*, *shadow*, *stain*, *dust*.
3. Make Sentences containing—*plait*, *plate*; *plum*, *plumb*; *pole*, *poll*.
4. What do we mean when we say "that we live in a free country"?

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—Part III.

XII.—UNCLE TOM IS CARRIED OFF.

1. The February morning looked gray and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little, rude trundle-bed.

Tom got up and walked silently to look at them. "It's the last time," he said.



UNCLE TOM AND AUNT CHER.

Aunt Chloe, his wife, did not answer. She only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it; and finally setting her iron down with a despairing plunge, she sat down to the table, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

2. "Remember I'm in the Lord's hands," said Tom. "Nothing can go no further than he lets it. And there's *one* thing I can thank him for—it's *me* that's sold and going away, and not you nor the children. Here you're safe; what comes will come only on me; and the Lord, he'll help me—I know he will."

Ah, brave, manly heart, smothering thine own sorrow to comfort thy beloved ones! Tom spoke with a thick utterance and with a bitter choking in his throat, but he spoke brave and strong.

3. Mrs. Shelby here entered. She looked pale and anxious.

"Tom," she said, "I come to—;" and stopping suddenly and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief began to sob.

4. "Don't, now, missis, don't—don't!" said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company.

"My good fellow," said Mrs. Shelby, "I can't give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep *trace* of you, and bring you back as soon as I can *command* the money; and till then, trust in God!"

5. Here the boys called out that Mr. Haley was coming; and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door. Haley stood there in very ill humour, having ridden hard the night before, and being not at all pacified by his ill-success in recapturing Eliza.

"Come," said he, "are you ready? — Servant, ma'am," said he, taking off his hat when he saw Mrs. Shelby.

6. Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the waggon; and the children, still crying, trailed on behind.

A crowd of all the young and old hands on the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to by them all, and there was much honest sympathy and grief shown for him.

7. "Get in," said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of negroes, who looked at him with lowering brows. Tom at once stepped into the waggon.

Haley then whipped up the horse, and with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away.

The trader took Uncle Tom, and some other slaves he had bought, on board a steamer on the Ohio river going to New Orleans by the Mississippi.

New Words in this Lesson.

driz'-ling
Mis-sis-sip-pl

Or'-le-ans
pac'-i-fied

re-cap'-tūr-ing
smoth'-er-ing

un-cer-e-mo-ni-ous
ut'-ter-ance

Questions:—1. Where was Uncle Tom going when he looked on his children for the last time? 2. For what was he thankful? 3. How did Mrs. Shelby show her sorrow? 4. What did she promise to do for Tom? 5. In what state of mind was Mr. Haley? 6. Who went with Tom to the waggon? 7. Where did the trader take Uncle Tom?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Trun'-dle-bed, a bed placed upon small wheels.	New Or'-le-ans, chief town of Louisiana, near the mouth of the Mississippi.
5 Un'-cer-e-mo'-ni-ous, careless.	
6 As-so-ci-ate, companion.	Mis-sis-sip'-pi, the chief river of North America. It is more than 4,000 miles in length, and one of the longest rivers in the world.
7 Low'-er-ing brows, frowns.	
O-hi-o riv'-er, one of the tributaries of the Mississippi.	

Summary:—At last Uncle Tom had to say good-bye to his wife and children. He was thankful that he and not his family had been sold, and was content to leave himself in the Lord's hands. Mrs. Shelby could scarcely speak through her tears, but she promised to keep trace of Tom, and to buy him back as soon as she could. Then Tom was carried off by his new master, and with other slaves was taken on board a steamer bound for New Orleans.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Tom was carried off by his new master.*
 2. Use as Nouns and Verbs—answer, comfort, trace, command, kick, box.
 3. Make Sentences containing—poplar, popular; populace, populous.
 4. Describe your last Holiday. Tell how you spent it, and how you enjoyed yourself.

XIII.—EVANGELINE.

1. At first Haley had watched Tom very narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the quiet character of the man won the confidence even of such a man as Haley. Tom was therefore permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat. Among the passengers was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

2. Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl ; for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal before he ventured on any overtures towards acquaintanceship. He knew an abundance of simple acts to propitiate and invite the approaches of little people, and he resolved to play his part right skillfully. He could cut cunning little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make grotesque faces on hickory-nuts, or odd jumping-figures out of elder-pith, and manufacture whistles and toys of all sizes and sorts.

3. The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one ; "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom ; the little children used to call me Uncle Tom, way back in Kentucky."

4. "Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva quickly ; "and

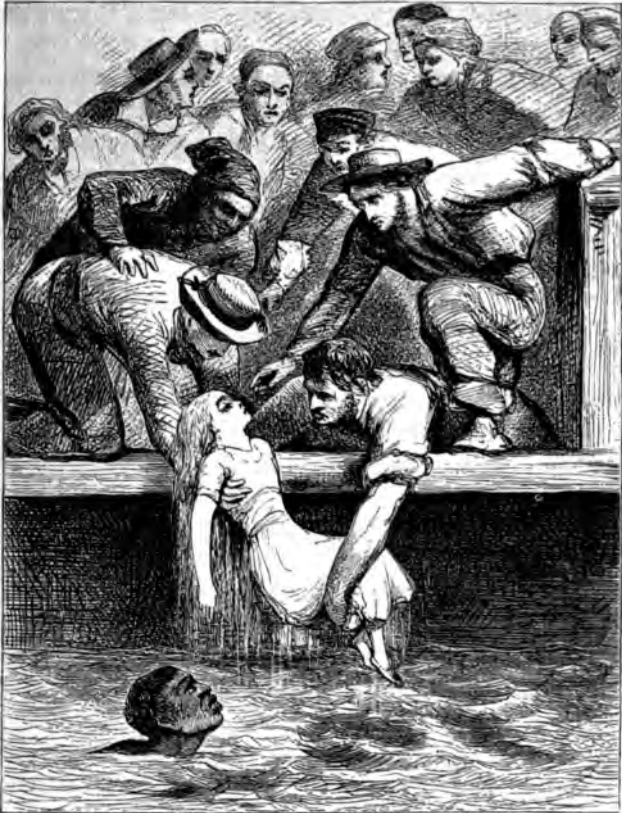
if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

5. The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood; and Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away beside him. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his services in carrying a supply of wood for the furnace, and soon was busy among the hands.

6. Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place. The wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water! Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

7. Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where she soon recovered, as the steamer went on its way down the river.



8. It was a sultry, close day, the next day, as they drew near to New Orleans. "O papa, do buy Uncle Tom," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a bale of cotton, and putting her arm round her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

"What for, pussy?" said her father. "Are you going to use him for a rocking-horse, or what?"

"I want to make him happy," said the little girl.

"An original reason, certainly," said her father.

9. St. Clare, grateful for having saved his child, had already bargained for the purchase of Tom with the trader, who stood beside him. So taking a roll of bank-notes from his pocket-book, St. Clare said to him, "There, count your money."

"All right," said Haley, his face beaming with delight at the bargain he had made; and pulling out an old ink-horn, he proceeded to fill in a bill of sale, which in a few moments he handed to St. Clare.

10. "Come now, Eva," said her father; and taking the hand of his daughter, he stepped across the boat to where Tom was sitting. "Look up, Tom," said he pleasantly, "and see how you like your new master."

Tom looked, and with tears in his eyes, said, "God bless you, master."

"Well, I hope he will," said St. Clare. "Tell me now what you can do. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've always been used to horses," said Tom.

"Well, I think I shall make you coachman, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week, Tom."

11. Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, "I never drink, master."

"I've heard that before, Tom; but we'll see. Never mind," he added, with a smile, seeing Tom *still* looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do *well*."

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is good to everybody; only he always will make fun and laugh at people."

"Papa is much obliged to you for your recommendation," said St. Clare laughing, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-quaint'ance-ship	fur'nace	pro-pl'i-ti-ate	rev-o-lu'tions
ef-fi'cient	hick'o-ry	re-la'tion-ship	skil'ful-ly
E-van'gel-ine	o'-ver-tures	res'i-dent	St. Clare

Questions:—1. Who were among the passengers? 2. What could Tom do to please children? 3. What was the child's name in whom Tom took a special interest? 4. How did she show her liking for Tom? 5. Where did the boat stop? How did Tom make himself useful? 6. What happened to Eva? 7. How was she saved? 8. What reason did Eva give her father for asking him to buy Uncle Tom? 9. What had St. Clare already done? Who was satisfied with the bargain? 10. What work did St. Clare propose to give Tom? 11. What did Eva say of her father?

Notes and Meanings.

2 Glimps'es, passing views; peeps.	5 Fur'nace, fire-place of the boiler used for making steam.
O'-ver-tures, advances; offers.	6 Rev-o-lu'tions, turns.
Pro-pl'i-ti-ate, make friendly.	More ef-fi'cient, better.
Gro-tesque', funny; queer.	8 Sul'try, hot; close; dry.
Hick'o-ry, trees belonging to the walnut tribe. Some of them yield nuts. Natives of North America.	9 Bill of sale, description of that which is sold and receipt for the money paid

Summary:—During the voyage to New Orleans, Uncle Tom made friends with Eva St. Clare, who was travelling with her father and her aunt. At one of their stopping-places the young lady fell into the river just as the boat started. Tom jumped into the water and saved her life. St. Clare was so grateful that he bought Tom, and told him that he should be his coachman.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Uncle Tom made friends with Eva St. Clare.*
 2. Change into Nouns—claim, busy, invite, easy, ripe, happy. [precedent.
 3. Make Sentences containing—practice, practise; pray, prey; president,
 4. Write a letter on the Post-office—the work it does and the benefits we receive from it. How can a letter be sent so far for a penny?

XIV.—TOPSY.

1. Augustine St. Clare, Tom's new master, was the son of a wealthy planter in Louisiana. After

the steamer reached the quay, they found a carriage waiting for them, and the whole party at once drove away.

When the carriage reached St. Clare's home, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from a cage, with the wild eagerness of delight. "Oh, isn't it beautiful—lovely!" said she, "my own dear, darling home."

A crowd of servants pressed to the entrance, to welcome their master home. Eva flung her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her over and over again. Then she flew from one to another of the servants, shaking hands and kissing them in wild delight at being once more among them.

2. St. Clare had brought his cousin Ophelia to stay with them, as his wife fancied she was delicate and unable to attend to household affairs.

Miss Ophelia was a sharp, decided, energetic lady; and in her habits an excellent example of order, method, and exactness. St. Clare was a noble, generous, and loving master, one who loved and was loved by all around him. But he was indolent and self-indulgent, of a mocking spirit and full of banter. Many a good-humoured encounter took place between him and Cousin Ophelia, especially on one subject—the education of the young.

3. One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy with some of her domestic duties, St. Clare's voice was heard calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin; I've something to show you."

"*What* is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down *with her sewing* in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department. See here," said St. Clare; and with the word he pulled along a little negro girl about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering like glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. She was dressed in a ragged garment; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her.

4. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and turning to St. Clare, she said,—

"Augustine, what can you have brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure. I thought she was rather a funny specimen.—Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song now, and show us some of your dancing."

5. The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and Topsy struck up, in a clear, shrill voice, an odd negro melody; to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time; finally, turning a somerset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and an expression of

meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

6. Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment ; and, addressing the child again, said,—

“Topsy, this is your new mistress. I’m going to give you up to her ; see, now, that you behave yourself.”

“Yes, mas’r,” said Topsy, with a perfect gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

“You’re going to be good, Topsy, remember,” said St. Clare.

“O yes, mas’r,” said Topsy with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

7. “Now, Augustine, what is this for?” said Miss Ophelia. “Your house is so full of these little plagues now, that one can’t set foot down without treading on them. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and another lying on the door-mat. Why did you bring this one?”

“For you to educate, didn’t I tell you? You’re always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of her ; so I bought her, and I’ll give her to you. Try, now, and see what you’ll make of her. You *know* I haven’t any gift that way, but I’d like you *to try*.”

New Words in this Lesson.

as-kance'	droll'er-y	gen'er-ous	O-phe'lia
Au-gus'tine	ed'u-cate	grav'i-ty	par'a-lyzed
de-mure'ly	ed'u-cat-ing	hea'then-ish	pro-longed'
de-part'ment	ed-u-ca'tion	in'do-lent	so-lem'ni-ty
de-vout'ly	en-er-get'ic	Lou-i-si-è-na	som'er-set
do-mes'tic	fan-tas'tic	mis'chief-ous	Top'sy

Questions:—1. Who was St. Clare? How did Eva show her joy to be again at home? 2. Who was Miss Ophelia? 3. What did St. Clare purchase for Miss Ophelia's department? 4. What reason did he give for making the purchase? 5. Describe Topsy's singing and dancing. 6. What did Topsy promise to be? 7. What did St. Clare again say when asked why he had bought Topsy?

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Lou-i-si-è-na, one of the Southern States of North America. | 4 Gob'lin, evil spirit. |
| 2 Del-i-cate, not strong. | 5 Droll'er-y, fun. |
| In-do-lent, idle; listless. | Fan-tas-tic, queer; odd. |
| Ban'ter, joking; fun. | Som'er-set, leap in which the heels are thrown over the head. |
| 3 Do-mes-tic, household. | As-kance', sideways. |
| De-mure'ly, with pretended mod-esty. | 6 Par'a-lyzed, unable to move. |

Summary:—Eva was delighted to be once more at home. Miss Ophelia, St. Clare's cousin, had been brought to attend to the household affairs, as Mrs. St. Clare fancied she was delicate. One day St. Clare made Miss Ophelia a present of a negro girl, "a funny specimen" he called her, who could dance and sing in the most fantastic manner. This girl, called Topsy, he gave to his cousin, that she might educate her.

- Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Mrs. St. Clare fancied she was delicate.*
 2. Change into Adjectives—delight, home, lady, order, method, girl.
 3. Make Sentences containing—pries, prize; principal, principle; prophecy, prophesy.
 4. Write out all you know about the Negro.

XV.—TOPSY'S EDUCATION.

1. When arrayed, at last, in a suit of decent and whole clothing, and her hair cropped short, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than formerly, and in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dunno, missus," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

2. "Don't you know how old you are? Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin.

3. "You mustn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," said Topsy more emphatically—"never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. Old Aunt Sue used to take care of us."

The child was evidently sincere.

4. "How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dunno, missus."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dunno, missus."

"Why, missis," said Jane, "those low negroes they can't tell: they don't know anything about time; they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

5. "Do you know Who made you?" said Topsy's mistress, giving a serious turn to the conversation.

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child; "I

'spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me."

Miss Ophelia rose in distress from this encouraging conversation.

6. The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia's girl; and as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber.

7. Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry—for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy—seemed endless. In her play-hours she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder—not excepting Miss Eva, who appeared to be fascinated by her wild play, as a dove is sometimes charmed by a glittering serpent.

8. Topsy was smart and energetic in all manual operations, learning everything that was taught her with surprising quickness. With a few lessons she had learned the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber in a way with which even that particular lady could find no fault. Hands could not lay a coverlet smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep, and dust, and arrange more perfectly, than Topsy, when she chose; but she didn't very often choose. If Miss Ophelia, after three or four days of careful and patient supervision, was so sanguine as to suppose that Topsy had at last fallen into her way, could do *without overlooking*, and so go off and busy her-

self about something else, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion for some one or two hours.

9. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases, and butting her woolly head among the pillows, till it would sometimes be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in various directions; she would climb the posts, and hang head downward from the tops; flourish the sheets and coverlets all over the apartment; dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's night-clothes, and enact various scenic performances with that—singing, and whistling, and making grimaces at herself in the looking-glass.

10. On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India shawl wound round her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style—Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

"Topsy!" she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"

"Dunno, missus; I 'spects 'cause I's so wicked!"

"I don't know what I should do with you, Topsy."

11. "O missus, you must whip me; my old missus allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?"

"O missus, I's used to whippin'; I 'spects it's *good for me.*"



TOPSY.

12. Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring; though half an hour afterwards, when out of doors, surrounded by a flock of "young uns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-cu-rate-ly	e-stab-lish-ment	mim-ic-ry	re-hears-als
an-nounced'	fas-ci-nat-ed	per-form-an-ces	sañ-guine
car-ni-val	gro-tesque-ly	per-sist-ed	scen-ic
em-phat-i-cal-ly	in-va-ri-a-bly	pro-pri-e-ties	spe-cies
en-act'	ma-ture'	rec-i-pe	su-per-vi-sion

Questions:—1. How was Topsy made to look more Christian-like than formerly? 2. What did she say about her age, her mother, her birth? 3. Who used to take care of her? 4. What had she no idea of? 5. What reply did she give when asked, "Who made you?" 6. To what work did Miss Ophelia confine her? 7. For what was Topsy soon noted? 8. What did she quickly learn? 9. How did she sometimes amuse herself? 10. How did Miss Ophelia one day find her? 11. What did she say would make her good? 12. With what result did Miss Ophelia try the recipe?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Ar-rayed', dressed.	Ad-just', fix; put in order.
Ma-ture', form.	Ac-cu-rate-ly, exactly.
Dun'-no, I do not know.	Su-per-vi-sion, looking after.
2 Per-sist-ed, again said.	Sañ-guine, hopeful.
3 Em-phat-i-cal-ly, decidedly.	Car-ni-val, scene; place.
5 'Spect, expect; suppose.	9 En-act', do; carry out.
7 Spe-cies, kind.—Droll-er-y, fun.	10 Tur-ban, Eastern head-dress.
Gri-mace', ugly face.	Re-hears-als, queer doings.
Mim-ic-ry, imitation.	I's, I is; should be, I am.
Fas-ci-nat-ed, drawn to her; charmed.	11 Al-lers, always.
8 Man-u-al, hand [things.	12 Rec-i-pe, plan for curing or making
Pro-pri-e-ties, proper way of putting	Uns, ones. [better.

Summary:—Topsy was cared for by Miss Ophelia, who hoped to be able to educate her. But when questioned, to her mistress's despair she neither knew her age nor her parents; and when asked about her birth and who made her, she replied that "she never was born," and that "she 'spect she growed." In all kinds of games and fun she was the leader of the other children. She learned many things from Miss Ophelia, but when left to herself she was given to spending her time in amusement.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *She learned many things from Miss Ophelia.*

2. Add *ing* to believe, receive, whistle, drive, ride, live.

3. Make Sentences containing—quartz, quarts; rest, wrest; rime, rhyme; road, rode, rowed.

4. Write in your own words all you know about the Queen.

XVI.—THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

1. No one in the house was able to control poor Topsy. One day Miss Ophelia spoke to St. Clare about her. "I am sure, Augustine," said she, "I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught, I've talked till I am tired, I've whipped her, I've punished her in every way I can think of; and still she is just what she was at first."

2. "Come here, Topsy. What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy demurely. "Miss Feely says so."

3. "Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Yes, mas'r! old missus used to say so too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my hair, and knock my head again the door; but it didn't do me no good—I's so wicked! I's nothing but a nigger no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia.

4. Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign for Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass room at the corner of the veranda, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going to do now?" said St. Clare. "*I mean to see.*"

5. And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them ;—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern ; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

6. "What does make you so bad, Topsy ? Why won't you try and be good ? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy ? Don't you love your father and mother ?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly ; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

7. "But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy.

"But people can love you though you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

8. Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so ?" said Eva.

"No ; she can't bear me, 'cause I'm a nigger ! She'd as soon have a toad touch her. There can't *nobody* love niggers. I don't care," said Topsy, *beginning to whistle*.

9. "O Topsy, poor child, *I love you!*" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little, thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder,—"*I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy; and I think I shan't live a great while, and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you.*"

10. The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

11. "O dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "*I will try!—I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before.*"

St. Clare at this moment dropped the curtain. "*It puts me in mind of mother,*" he said to Miss Ophelia. "*It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and put our hands on them.*"

New Words in this Lesson.

e-van'-gel-ist

in-cre-du'-li-ty

pen'-e-trat-ed

un-con-cern'

Questions:—1. What complaint did Miss Ophelia make to St. Clare? 2. What did Topsy say was the cause of her bad conduct? 3. How did her old mistress try to make her good? 4. Where did Eva take Topsy? 5. What did St. Clare see through the glass door? 6. What did Topsy say about her relations? 7. What did she say she could only be, however good she was? 8. In whose love did she not believe? 9. What reply did Eva make? 10. What effect had these words on Topsy? 11. What did she say? Of what did all this put St. Clare in mind?

Notes and Meanings.

2 Fee-ly, Ophelia.

4 Spec-ta-tor, looker-on.

6 Telled, told.

8 In-cre-du-li-ty, unbelief.

10 Pen-e-trat-ed, made its way through.

Summary:—One day Miss Ophelia told St. Clare that in spite of all that she had done for Topsy—though she had both taught her and punished her—the child remained just as she was at first. Eva hearing the complaint made, took Topsy into a room near. There she spoke so kindly and so lovingly to her, that the poor negro was overcome, and with many tears promised Eva that she would try to be good.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Eva took Topsy into a room.*

2. Change into Nouns—behave, amuse, wicked, silent, black, careless.

3. Make Sentences containing—root, route; rose, rows; rote, wrote; rough, ruff; row, roe; rye, wry.

4. Write in your own words all you know about Topsy.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

1. A Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!

What is a Mother's Love?—

A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould—

The warmest love that *can* grow cold;—

This is a Mother's Love.

2. To bring a helpless babe to light,

Then, while it lies forlorn,

To gaze upon that dearest sight,

And feel herself new-born;

In its existence lose her own,

And live and breathe in it alone;—

This is a Mother's Love.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

3. In weakness in her arms to bear,
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death ;—
This is a Mother's Love.

4. To mark its growth from day to day,
 Its opening charms admire,
 Catch from its eye the earliest ray
 Of intellectual fire ;
 To smile and listen while it talks,
 And lend a finger when it walks ;—
 This is a Mother's Love.
5. And can a Mother's Love grow cold—
 Can she forget her boy ?
 His pleading innocence behold !
 Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
 A mother may forget her child,
 While wolves devour it on the wild ;—
 Is *this* a Mother's Love ?
6. Ten thousand voices answer, "No !"
 Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
 Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
 Yet, ah ! remember this :—
 The infant reared alone for earth,
 May live, may die—to curse his birth ;
 Is *this* a Mother's Love ?
7. Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the Lord,
 And poured upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the Word :
 This was the lesson to her son,—
 Time is Eternity begun ;—
 Behold that Mother's Love !
8. Blest mother ! who in Wisdom's path,
 By her own parent trod,

Thus taught her son to flee the wrath
 And know the fear of God :
 Ah, youth ! like him enjoy your prime,—
 Begin Eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

9. *That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !*
What was that Mother's Love ?—
 The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above
 Within a heart of earthly mould,—
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,—
 Nor through eternity grows old ;—
This was that Mother's Love.

MONTGOMERY.¹⁰

New Words in this Lesson.

dawn'-ing en-kin'-dled ex-is'-tence in-tel-lec'-tu-al

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|--|
| 1 En-kin'-dled, lit; set on fire. | 7 Dawn'-ing, opening; beginning. |
| Mould, make; shape. | E-ter'-ni-ty for ever. |
| 3 Lull, soothe; quiet. [the mind. | 8 Prime, best part of your life. |
| 4 In-tel-lec'-tu-al fire, the powers of | 10 Mont-gom'-er-y, James (1771-1854), |
| 6 Yearn, long for; are filled with love. | poet; he wrote the <i>West Indies</i> , etc. |

Summary:—The love of a mother is here described as "a noble, pure, and tender flame enkindled from above." A mother shows her love by caring for her children, by shielding them from danger, and even by risking her own life to save theirs. But it does its best and noblest work when it leads a child to know and to fear God.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *A mother shows her love.*

2. Change into Adjectives—mould, charm, fire, listen, yearn, eternity.

3. Make Sentences containing—sailor, sailer; sale, sail; scene, seen; sea, see.

4. How does a Mother show her love? Give examples.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

1. Smiles, in his "Self-Help," tells of an English carpenter who was observed one day planing, with more than usual carefulness, a magistrate's bench

which he was repairing; and when asked the reason, he replied, "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." Singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

2. Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have been especially remarkable for their energy of will. Of Julius Cæsar it was said, "Whatever he wills, he wills strongly." It was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. A glance at Hannibal's life shows that a resolute will was the leading quality of that commander, who is esteemed, by soldiers as well as by historians, the greatest captain the world has seen.

3. So with the great captains of modern times. It was one of Napoleon's principal characteristics to regard nothing as impossible. His marvellous successes were due not more to his vast military genius than to his almost superhuman strength of will. "Impossible," said he, "is a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools." When told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies, "There shall be no Alps!" he replied; and the road across the Simplon was the result.

4. His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar firmness of purpose. The entire Peninsular War was but one long-continued display of an iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. In the life-and-death *struggle* between Britain and France, of which that *war* was a part, and which lasted nearly a quarter

of a century, it was the stubborn will of the former which triumphed in the end.

5. Finally, the Battle of Waterloo, which was the climax of that stupendous struggle, was another illustration of the enormous energy, the exhaustless patience, the bull-dog will of the British. For eight long hours the British army stood up against the terrible fire of the enemy; column after column fell, and the entire side of one square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. One sullen word of command ran along the line, "File up! file up!"—and the troops silently obeyed. At length the crisis came; the order to charge was given; and the men who had stood like statues before the "iron hail" of the French artillery swept like a whirlwind upon the foe.

6. History abounds with instances of doubtful battles and unexpected reverses transformed by one man's stubbornness into eleventh-hour triumphs. The Battle of Marengo went against the French during the first half of the day, and they were expecting an order to retreat, when Napoleon looked at his watch, and said, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous cavalry charge, and won the field.

7. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end. "Impossible!" echoed the elder Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), when told that a certain thing could not be done; "I trample upon impossibilities!"

8. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not the so-called blessings of life, its sunshine and calm, that make men, but its rugged experiences, its storms, tempests, and trials. Early adversity, especially, is often a blessing in disguise. It is the rough Atlantic seas, the cold, dark, winter nights, and the fierce "northers," that make the English and the American sailors the toughest and most skilful in the world. Want, opposition, roughness alternating with smoothness, difficulty with ease, storm with sunshine, sorrow with joy—these make the discipline of life.

9. Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst:
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing the worst.
 Never give up! if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

New Words in this Lesson.

ad'-ver-sa-ry	col'-umn	his-to'-ri-ans	mod'-ern
ad-ver'-si-ty	de-ter-mi-na'-tion	im-pos-si-bil'i-ties	or'-gan-ized
Cæ'-sar	dic'-tion-a-ry	Ju'-li-us	Pe-nin'-su-lar
cav'-al-ry	e-nor'-mous	mag'-is-trate	Sim'-plon
Chat'-ham	ex-haust'-less	Ma-ren'-go	stu-pen'-dous
cli'-max	Han'-ni-bal	mil'-i-ta-ry	su-per-hu'-man

Questions:—1. What reason did a carpenter give for carefully planing a magistrate's bench? 2. For what have nearly all great men been remarkable? What was said of Julius Cæsar? Of Hannibal? 3. What did Napoleon say about the word "impossible"? About the Alps? With what result? 4. During what war did Wellington show his firmness? 5. Of what was the Battle of Waterloo an illustration? How long did the British army stand up against the French fire? How did they charge at last? 6. With what does history abound? How

did Napoleon win the Battle of Marengo? 7. How was it that Washington triumphed at last? What did Lord Chatham say when told that a thing was impossible? 8. What do more to make men than the so-called blessings of life? What make British and American sailors the best in the world?

Notes and Meanings.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 Smiles, Sam'-u-el, biographer and historian.
 "Self-Help," a work on man's power to help himself.
 Mag'-is-trate, one of the chief officers of a town or a city.
 2 Tow'-ered, risen.
 Ju'-li-us Cæ'-sar (100 B.C.-44 B.C.), a famous Roman general. He invaded Britain 55 B.C.
 Han'-ni-bal, a great general who lived about two hundred years before Christ.
 His-to'-ri-ans, writers of history.
 3 Na-po'-le-on (1769-1821), Emperor of the French. Defeated by Wellington at Waterloo, 1815. Died an exile at St. Helena.
 Char-ac-ter-is-tics, marks in his character.
 Ge-ni-us, power of mind.
 Alps, chief mountains in Europe.
 Sim-plon, a mountain peak of the Alps.
 4 Ad-ver-sa-ry, enemy. [Alps].
 Wel'-ing-ton (1769-1852), a great soldier and statesman. Defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, 1815.
 Pe-nin'-su-lar War, fought in Spain and Portugal between the British and the French.</p> | <p>Quar'-ter of a cen'-tu-ry, twenty-five years.
 Stub'-born, unyielding.
 5 Bat-tle of Wa-ter-loo', fought 1815. The British defeated the French.
 Bull-dog will, the bull-dog is noted for its unyielding character.
 Col-umn, a line of troops.
 Grape, small shot fired from a cannon.
 File up, keep the lines unbroken; fill up the gaps.
 I'-ron ball, shot; cannon-balls.
 Ar-til'-ler-y, cannon.
 6 Re-vers-es, defeats.
 Trans-formed', changed.
 E-lev'-enth hour, nearly the last moment.
 Bat-tle of Ma-ren'-go (1800). Austrians defeated by Napoleon.
 7 Wash-ing-ton (1732-1799), the first President of the United States of America.
 Or-gan-ized, brought about; formed.
 El'-der Pitt, Lord Chatham (1708-1778), statesman and orator.
 8 Nor'-thers, winds, especially a heavy gale from the north.
 Al-ter'-nāt-ing, by turns.
 Dis-ci-pline, training.</p> |
|---|--|

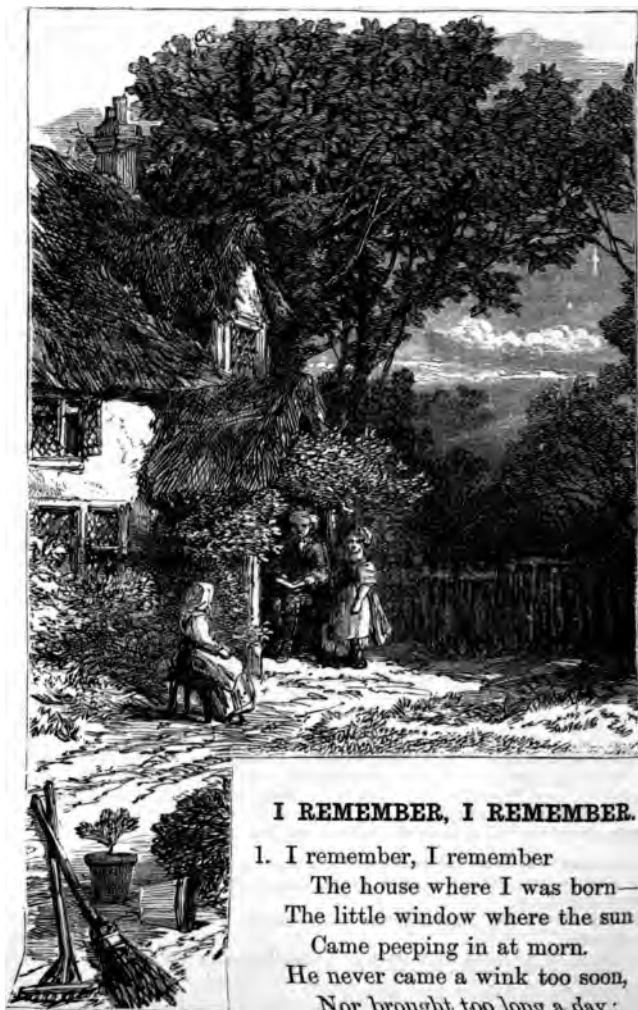
Summary:—The will of a man makes or clears the way he wishes to go. Great energy of will has been possessed by nearly all successful men. The lives of Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, and Lord Chatham are illustrations of the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." Our motto should be, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Where there's a will there's a way.*

2. Change into Nouns—English, great, impossible, replied, conquer, obey, rough, American.

3. Make Sentences containing the words—seems, seams; sear, sere, seer; sees, seize.

4. What do we mean when we say, "Where there's a will there's a way"? Give examples.

**I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.**

1. I remember, I remember
The house where I was born—
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;

But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

2. I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light ;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet !

3. I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now ;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

4. I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance ;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.⁵

New Words in this Lesson.

ig-no-rance

la-bur-num

li-lacs

Notes and Meanings.

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|--|---|
| 1 Wink, moment; time in which one can wink.
Too long a day, never so weary as to wish for night.
Borne my breath away, brought death.
3 Flew on feath'ers, light-hearted; free from care. | Heav'y, weary; anxious.
Fe'ver, hot; tired; excited.
4 Child-ish ig'-no-rance, child's want of knowledge.
Lit-tle joy, no cause for happiness.
5 Thom-as Hood (1798-1845), poet and humorist. He wrote the <i>Song of the Shirt</i> . |
|--|---|

Summary:—In this poem we have the writer's childish innocence and freedom from care contrasted with the weariness and cares of his manhood. Then the days were never too long, for they brought only continual pleasure; now he sometimes feels as if life itself were too long. His remembrances of his childhood are bright and joyous, while his present lot is dark and sorrowful.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *His present lot is dark and sorrowful.*

2. Add ing to agree, dye, eye, lie, shoe, hoe, singe, tinge.

3. Make Sentences containing—sew, sow, so; shear, sheer; sheath, sheaths.

4. What do you remember of your early Childhood?

USING THE EYES.

1. The difference between men consists, in a great measure, in the intelligence of their observation. The Russian proverb says of the non-observant man, "He goes through the forest and sees no firewood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon; "but the fool walketh in darkness."

2. "Sir," said Johnson, on one occasion, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." It is the mind that sees, as well as the eye.

3. Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. One of the vergers, in the cathedral at Pisa, *after replenishing with oil a lamp which hung from the roof*, left it swinging to and fro; and Galileo,

then a youth of only eighteen, noting it attentively, conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. Fifty years of study and labour, however, elapsed before he completed the invention of his pendulum.

4. While Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner ; and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge.

5. So James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster presented at table ; and from that model he invented an iron tube which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose.

6. Sir Isambard Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny ship-worm. He saw how the little creature bored the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another, till the archway was complete, and then daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish ; and by copying this work exactly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

7. *So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed*

floating past his ship enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off.

8. It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Though many of these facts and observations seem in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their eventual uses, and to fit into their proper places.

SAMUEL SMILES.

New Words in this Lesson.

Bru-nel'	en-gi-neer'ing	I'-sam-bard	PI'-sa
ca-the'dral	e-vent'u-al	meas'-ure-ment	re-plen'-ish-ing
con-ceived'	Gal-i-le-o	mu-ti'-ny	sig-nif-i-cance
con-struct'ed	Hamp'-stead	ob-serv'-ant	sus-pen'-sion
con-struc'-tion	in-tel-li-gence	pen'-du-lum	verg'-ers

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 In-tel'-li-gence, knowing way.
Ob-ser-va'-tion, noticing things.
Prov-erb, well-known saying.
Non-ob-serv'-ant, not noticing.
Sol'-o-mon, king of Israel and son of David; spoken of in the Bible as "the wise man."
2 John'-son (1709-1784), Dr. Johnson, a famous author.
Hamp'-stead stage, coach running from London to Hampstead.
Tour of Eu'-rope, pleasure journey through Europe.
3 Gal-i-le-o (1564-1642), a great astronomer.
Verg'-ers, attendants.
Ca-the'dral, chief church.
PI'-sa, a city of Italy, famous for its cathedral and leaning tower.
Birth-place of Galileo.
Re-plen'-ish-ing, refilling.
Pen'-du-lum, a weight so hung as to swing backwards and forwards.
4 Tweed, a river; part of the boundary between England and Scotland.</p> | <p>Sus-pen'-sion, hanging.
5 James Watt (1736-1819), a great engineer. He made important improvements on the steam-engine.
Clyde, a river in Scotland; noted for ship-building.
6 Sir I'-sam-bard Bru-nel' (1769-1849), a famous engineer.
Thames Tun'-nel (1825-1843), a passage of arched brick-work under the river.
7 Co-lum'-bus (1445-1506), the discoverer of the New World.
Quell, quiet.
Mu-ti'-ny, uprising.
New World, America; discovered 1498.
8 Bus'-iness, trade.
Art, skilled labour.
Sci'-ence, learning.
Pur-suit', employment.
Sig-nif-i-cance, importance; meaning.
E-vent'u-al, in the end, upon which future events will disclose.</p> |
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Questions:—1. In what does the difference between men in a great measure consist? What does the Russian proverb say of the non-observant man? What says Solomon? 2. What did Johnson say? 3. What suggested to Galileo the idea of a pendulum? 4. What suggested the building of a suspension bridge? 5. What did the shell of a lobster suggest to James Watt? 6. What gave Brunel his first lesson in forming the Thames Tunnel? 7. What enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny of his sailors? 8. What is the secret of success in every pursuit in life?

Summary:—This lesson shows the value of observation, or of a right use of our eyes. We are not merely to see a thing or an action, but we are to notice it so carefully that we may make use of our knowledge in the doing of other things. A swinging lamp suggested the clock pendulum to Galileo. A spider's web suggested the suspension bridge to Sir Samuel Brown. A lobster-shell gave James Watt an idea of carrying water-pipes under the Clyde; and Brunel was taught by a tiny ship-worm how to tunnel under the Thames.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *A spider's web suggested the suspension bridge.*

2. Change into Adjectives—learn, Europe, value, study, difference, weight.

3. Make Sentences containing—site, sight; size, sighs; slight, sleight; sloe, slow.

4. How are we to make a right use of our Eyes?

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

1. A Well there is in the west country, and a clearer one never was seen; there is not a wife in the west country but has heard of the Well of St. Keyne. An oak and an elm tree stand beside, and behind does an ash tree grow; and a willow from the bank above droops to the water below.

2. A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne, joyfully he drew nigh; for from cock-crow he had been travelling, and there was not a cloud in the sky. He drank of the water so cool and clear, for hot and thirsty was he; and he sat down upon the bank, under the willow tree.

3. There came a man from the neighbouring town, at the Well to fill his pail; by the well-side he rested it, and he bade the stranger hail. "Now,

art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he; "for an if thou hast a wife, the happiest draught thou hast drunk this day that ever thou didst in thy life. Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast, ever here in Cornwall been? For an if she have, I'll venture my life she has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

4. "I have left a good woman who never was here," the stranger he made reply; "but that my draught should be better for that, I pray you answer me why."

5. "St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time drank of this crystal Well; and before the angel summoned her she laid on the water a spell;—If the husband, of this gifted Well shall drink before his wife, a happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life. But if the wife should drink of it first, woe be to the husband then!"

6. The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne, and drank of the water again. "You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes," he to the Cornishman said; but the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake, and sheepishly shook his head. "I hastened as soon as the wedding was done, and left my wife in the porch; but in truth she had been wiser than I, for she took a bottle to church!"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.⁷

New Words in this Lesson.

bach'e-lor

Cor'nish-man

Corn'-wall

St. Keyne

Summary:—"Now," says Southey, "a Cornishman took his bride to church, and the moment the ring was on ran up the mount (St. Michael's Mount) to drink of the mystic water. Down he came in full glee to tell his bride; but the bride said, 'My good man, I brought a bottle of the water to church with me, and drank of it before you started.'"—Southey.

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 St. Keyne, a spring said to have burst out of the earth in answer to the prayer of St. Keyne; and whoever drinks first of this water after marriage will always be ruler in the</p> <p>2 Cock-crow, early morning. [house.</p> <p>3 Bach-e-lor, man who has never been married.</p> | <p>Quoth, said.</p> <p>Draught, drink.</p> <p>5 Spell, charm.</p> <p>6 War-rant, have no doubt.</p> <p>Be-times', as soon as possible.</p> <p>Porch, covered entrance.</p> <p>7 Robert Southey (1774-1843), Poet Laureate and historian.</p> |
|--|--|

- Exercises :—1. Parse and analyze: *A Cornishman took his bride to church.*
2. Use as Adjectives and Nouns—west, country, oak, elm, willow, crystal.
3. Make Sentences containing—soar, sore; soared, sword; sold, soled; some, sum.
4. Describe the Game you like best.

INTEMPERANCE.

1. All over the world, each nation has its own peculiar form of intoxication: the Chinese, Japanese, Turks, Arabs, and other nations, use opium. In our own country, we produce intoxication by means of alcohol. Now what is alcohol? Alcohol is a colourless liquid produced by fermentation, and is the basis of all the fermented beverages such as spirituous liquors.

2. It looks so much like water that it might be readily mistaken for it at first sight. Alcohol is a violent poison to all living things, both animal and vegetable. Any small creature dropped into it dies at once, as quickly as if it had been scalded.

3. When it is mixed with water, if it be placed on any animal membrane, it will destroy it. In this way it is that the delicate membrane of the stomach is destroyed by those who habitually use it to excess; and its power of penetration is so great, that there is no part of the system which does not

become subject to its baneful influence, and no organ which it does not injure.

4. There are times when, from physical causes, a man is depressed, and his friends tell him he wants lifting up. Led by their persuasions, perhaps, he drinks something which sends the blood galloping through his veins, and produces a false excitement and flow of spirits, which only leaves him more wretchedly depressed when the effect of the stimulant has passed away.

5. He begins by tiny doses ; these soon cease to have the desired effect ; he doubles them, and so, gradually and stealthily, the mischief is done : all that is holy, just, and good,—all that is left in him “of the image of God ” becomes obliterated.

6. No man becomes a confirmed drunkard at a stroke ; but, like a man who has once slid over the side of a precipice, his downward course is constantly accelerated, and the slip of to-day gives fresh impetus to the slide of to-morrow.

7. This evil of drunkenness is a fearful curse. It is filling our prisons, and our lunatic asylums, year after year ; it is changing, day by day, the very nature of its victims—it makes kind men brutal, clever men idiots, and noble men objects of pity. Deeds of blood and violence, such as make the heart sicken and the body shudder, owe their origin to this vice.

8. How few there are who have become notorious by some fearful deed committed, who did not *trace the origin of the deed to intemperance !* We have *but to look around us to see, on every side, desola-*

tion and misery, wretchedness and poverty,—all to be attributed to this one vice. Men, ay, and women only too often, acquire a taste for the flavour and effects of alcoholic drinks, and themselves, and all belonging to them, become fearful sufferers.

9. May God speed the efforts of those who are trying to remove this curse of curses from the face of our land. Let us look first of all to our homes. Let us see that they are such well-ordered places, such havens of rest and peace, that no place will be able to present a counter attraction to them. They must be made "*the happiest places in the world*" to all their inmates.

10. We must take special care that in those homes there exists no evil which, like a slow poison, will invisibly sap the energy of man's daily life. There must be no improper food, no impure air, no lack of cleanliness or comfort. Every natural, healthful want must be supplied in the home; and then there will exist no craving for supplies outside it.

11. We may belong to no association, we may have signed no pledge, but at home and abroad let us bring all the power of our influence, our example, our tact, and our loving-heartedness, to set up a barrier at least against this great national sin.

12. And oh! if any of those dear to us, from bad example, or other causes apart from ourselves and our influence, show an inclination to this fearful downward course, let us arouse them to a sense of their danger ere it be too late. All the tenderness of our hearts must be called out towards

them, for only the weak ones fall; and our love, our persuasion, our prayers, must be unceasing for them, till they see their danger and flee from it; and our faith in the power of our love and prayers must never fail us.

New Words in this Lesson.

ac-cel'er-ät-ed	at-trib'üt-ed	id'i-ots	no-to'ri-ous
al'co-hol	bar'ri-er	im'pe-tus	ob-lit'er-ät-ed
al-co-hol'ic	de-pressed'	Ja-pan-ese'	o'pi-um
as-so-ci-a'tion	fer-men-ta'tion	lu'na-tic	phys'i-cal
a-sy'lums	ha-bit'u-al-ly	mem'brane	spir'it-u-ous

Questions:—1. What produces intoxication? What is used in our own country? What is alcohol? 2. What is it like? What is it to all living things? 3. What are some of its effects? 4. For what is alcohol sometimes used? With what result? 5. Is the harm done all at once? 6. What is the progress of a drunkard like? 7. What are the effects of drunkenness? 8. What are attributed to this vice? 9. What should we make our homes? 10. How may we do this? 11. What should we endeavour to set up? 12. What is our duty to those who are on this downward road?

Notes and Meanings.

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| <p>1 In-tox-i-ca'tion, drunkenness.
O-pi-um, the juice of the poppy.
Al'co-hol, pure spirit.
Fer-men-ta'tion, the change produced by the decay of sweet liquids.
Ba'sis, chief part.
Bever-ag-es, drinks.
Spir'it-u-ous liq-uors, liquors which contain alcohol; as brandy, gin.
3 Mem'brane, skin. [whisky.
Stom-ach, organ of digestion.
Pen-e-tra'tion, soaking through.
Sys-tem, body.
Or-gan, part of the body.
Bane-ful, evil.
4 Phys'i-cal caus'es, state of health.
De-pressed', low-spirited.</p> | <p>Veins, vessels which carry the blood.
5 Dös-es, small quantities.
Ob-lit'er-ät-ed, destroyed.
6 Ac-cel'er-ät-ed, quickened.
Im'pe-tus, force.
7 Lu'na-tic a-sy'lums, places in which lunatics or mad persons are confined.
Id'i-ots, lunatics; those who have lost their reason.
Or'i-gin, first cause.
9 In-mates, those who dwell in them.
10 In-vis-i-bly, so slowly that the action
Sap, dry up; cut away. [is not seen.
Cräv'-ing, strong desires.
11 As-so-ci-a'tion, band; society.
Bar'ri-er, separation.</p> |
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Summary:—Intoxication results from the use of alcohol. Its effects on those who habitually use it are often very injurious, and many persons become drunkards. Under the influence of alcohol fearful crimes are committed. It is the chief cause of all the sorrow and suffering and sin, of the misery, wretchedness,

and poverty we see around us. Let us have nothing to do with this source of evil, that by our example and influence we may save others from falling into temptation.

- Exercises :—1. Parse and analyze: *Intoxication results from the use of alcohol.*
2. Change into Verbs—association, attraction, fermentation, intoxication.
3. Make Sentences containing—son, sun; soul, sole; staid, stayed; stair, stare.
4. What are Bands of Hope? Why should every child be a member?
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A BALLAD OF WAR.

1. "Oh! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
What did you hear, and what did you see?
Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand?
Sent he, by you, any dear word to me?"
2. "I come from red war, in that dire Eastern land;
Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see:
But I know not your son, with his sword in his hand;
If you would hear of him, paint him to me."
3. "Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"
"Tis not a gentle place where I have been."—
"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"
"Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."
4. "Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done—
Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three:
You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.
My heart shall discern him, and cry 'This is he!'"
5. "I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,
And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."—
"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"—
"Nay; it was black as the blackest night-cloud."

6. "Did he live?"—"No; he died: but the fortress was won,

And they said it was grand for a man to die so."—
"Alas for his mother! He was not my son.

Was there no fair-haired soldier who humbled the foe?"

7. "I saw a man charging in front of his rank,

Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die:
Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank
Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

8. "Did he live?"—"No; he died: but the battle was won,

And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.

Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;
Worn was his forehead, and gray was his hair."

9. "Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;

I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of our foes;
But you said there were three: you must tell me
the third."

10. "I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly

In a battery's face; but it was not to slay:
A poor little drummer had dropped down to die,
With his ankle shot through, in the place where he
lay.

11. "He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,

The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;
And he walked at a foot's pace because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and
then fell."

12. "Did he live?"—"No; he died: but he rescued the boy.

Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,
And his name—"Speak it not! 'Tis my son!
he is dead!

13. "Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes
of foam!

And lay his bed smoothly; and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.

14. "And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spread-
ing years;—

How he died his noble and beautiful death;
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her
tears.

15. "But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair
hair?—

Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly
shore?

Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!"

16. "Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
I come to your heart, and God answers your
prayer.

Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters
fair."

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

New Words in this Lesson.

dis-cern'

for-tress

le-gends

row-an

Notes and Meanings.

1 Bal-lad, a story in verse.

2 Dire, dreadful.

Paint, describe.

4 Dis-cern', say which is.

5 Scāl-ing, climbing.

Tow-er of de-spair', tower so well defended that there was little hope of taking it.

Hosts, armies; soldiers.

6 For-tress, strong place of arms.

7 In a hur-ry to die, not afraid of

Flank, side. [death.

9 Le-gends, stories; tales.

10 Trench-es, ditches cut for the purpose of covering the soldiers.

Bat-ter-y, cannon mounted on a raised work.

11 Grape-shot, small shot fired from a cannon.

Shell, a hollow case of iron filled with gunpowder. The shell bursts after it has been fired from a gun.

13 Red row-an tree, a mountain ash which bears bright red berries.

16 Cross of our Queen, the Victoria Cross, founded in 1856 for the purpose of "rewarding individual instances of merit and valour in the army and navy."

Summary:—A soldier was asked by a mother if he had brought news of her son from the war. He said that he did not know her son. She asked him to tell her the mightiest deeds that were done, as she was sure her son had done one of them. The soldier said: A man scaled a tower and helped to win a fortress; another by his bravery led his comrades to victory; and a third was shot while carrying a wounded drummer out of danger. The third was her son. But while they spoke, the young soldier appeared. He had been badly wounded, but, now recovered, had returned with the Victoria Cross on his breast.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *A man scaled a tower.*

2. Change into Nouns—Eastern, grand, grow, live, died, heavenly.

3. Make Sentences containing—stake, steak; stationary, stationery; steal, steel; step, steppe.

4. What is Bravery? How may it be shown? Give an example.

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—Part IV.

XVII.—FADING AWAY.

1. Months passed by, and the friendship between Tom and Eva grew with the child's growth. Tom loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshipped her as something heavenly and divine.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare

establishment is, for the time being, removed to the country. The heat of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city to seek the cool sea-breezes. St. Clare's villa was at a quiet bay on the sea-shore. It was surrounded by light verandas of bamboo-work, opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure-grounds.



2. One day Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat, in an arbour at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the

sky: the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going, before long*."

3. The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed, within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with fever.

4. The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away. Seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the veranda, and oftener and oftener she was found reclined on a little sofa by the open window, her large, deep eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the bay.

5. One day while there she suddenly said to her mother: "Mamma, I want to have some of my hair cut off."

"What for?" said her mother.

"Mamma, I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won't you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?"

Mrs. St. Clare raised her voice and called Miss Ophelia from the other room.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came

in, and shaking down her long golden-brown curls, said, rather playfully, "Come, aunty, shear the sheep!"

6. "What's that you are about?" said St. Clare, who had just then entered with some fruit he had been out to get for her.

"Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my hair; there's too much of it, and I want to give some of it away."

Miss Ophelia came with her scissors.

"Take care," said her father; "cut underneath, where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride."

"O papa!" said Eva sadly.

"Yes; and I want them kept handsome against the time I take you up to your uncle's plantation," said St. Clare in a gay tone.

7. "I shall never go there, papa. Oh, do believe me! Don't you see, papa, that I get weaker every day?"

"Why do you insist that I shall believe such a cruel thing, Eva?" said her father.

"Only because it is *true*, papa; and if you will believe it now, perhaps you will get to feel about it as I do."

8. St. Clare closed his lips, and stood gloomily eyeing the long, beautiful curls, which, as they were separated from the child's head, were laid, one by one, in her lap. She lifted them up, looked earnestly at them, twined them around her thin fingers, and looked, from time to time, anxiously at her father. She beckoned with her hand to him. He came, and sat down by her.

"Papa, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. I want to see all our people together. Please send for them. I have some things I *must* say to them," said Eva.

Miss Ophelia despatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

New Words in this Lesson.

ar'-bour	con-vened'	med'-i-ca-ments	re-clined'
buoyed	lafi'-guld	ra'-di-ance	trans-pa'-rent

Questions:—1. How had Tom come to regard Eva? 2. Where did Eva say that she was going? 3. What did Tom now remember? 4. How was Eva's weakness shown? 5. What did she wish to do with some of her hair? 6. What did St. Clare say? Where did he hope to take her? 7. What did Eva ask her father to believe? Why? 8. Who were sent for when some of her curls had been cut off?

Notes and Meanings.

1 Frail, weak.	6 Plan-ta'-tion, estate; place planted with cotton or sugar.
2 Ra'-di-ance, brightness.	8 De-spatched', sent.
3 Lafi'-guld, weary; faint.	Con-vened', brought together; assembled.
Med'-i-ca-ments, medicines.	
4 Buoyed-up, supported.	

Summary:—Uncle Tom and Eva became great friends. Often they sat and talked about the Bible, which they both loved so well. Eva had always been a delicate child, and gradually she became weaker, till at last she had scarcely strength to move about. One day she had a number of her golden-brown curls cut off, that she might give them to the servants as tokens of her love. Yet all the time her father tried to persuade himself that she would get better.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Uncle Tom and Eva became great friends.*

2. Change into Verbs—addition, dictation, production, direction, inspection, subtraction.

3. Make Sentences containing—*stille, style; straight, strait; succour, sucker; suite, sweet; surplice, surplus.*

4. What work would you like to do when you grow up? Describe it as fully as you can.

XVIII.—EVA'S LAST GIFTS.

1. Eva lay back on her pillows, her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her

complexion. The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. As they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid their faces in their aprons.

2. "I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you which I want you always to remember.....I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks you will see me no more—"

Here the child was interrupted with bursts of groans, sobs, and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and then, speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said,—

3. "There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very very kind to me; and I want to give you something, so that, when you look at it, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you, and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

It is impossible to describe the scene, as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hand what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment.

4. As they took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who

was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last all were gone but Tom and Mammy, the old nurse.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for you. Oh, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven, for I'm sure I shall; and, Mammy—dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse, "I know you'll be there too."

"O Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, nohow!" said the faithful creature, and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

5. Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

"Where did you start up from?" she said suddenly.

"I was here," said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes.—"O Miss Eva, I've been a bad girl; but won't you give *me* one too?"

"Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure I will. There—every time you look at that, think that I loved you, and wanted you to be a good girl!"

"O Miss Eva, I *is* tryin'!" said Topsy earnestly; "but it's so hard to be good!"

6. Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia; *but as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.*

All being gone, Miss Ophelia shut the door.

St. Clare had been sitting, during the whole time, with his hand shading his eyes, in the same attitude. When they were all gone he sat so still.

"Papa!" said Eva, gently laying her hand on his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver, but made no answer.

7. "Papa, it breaks my heart to see you so!" said Eva, rising and throwing herself into his arms.

There she lay like a wearied dove; and he, bending over her, soothed her by every tender word he could think of.

"You didn't give me a curl, Eva," said her father smiling sadly.

"They are all yours, papa," said she smiling—"yours and mamma's; and you must give dear aunty as many as she wants. I only gave them to our poor people myself, because you know, papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone."

8. Eva declined rapidly: there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried. And it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and in the morning, when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the bay, and the child felt freshest, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, *sing to her their favourite hymns.....*



DEATH OF EVA.

9. At last the end came. Her father was in her room beside her. "Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, "Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed; a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?" he said.

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

10. "O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

11. The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted, the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare gently.

She did not hear.

"O Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said brokenly—"Oh! love—joy—peace!"—gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more.

New Words in this Lesson.

ap-pre-hen'sive

com-plex'ion

in-tense'

lam-en-ta'tions

Questions:—1. In what state did the servants find Eva? 2. What reason did she give for sending for them? How were they affected by her words? 3. For what did she give each one a curl? 4. What did she say to Uncle Tom and to her old nurse Mammy? 5. Where was Topsy? What did she say to Eva? With what words did Eva give her a curl? 6. Where did Topsy hide the curl? 7. With what words did Eva throw herself into her father's arms? 8. What change came over Eva? What was Tom's greatest delight? 9. Who was in Eva's room when the end came? 10. How did the child's struggle for breath affect St. Clare? 11. What were her last words?

Notes and Meanings.

1 In-tense', extreme.

Com-plex'ion, skin.

E-mo'tion, movement of the feelings.

Ap-pre-hen'sive, full of fear; expecting something to happen.

2 Lam-en-ta'tions, wailings; cries of sorrow.

10 Ag-o-ny, severe pain of mind.

Con-scious, knowing.

11 Pant-ing, gasping for breath.

Summary:—The servants were full of sorrow when they saw how ill Eva was. She said that she had sent for them because she loved them, and she gave each one a curl to keep in remembrance of her. When she became too weak to walk, Uncle Tom carried her in his arms. At last the end came. St. Clare was almost beside himself with sorrow to see her die, but the gentle child passed away with the words, "Oh! love—joy—peace!" on her lips.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *Uncle Tom carried Eva in his arms.*

2. Change into Nouns—apprehensive, remember, kind, describe, suffer, conscious.

3. Make Sentences containing—tale, tail; tare, tear; tax, tacks; team, teem.

4. Describe articles of Food used for dinner. Tell all you can about them

XIX.—LEGREE.

1. St. Clare never recovered the effect of Eva's death. He tried again to engage himself in business matters in New Orleans, but all to no purpose. Though to strangers he appeared cheerful, his hidden sorrow remained, and bore heavily upon him. One day, while he was trying to separate two men who had quarrelled, he was accidentally stabbed by one of them. He was carried home, and soon afterwards died.

Before his death he had arranged to set Uncle Tom free; but the papers were never completed, and poor Tom was destined to die a slave.

2. Mrs. St. Clare, after her husband's death, held several consultations with her lawyer. After communicating with St. Clare's brother, it was determined to sell the place, and all the servants, except her own; and these she intended to take with her, and go back to her father's plantation.

3. "Did ye know, Tom, that we've all got to be sold?" said one of the household.

"How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains when missis was talking with the lawyer. In a few days we shall all be sent off to auction, Tom."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms and sighing heavily.

4. Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children, rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner, shipwrecked almost in port, rises the vision of the church-spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave only for one last farewell. He drew his arms tightly over his bosom, and choked back the bitter tears, and tried to pray. It was a hard wrench for him; and the more he tried to say "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.

He sought Miss Ophelia, who, ever since Eva's death, had treated him with marked and respectful kindness.

5. "*Miss Feely*," he said, "Master St. Clare prom-

ised me my freedom. He told me that he had begun to take it out for me ; and now, perhaps, if Miss Feely would be good enough to speak about it to missis, she would go on with it, as it was Master St. Clare's wish."

"I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia.

6. She did try, but all in vain. Mrs. St. Clare had been brought up among slaves, and had been accustomed all her life to treat them like dogs. "I am principled," said she, "against emancipating in any case. Keep a negro under the care of a master, and he does well enough; but set him free, and he gets lazy and won't work. I've seen it hundreds of times. It's no favour to set them free." She absolutely refused to carry out her late husband's wishes in regard to Uncle Tom.

Miss Ophelia therefore did what she thought was the next best thing she could do for Tom. She wrote a letter to Mrs. Shelby stating his troubles, and urging her to send to his relief; but that letter did not reach her till too late.

7. The next day Tom and some half-dozen other servants were marched down to the slave warehouse to await the convenience of the trader who was going to make up a lot for auction.

When the day of sale came, Uncle Tom became the property of a monster in human form, named Legree.

8. The life the faithful old man now had to *endure* was something almost beyond belief. The *scenes* are too harrowing to present to our young

readers here. Suffice it to say that after much cruel suffering for months, Uncle Tom was one day flogged almost to death by Legree for refusing to whip a slave woman who had offended him. On another occasion two of Legree's slaves had escaped, and Tom refused to tell anything about them. Then ensued a scene of blood and cruelty too revolting to relate. "I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em one by one till ye give up and tell," said Legree at last to Uncle Tom.

9. But Tom refused. He looked up to his master, and answered, "Master, if you was sick or in trouble or dying, and I could save ye, I'd *give* ye my heart's blood; and if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely. O master, don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 'twill me! Do the worst you can, my troubles'll be over soon."

10. Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom.

It was but for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute, relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

* * * *

11. Then Legree stood by while his men gave the poor fellow a terrible flogging. Tom fainted, and all thought he was dead. Yet he was not quite gone. The instant Legree withdrew, those

who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life—as if *that* were any favour to him.

They washed his wounds and provided a rude bed of some refuse cotton for him to lie down on.

“Oh,” said one of them, “we’s been awful wicked to ye, Uncle Tom!”

“I forgive ye, with all my heart!” said Tom faintly.

12. Two days after, a young man drove a light waggon up through the avenue of trees, and, throwing the reins hastily on the horses’ necks, sprang out and inquired for the owner of the place.

It was George Shelby, who was only a little boy when Uncle Tom was sold to Haley; and, to show how he came to be there, we must go back in our story.

The letter of Miss Ophelia to Mrs. Shelby had, by some unfortunate accident, been detained for a month or two at some remote post-office before it reached its destination; and, of course, before it was received, Tom had already been sold to Legree.

13. Mrs. Shelby read the intelligence with the deepest concern; but any immediate action upon it was an impossibility. She was then in attendance on the sick-bed of her husband, who lay delirious in the crisis of a fever. Master George Shelby, who, since Tom had left Mr. Shelby’s, had changed *from a boy to a tall young man*, was her constant and faithful assistant, and her only reliance in

superintending his father's affairs. The sudden death of Mr. Shelby, a few days after, prevented the son leaving home for a season.

New Words in this Lesson.

ab'so-lute-ly	cri'sis	en-sued'	suf-fice'
auc'tion	de-lir'i-ous	har'-row-ing	ve'-he-mence
av'e-nue	de-tained'	ir-res'o-lute	vis-ion
con-sul-ta'tions	e-man-ci-pät-ing	Le-gree'	wrench

Questions:—1. How did St. Clare meet with his death? What had he arranged to do for Uncle Tom? With what result? 2. What were Mrs. St. Clare's plans? 3. What did one of the servants tell Tom? 4. How did he receive the news? 5. Who spoke in his behalf? 6. With what result? Why did she refuse? What did Miss Ophelia then do? 7. Who bought Tom? 8. How was he treated? 9. What did he say to his master? 10. With what result? 11. How did his fellow-slaves treat him? 12. Who came two days later? Where had Miss Ophelia's letter been detained? 13. What had kept his friends from coming to his help as soon as they received the letter?

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Des'-tined, doomed; his lot.
 3 Auc'-tion, be sold to the highest bidder.
 4 Vis-ion, mind-picture.
 6 E-man-ci-pät-ing, setting free.
 Ab'so-lute-ly, altogether; wholly.
 7 Mon-ster, a being full of wickedness and cruelty.
 8 Har'-row-ing, painful.
 En-sued', followed.
 Re-volt-ing, shocking.</p> | <p>10 Lull, short interval of calm.
 Stood a-ghast', was amazed.
 Ir-res'o-lute, undecided.
 Re-lent'-ing, softening.
 Ve'-he-mence, power.
 11 In-stru-ments, agents; doers.
 12 Av'e-nue, passage.
 De-tained', kept.
 13 De-lir'i-ous, raving; wildly excited.
 Cri-sis, height; turning-point.
 Su-per-in-tend'-ing, watching over.</p> |
|---|---|
-

Summary:—St. Clare was killed soon after Eva's death. He had promised Uncle Tom his freedom, but the papers were never completed. Mrs. St. Clare refused to carry out her husband's wishes in this respect, and Tom was sold by auction to a hard, cruel master named Legree. For refusing to flog a slave, and also because he would not tell anything about two slaves who had escaped, Legree flogged him to death. Just before he died George Shelby arrived to buy him. A letter sent by Miss Ophelia to the old place had been delayed, and so help came too late.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *St. Clare was killed soon after Eva's death.*

2. Change into Adjectives—death, hope, vision, monster, sin, ignorance.

3. Make Sentences containing—tear, tier; tease, teas; ton, tun; their, there.

4. Tell the story of Eva in your own words.

XX.—DEATH OF UNCLE TOM.

1. When George Shelby entered the shed where Uncle Tom had been lying two days, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

“Is it possible—is it possible?” said he, kneeling down by him. “Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!”

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of



DEATH OF UNCLE TOM.

the dying man. He moved his head gently, and smiled.

2. Tears, which did honour to his manly heart, fell from the young man's eyes as he bent over his *poor friend*.

“O dear Uncle Tom! do wake—do speak once

more ! Look up ! Here's Master George—your own little Master George. Don't you know me ? ”

“ Master George ! ” said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice—“ Master George ! ” He looked bewildered.

3. Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul ; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

“ Bless the Lord ! it is—it is—it's all I wanted ! They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul ; it does my old heart good ! Now I shall die content ! Bless the Lord, O my soul ! ”

* * * * *

4. The sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking came over him ; he closed his eyes ; and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face that told the approach of another world.

He began to draw his breath with long, deep inspirations ; and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

5. “ Who—who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? ” he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness ; and with a smile he fell asleep.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy ; and as he closed the lifeless eyes, and rose up from the dead, only one *thought* possessed him—that expressed by his

simple old friend, "What a thing it is to be a Christian!"

As he rose he saw Legree standing sullenly behind him.

6. "Boys," said George, in an authoritative tone, to two or three negroes who were looking at the body, round which he had wrapped his cloak, "help me to lift him up and carry him to my waggon; and get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to carry the body to the waggon.

George neither spoke to nor looked at Legree, who did not countermand his orders, but stood whistling with an air of forced unconcern. He sulkily followed them to where the waggon stood at the door.

7. Beyond the boundaries of the plantation George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees. There they made the grave.

"Shall we take off the cloak, mas'r?" said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

"No, no; bury it with him.—It's all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it."

They laid him in, and the men shovelled away silently. They banked up the grave, and laid green turf over it.

8. "You may go, boys," said George, slipping a piece of silver into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young mas'r would please buy us," said one.

"We'd serve him so faithful!" said the other.



"Hard times here, mas'r!" said the first. "Do, mas'r, buy us, please!"

"I can't—I can't," said George with difficulty, motioning them off; "it's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God," said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend—"oh! witness, that from this hour I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

New Words in this Lesson.

au-thor'i-ta-tive coun-ter-mand' de-ject'ed knoll

Questions:—1. What did George Shelby say to Uncle Tom? 2. How was George affected by the sight of the dying negro? 3. What did Uncle Tom exclaim? 4. What change passed over his face? 5. What were his last words? What thought possessed George as he rose from his seat by Tom? Whom did George find standing behind him? 6. What order did George give? 7. Where did they bury Uncle Tom? 8. What did the negroes ask George to do? What did he answer? What vow did he make on Uncle Tom's grave?

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Pen'e-trat-ed to, reached. | 5 Mor'tal, dying; human. |
| 2 Be-wil'-dered, confused; not able to understand. | 6 Au-thor'i-ta-tive, commanding. |
| 3 Va'-cant, meaningless; not seeing. | Coun-ter-mand', oppose. |
| 4 Mys-te-ri-ous, secret; difficult to understand. | Un-con-cern', indifference; carelessness. |
| In-spi-ra-tions, breaths taken in. | 7 Knoll, little round hill. |
| | 8 De-ject-ed, cast down; sad. |
-

Summary:—George Shelby was greatly affected when he saw Uncle Tom dying in the shed where he had lain two days. At the sound of George's voice the old man smiled, and then, full of thankfulness that he had not been forgotten, he said, "Now I shall die content!" When he was dead George Shelby buried him on a dry sandy knoll beyond the boundaries of the plantation; and then on his poor friend's grave he called God to witness that from that hour he would do what one man could to drive out the curse of slavery from the land.

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *George Shelby buried him on a dry sandy knoll.*

2. Change into Verbs—connection, collection, creation, exertion, protection, profession.

3. Make Sentences containing—threw, through; throne, thrown; tide, tied.

4. Write a letter thanking a relation or friend for giving you book or toy.

XXI.—THE VOW FULFILLED.

1. George Shelby had written to his mother merely a line, stating the day that she might expect him home. Of the death-scene of his old friend he had not the heart to write. He had tried several times, and only succeeded in half-choking himself; and invariably finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes, and rushing somewhere to get quiet.

There was a pleased bustle all through the Shelby mansion that day, in expectation of the arrival of young "Mas'r George."

2. The rattling of wheels was at last heard.

"Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, starting to the window.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the entry door, and was folded in the arms of her son. Aunt Chloe stood anxiously straining her eyes out into the darkness.

"O *poor* Aunt Chloe!" said George, stopping compassionately, and taking her hard, black hand between both his, "I'd have given all my fortune to have brought him with me—but he's gone to a better country."

3. There was a passionate exclamation from Mrs. Shelby; but Aunt Chloe said nothing.

Chloe turned, and was walking out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softly, and took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down by her.

"*My poor, good* Chloe!" said she.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress's shoulder,

and sobbed out, "O missis, missis, my heart's broke—dat's all!"

There was a silence for some time, and all wept together. At last George, sitting down beside the mourner, took her hand, and with simple pathos repeated the triumphant scene of her husband's death, and his last messages of love.

4. About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate were convened together in the great hall that ran through the house, to hear a few words from their young master.

To the surprise of all, he appeared among them with a bundle of papers in his hand, containing a certificate of freedom to every one on the place, which he read successively, and presented, amid the sobs and tears and shouts of all present.

5. Many, however, pressed around him, earnestly begging him not to send them away, and with anxious faces tendering back their free papers.

"We don't want to be no freer than we are. We's allers had all we wanted. We don't want to leave de ole place, and mas'r and missis, and de rest!"

6. "My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get a silence, "there'll be no need for you to leave me. The place wants as many hands to work it as it did before. We need the same about the house that we did before. But you are now free men and free women. I shall now pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on. The advantage is, that in case of my getting in debt or dying—*things that might happen*—you cannot now be taken

up and sold. I expect to carry on the estate, and to teach you what, perhaps, it will take you some time to learn—how to use the rights I give you as free men and women. I expect you to be good, and willing to learn; and I trust in God that I shall be faithful, and willing to teach. And now, my friends, look up and thank God for the blessing of freedom.

7. "You all remember our good old Uncle Tom?" George here gave a short account of the scene of his death, and of his loving farewell to all on the place, and added,—“It was on his grave, my friends, that I resolved, before God, that I would never own another slave while it was possible to free him; that nobody, through me, should ever run the risk of being parted from home and friends, and dying on a lonely plantation, as he died. So, when you rejoice in your freedom, think that you owe it to that good old soul, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see **UNCLE TOM’S CABIN**; and let it be a memorial to put you all in mind to follow in his steps, and be as honest, and faithful, and Christian as he was.”

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.^s

New Words in this Lesson.

cer-tif'i-cate

pa'thos

suc-ces'sive-ly

tri-um'phant

Questions:—1. What was George Shelby unable to do? 2. Who were waiting to receive George? What did he say to Aunt Chloe? 3. What was the poor creature's exclamation? How did George seek to comfort her? 4. What happened about a month afterwards? 5. What did many of the slaves do with their *free papers*? 6. Why had the slaves no need to leave him? What was the *advantage of having free papers*? 7. Of what were they to think when they *rejoiced in their freedom*? Of what were they to think every time they saw **UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**?

Notes and Meanings.

- 1 In-va'-ri-a-bly, always.
 2 Com-pas-sion-ate-ly, pitifully.
 3 Pa'-thos, feeling.
 Tri-um'-phant, glorious.
 4 Cer-tif-i-cate, writing.
 Suc-ces-sive-ly, one after another.
 5 We's allers, we have always.
 7 Me-mo'-ri-al, something held in re-
 membrance.

- 8 Mrs. Har'-ri-et Beech'-er Stowe, an American writer who lived for many years on the confines of a slave State. Her house was more than once a refuge for fugitive slaves. Mrs. Stowe still lives (1884), a witness of the freedom of that oppressed race whose cause she so earnestly pleaded in *UNCLE TOM'S CABIN*.

Summary:—George Shelby wrote home to say when he might be expected, but he had not the heart to write about Uncle Tom. No words can describe the sorrow and the disappointment of Aunt Chloe when she saw her young master return alone: leaning her head on her mistress's shoulder, she sobbed out, "O missis, missis, my heart's broke." About a month after this, George Shelby set all his slaves free, telling them to remember Uncle Tom, and to think of their freedom every time they saw *UNCLE TOM'S CABIN*.

- Exercises:**—1. Parse and analyze: *George Shelby set all his slaves free.*
 2. Change into Nouns—please, give, simple, resolve, faithful.
 3. Make Sentences containing—time, thyme; to, too, two; toe, tow.
 4. Tell the story of Uncle Tom in your own words.

LAUS DEO !

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE PASSAGE OF THE
 CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY. (See Note, p. 217.)

1. It is done !
 Clang of bell and roar of gun
 Send the tidings up and down.
 How the belfries rock and reel !
 How the great guns, peal on peal,
 Fling the joy from town to town !
2. Ring, O bells !
 Every stroke exulting tells
 Of the burial hour of crime.
 Loud and long, that all may hear,
 Ring for every listening ear
 Of Eternity and Time !

3. Let us kneel :
 God's own voice is in that peal,
 And this spot is holy ground.
 Lord, forgive us ! What are we,
 That our eyes this glory see,
 That our ears have heard the sound ?
4. For the Lord
 On the whirlwind is abroad ;
 In the earthquake he has spoken ;
 He has smitten with his thunder
 The iron walls asunder ;
 And the gates of brass are broken.
5. Loud and long
 Lift the old exulting song ;
 Sing with Miriam by the sea
 He has cast the mighty down ;
 Horse and rider sink and drown ;
 " He hath triumphed gloriously ! "
6. Blotted out !
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin ;
 Freer breathe the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin !
7. It is done !
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth !

8. Ring and swing,
 Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
 Send the song of praise abroad !
 With a sound of broken chains
 Tell the nations that He reigns,
 Who alone is Lord and God !

J. G. WHITTIER. (See page 114.)

New Words in this Lesson.

gir'-cuit De'-o Laus Mir'-i-am whirl'-wind

Notes and Meanings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Laus De'-o (<i>Latin</i>), praise to God.</p> <p>1 Tid'-ings, the good news that slavery was abolished.</p> <p>Bel'-fries, bell-towers.</p> <p>2 Ex-ult-ing, joyfully; with great rejoicing.</p> | <p>5 Mir'-i-am, the sister of Moses, who sang a song of triumph when the army of Pharaoh was destroyed in the Red Sea. (Ex. xv.)</p> <p>7 Cir'-cuit, going round.</p> <p>Belt, encircle; spread over.</p> |
|---|---|

Exercises:—1. Parse and analyze: *He told them to remember Uncle Tom.*

2. Change into Adjectives—rock, crime, law, universe, nation.

3. Make Sentences containing—told, tolled; trait, tray; treaties, treatise.

4. Write from memory a short sketch of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

NOTE.—In 1860-61, soon after the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, the Southern States revolted, and formed themselves into a new Confederacy. Civil war ensued, and a deadly struggle began between North and South. Under the stern teaching of war, the North soon saw that to preserve the national life it was necessary that slavery should die,—that as the slave system had taken the sword it must perish by the sword.

The President issued a proclamation giving freedom to all slaves in the rebel States. This proclamation gave freedom to over three million slaves. Though it did not at first touch slavery in the loyal States (for there for the time the President had no right to interfere), all men well understood that it rendered slavery henceforth impossible in any portion of American territory. And so it quickly proved. Before the war closed, the loyal States freed themselves by their own choice of the taint of this unhappy system.

The war was fought out to its bitter end. The North triumphed; and the South lay wholly at the mercy of the conqueror. Slavery was extinguished, and a clause was added to the Constitution prohibiting slavery for ever on American soil.

POETRY, STANDARD V.—To recite *one hundred* lines from some standard poet, and to explain the words and allusions.

POETRY FOR RECITATION.*

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE POEM.—The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Sir Walter Scott's first great poem, is a story of Border chivalry of the middle of the sixteenth century (1500 to 1600). It was written "to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland." The story is put into the mouth of a poor wandering Minstrel, about the close of the seventeenth century (1700).

The following lines form the introduction to the poem. They allude to the low repute into which the calling of the Minstrel had fallen, compared with former times, when the wandering Bard was "courted and caressed, high placed in hall, a welcome guest." They then describe the kind reception of the old Minstrel at Newark Castle, and the gathering of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth and her household in the great hall to hear him recite his story.

THE AUTHOR.—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a great Scottish novelist and poet. The poet Wordsworth calls Scott the "Border Minstrel," because he wrote ballads or stories in verse about Border life. The Border country and its wild history were the source of some of his finest poems and tales. On the banks of the Tweed is his well-known mansion, Abbotsford, near Melrose. The country of the Tweed and the Teviot—in the south of Scotland—is called "The Land of Scott." Scott is also called the "Wizard of the North," in allusion to the extraordinary charm and descriptive power of his writings, which "reproduced old Scotland, refought its battles, remounted its steel-harnessed warriors, and reenacted its Border feuds. He wrote the Waverley Novels (*Waverley*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, etc.); a number of poems (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, etc.); *Tales of a Grandfather* (being the History of Scotland in the form of stories), etc.

* These pieces have been marked for expressive reading or for recitation by Dr. Moxey, M.R.C.P., London, Lecturer on Elocution.

EXPLANATION.—/ rising inflection; \ falling inflection; | pause.

*Melancholy
narrative.*

The way was lóng, | the wind was cold, |
 The Minstrel | was infirm | and old ; |
 His withered cheék, | and tresses gray, |
 Séemed | to have known | a better day ; |
 The harp, | his sole | remaining joy, | 5
 Was carried | by an orphan boy. |
 The last | of all the Bards | was he |
 Who sung | of Border chivalry.

For, | well-a-day ! | their date was fled— |
 His tuneful brethren | all | were dead ; | 10
 And hé, | neglected | and oppressed, |
 Wished to be | with them | and | at rest.

Quicker time.

No more, | on prancing palfrey | borne, |
 He carolled, | light | as lark at morn ; |
 No longer, | courted | and caressed, | 15
 High placed in hall, | a welcome guest, |
 He poured, | to lord | and lady gay, |
 The unpremeditated lay : |

Slow again.

Old times | were changed, | old manners | gone ; |
 A stranger | filled | the Stuarts' throne ; | 20

Line 2. Minstrel, wandering ballad-singer; a musician who sang to the harp verses he had himself composed.

Infirm, weak.

3 Tresses, locks of hair.

5 Sole, lone.

7 Bards, minstrel poets.

8 Border, the country on either side of the boundaries which separate England and Scotland.

Border chivalry, brave deeds of the Borderers.

9 Well-a-day, alas.

Date, period of existence.

11 Neglected, not cared for.

Oppressed, treated harshly.

13 Prancing palfrey, spirited little horse.

14 Carolled, sang.

15 Courtied, receiving attention.

Caressed, fondled; made much of.

18 Unpremeditated, not prepared beforehand.

Lay, song.

20 A stranger. At the Great Revolution, 1688, William III., Prince of Orange, was placed on the throne of the Stuarts.

Stuarts, a line of monarchs who reigned over Scotland for more than two hundred years, and over England and Scotland from 1603 to 1688.

The bigots | of the iron time |
 Had called | his harmless art | a crime.
 A wandering Harper, | scorned | and poor, |
 He begged his bread | from door to door; |
 And tuned, | to please a peasant's ear, | 25
 The harp | a king | had loved to hear.

*Descriptive of disappointment and
 hesitation in an
 old man.*

He passed | where | Newark's | stately tower |
 Looks out | from Yarrow's | birchen bower: |
 The Minstrel | gazed | with wishful eye— |
 No humbler resting-place | was nigh. 30

With hesitating step, | at last, |
 The embattled portal arch | he passed, |
 Whose ponderous grate | and massy bar |
 Had | oft | rolled back | the tide of war; |
 But | never closed the iron door | 35
 Against the desolate | and poor.

Sympathetic.

The Duchess | marked | his weary pace, |
 His timid mien, | and reverend face, |
 And bade her page | the menials tell |
 That | they should tend | the old man | well: | 40
 For | she had known adversity, |
 Though born | in such a high degree;— |

-
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>21 Bigots, persons who take narrow views of things. They look upon their opinion as the only right one.
 Iron time. All amusements were regarded as sinful by the Puritans, in the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth.
 22 A crime, an offence. The law classed the minstrels among "rogues and vagabonds."
 25 Peasant, countryman; labourer.
 27 Newark, Newark Castle, near Selkirk; now a ruin.</p> | <p>28 Yarrow, a river in Selkirkshire.
 32 Embattled portal arch, arched gateway with openings for cannon.
 33 Ponderous grate, heavy grating made of crossed bars of iron.
 34 Tide of war, attack of an enemy.
 36 Desolate, lonely.
 37 Duchess, Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.
 38 Mien, manner.
 39 Page, boy-servant.
 Menials, servants.
 41 Adversity, misfortune.</p> |
|---|--|

	In pride of power, in beauty's bloom, Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !	
<i>Narrative.</i>	When kindness had his wants supplied,	45
	And the old man was gratified,	
<i>Letelier.</i>	Began to rise his minstrel pride :	
<i>Garrulity.</i>	And he began to talk anon,	
	Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone ;	
	And of Earl Walter— rest him, God !	50
	A braver ne'er to battle rode ;	
	And how full many a tale he knew	
	Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :	
<i>With courtly politeness.</i>	And, would the noble Duchess deign	
	To listen to an old man's strain,	55
	Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,	
	He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,	
	That, if she loved the harp to hear,	
<i>Bowdug low.</i>	He could make music to her ear.	
	The humble boon was soon obtained ;	60
	The aged Minstrel audience gained.	
	But, when he reached the room of state,	
	Where she, with all her ladies, sate,	
	Perchance he wished his boon denied :	
<i>Disappointment.</i>	For, when to tune his harp he tried,	65

44 Monmouth, the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and the Duchess's husband; beheaded 1685 for trying to take the throne from James II., the last of the Stuart kings, who was deposed when William III. became king. (See line 20 of this poem.)

48 Anon, presently.

49 Earl Francis, the Duchess's father, the Earl of Buccleuch.

50 Earl Walter, the Duchess's grandfather, the Earl of Buccleuch.

53 Buccleuch, the clan of Scott, which became in course of time the most powerful on the Scottish Borders.

54 Deign, condescend.

57 Sooth, truth.

60 Boon, favour; prayer.

61 Audience, a hearing.

62 Room of state, the great hall of the castle.

64 Perchance, maybe.

- His trembling hand | had lost the ease |
 Which marks security | to please ; |
 And scenes, | long past, | of joy and pain, |
 Came | wildering | o'er his aged brain— |
 He tried | to tune his harp | in vain. 70
- Encouragingly.* The pitying Duchess | praised its chime, |
 And gave him heart, | and gave him time, |
 Till | every string's according glee |
 Was blended | into harmony.
- Diffidently.* And then, | he said, | he would full fain | 75
 He could recall | an ancient strain |
 He never thought | to sing again.
 It was not framed | for village churls, |
 But | for high dames | and mighty earls ;—
 He played it | to King Charles the Good, | 80
 When he kept court | in Holyrood ; |
 And much he wished, | yet feared, | to try
 The long-forgotten melody.
- Uncertainty.* Amid the strings | his fingers | strayed, |
 And | an uncertain warbling | made, | 85
 And oft | he shook his hoary head. |
- Gratification and confidence.* But | when he caught the measure wild, |
 The old man | raised his face | and smiled ; |
 And | lightened up | his faded eye |
 With all a poet's ecstasy ! | 90

67 Security, confidence.	79 Dames, ladies.	(In 1633.
69 Wildering, bewildering ; confusing.	80 King Charles the Good.	Charles I. ;
71 Chime, sound ; tone.	81 Holyrood, a royal palace at Edin-	
73 According, agreeing.	83 Melody, air ; song.	[burgh.
74 Harmony, agreement of sounds.	86 Hoary, gray-haired.	
75 Fain, gladly.	87 Measure, the tune of the song he	
78 Churls, rustics ; country people of	had spoken about.	
little or no education.	90 Ecstasy, great joy.	

*Kindling with
emotion. Quick
time, to the end.*

In varying cadence, | soft | or strong, |
He swept | the sounding chords | along : |
The present scène, | the future lot, |
His toils, | his wants, | were all forgot : |
Cold diffidence, | and age's frost, | 95
In the full tide of song | were lost ; |
Each blank, | in faithless memory | void, |
The poet's glowing thought | supplied ; |
And, | while his harp | responsive | rung, |
'Twas thus | the Latest Minstrel | sung. 100

91 Cadence, falling of the voice.
92 Chords, strings of his harp.
95 Diffidence, fear ; bashfulness.
Age's frost, the chill of old age.

97 Blank, forgotten part.
Void, empty.
99 Responsive, one string answering to
another ; in answer.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE POEM.—The *Deserted Village* was published in 1770. It gives a delightful and touching description of a decayed village, and of the recollections which it recalls. The village, "Sweet Auburn," is supposed to be the little hamlet of Lissoy in West Meath, Ireland, where Goldsmith spent his boyhood.

The following lines contain a description of the village parson and the village schoolmaster. The "village preacher" is a portrait of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, whose income at one time was actually "forty pounds a-year."

THE AUTHOR.—Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), poet and novelist, was the son of an Irish clergyman. He led an irregular and adventurous life. Without money he travelled over Europe, paying his way with his flute. After his return he was successively a strolling player, a teacher, a doctor, and an author. He wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, *The Traveller*, etc. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

*Simple
narrative.*

Sweet | was the sound, | when oft, | at evening's close, |
Up yonder hill | the village murmur | rose.
Thère, | as I passed | with careless steps | and slow, |
The mingling notes | came | softened | from below : |

- Enumeration of particulars.* The swain | responsive | as the milk-maid sung, | 5
 The sober herd | that lowed | to meet their young, |
 The noisy geese | that gabbled | o'er the pool, |
 The playful children | just let loose from school, |
 The watch-dog's voice | that bayed the whispering wind, |
 And the loud laugh | that spoke the vacant mind: | 10
 These all | in sweet confusion | sought the shade, |
 And filled each pause | the nightingale had made.
- Sad contrast.* But now | the sounds of population | fail, |
 No cheerful murmurs | fluctuate | in the gale, |
- General.* No busy steps | the grass-grown foot-way | tread, | 15
 For | all the bloomy flush of life | is fled— |
- Special.* All | but yon widowed, | solitary thing, |
 That | feebly bends | beside the plashing spring: |
 She, | wretched matron, | forced, | in age, | for bread, |
 To strip the brook | with mantling cresses | spread, | 20
 To pick | her wintry fagot | from the thorn, |
 To seek her nightly shed, | and weep till morn; |
 She only | left | of all the harmless train, |
 The sad historian | of the pensive plain.
- Descriptive.* Near yonder copse, | where once | the garden | smiled, | 25
 And still | where many a garden-flower | grows wild, |
 There, | where a few torn shrubs | the place | disclose, |
 The village preacher's | modest mansion | rose.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Swain, country lover.
 Responsive, answering; singing in
 9 Bayed, barked at. [turn.
 10 Vacant, empty; thoughtless.
 13 Sounds of population, stir of busy
 life.
 14 Fluctuate, rise and fall; wave-like
 motion.
 19 For bread, picked and sold water-
 cresses to earn a living.</p> | <p>20 Mantling, overspreading; covering
 as with a mantle.
 21 Fagot, fire-wood.
 24 Historian, story-teller; one who
 tells stories of the past.
 Pensive, sad; melancholy.
 25 Copse, brushwood; growth of under-
 27 Disclose, mark; point out. [wood.
 28 Village preacher, the Rev. Charles
 Goldsmith, the poet's father.</p> |
|---|---|

- Contented.* A man he was | to all the country | dear,
 And | passing rich | with forty pounds a-year ; | 30
 Remote | from towns | he ran his godly race, |
 Nor e'er had changed, | nor wished to change | his place ; |
 Unskilful | he | to fawn | or seek for power, |
 By doctrines | fashioned | to the varying hour ; |
 Far other aims | his heart | had learned to prize, | 35
 More skilled | to raise the wretched | than to rise.
- Descriptive* His house | was known | to all the vagrant train ; |
 He chid their wanderings, | but | relieved their pain : |
 The long-remembered beggar | was his guest, |
 Whose beard | descending | swept his aged breast : | 40
 The ruined spendthrift, | now | no longer proud, |
 Claimed kindred there, | and had his claims allowed : |
 The broken soldier | kindly | bade to stay, |
 Sat | by his fire, | and talked the night away ; |
 Wept | o'er his wounds, | or, | tales of sorrow done, | 45
 Shouldered his crutch, | and showed | how fields were won.
- Sympathetic.* Pleased with his guests, | the good man | learned to glow, |
 And quite forgot their vices | in their woe ; |
 Careless | their merits | or their faults | to scan, |
 His pity gave | ere charity began. 50

- 30 Passing, very ; more than.
 Forty pounds, his father's salary.
 Remote, far away.
 33 Unskilful, not skilled.
 Fawn, flatter ; try to please.
 34 Doctrines, opinions ; teachings.
 Fashioned, fitted to suit.
 36 More skilled to raise, etc, he took
 more trouble to improve the posi-
 tion of the wretched than to make
 a better place for himself.
 37 Vagrant train, wandering beggars.
 38 Child, reproved ; rebuked.

(770)

- Relieved, lightened ; gave needful
 assistance.
 40 Descending, flowing down.
 41 Spendthrift, prodigal ; one who
 spends the savings of thrift.
 43 Broken, wounded ; broken down in
 health ; also one discharged from
 the army.
 47 Glow, become warm with sympathy.
 48 Vices, sins.
 Woe, sorrows.
 49 Scan, look into carefully.
 50 Charity, help to the poor.

*Main char-
acteristic
emphasized.*

Thus, | to relieve the wretched | was his pride, |
And | even his failings | leaned | to virtue's side: |

*Further
character-
istics.*

But | in his duty | prompt at every call, |
He watched | and wept, | he prayed | and felt | for all; |
And, | as a bird | each fond endearment | tries | 55
To tempt | its new-fledged offspring | to the skies, |
He tried each art, | reproved each dull delay, |
Allured to brighter worlds, | and led the way.

*Conduct at a
death-bed.
Slow and
solemn.*

Beside the bed | where | parting life | was laid, |
And sorrow, | guilt, | and pain, | by turns | dismayed, | 60
The reverend champion | stood. | At his control, |
Despair and anguish | fled | the struggling soul; |
Comfort came down | the trembling wretch | to raise, |
And his last | faltering accents | whispered praise.

*Tender
description.*

At church, | with meek | and unaffected grace, | 65

His looks | adorned | the venerable place; |
Truth | from his lips | prevailed | with double sway, |
And fools | who came to scoff | remained to pray.

The service past, | around the pious man, |
With steady zeal, | each honest rustic ran; | 70

Even children | followed | with endearing wile, |
And | plucked his gown, | to share | the good man's smile.

*Paternal
benignity.*

His ready smile | a parent's warmth | expressed; |
Their welfare pleased him, | and their cares distressed.

- 52 Failings, faults; weaknesses.
53 Prompt, quick; ready.
55 Endearment, kindness.
56 Offspring, young ones.
58 Allured, enticed; coaxed.
59 Parting, departing; passing away.
60 Dismayed, caused despair.
62 Anguish, strong grief.
63 Down, from heaven.
64 Faltering, feeble; failing in speech.

- 65 Unaffected, natural; not put on or
66 Venerable, sacred. [assumed.
67 Prevailed, had force or weight.
Double sway, he practised what he
preached.
68 Scoff, make fun; to mock.
Remained to pray, became serious
about their own sins, and prayed
70 Rustic, countryman. (for pardon.
74 Distressed, grieved.

- To them | his heart, | his love, | his griefs | were given, | 75
Heavenly aspiration. But | all his serious thoughts | had rest | in heaven : |
 As | some tall cliff | that lifts its awful form, |
 Swells from the vale, | and | midway | leaves the storm ;— |
 Though | round its breast | the rolling clouds are spread, |
 Eternal sunshine | settles | on its head. 80
- Descriptive.* Beside yon straggling fence | that skirts the way, |
 With blossomed furze | unprofitably gay, |
 There, | in his noisy mansion, | skilled to rule, |
 The village master | taught | his little school.
 A man | severe | he was, | and stern | to view— | 85
- With a meaning emphasis.* I knew him well, | and | every truant | knew.
 Well | had the boding tremblers | learned to trace |
 The day's disasters | in his morning face ; |
- Gaiety.* Full well they laughed | with counterfeited glee |
 At all his jokes, | for many a joke | had he ; | 90
- Contrasted dismay.* Full well | the busy whisper | circling round |
 Conveyed the dismal tidings | when he frowned.
- Apologetically.* Yet | he was kind, | or, | if severe in aught, |
 The love | he bore to learning | was in fault.
- Spoken with mock importance.* The village all declared | how much he knew ; | 95
 'Twas certain he could write, | and cipher too ; |
 Lands | he could measure, | terms and tides | presage, |
 And | e'en the story ran | that he could gauge.

77 Cliff, rock.

78 Midway leaves, rises far above.

81 Straggling, untidy ; rambling ; not trimmed.

82 Unprofitably gay, bearing flowers but no fruit.

86 Truant, runaway ; absent without leave.

87 Boding, expecting evil.

88 Disasters, mishaps.

89 Counterfeited, pretended ; not real.

92 Conveyed, sent round.

96 Cipher, count ; work sums.

97 Terms, the date of the term day.

Tides, hours of high and low water.

Presage, forecast ; tell beforehand.

98 Gauge, measure the contents of casks.

In arguing, | too, | the parson | owned his skill— |
 For | e'en though vanquished, | he could argue still; | 100
 While words | of learned length | and thundering sound |
 Amazed the gazing rustics | ranged around; |
 And still they gazed, | and still the wonder grew, |
 That one small head | could carry all he knew. 104

100 Vanquished, beaten.

HORATIUS.

THE POEM.—The early history of Rome, as given by Latin writers, was probably compiled from ballads or legendary poems, which had been handed down from age to age, and which used to be recited or sung at the banquets of the great. None of these ancient ballads exist; but it occurred to Lord Macaulay, the English historian, to invent some ballads, such as might have given rise to the legends in early Roman history. He entitled them *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Horatius is an example of these simple and stirring poems. It is stated by the Latin historians, that, a few years after the expulsion of Tarquin, the king of Rome (509 B.C.), Lars Porsena, the chief of the neighbouring Etruscans, to which nation Tarquin belonged, tried to restore the tyrant to power, and came against Rome with a very great force. The Romans, repulsed at first, fled across a wooden bridge over the Tiber, and the Roman Consul ordered the bridge to be destroyed, to prevent the enemy from entering the city. This bridge was held by only three men—Horatius, Lartius, and Herminius—who kept the invading army at bay while the bridge was being cut down. Just before it fell, Lartius and Herminius escaped to the Roman side of the river. Horatius, left alone, plunged into the river, after the bridge had fallen, and swam safely across. The story is supposed to be narrated by one of the Roman minstrels, at a period one hundred years later than the events recorded.

THE AUTHOR.—Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord (1800–1859), historian, essayist, and poet. He wrote some famous *Essays*, a *History of England*, which he left unfinished at his death, and *Lays of Ancient Rome*. For many years he was Member of Parliament for Edinburgh. He was made a peer (became a lord) in 1857. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

1. But | the Consul's brow | was sad, |
 And the Consul's speech | was low, |
 And | darkly | looked he at the wall, |
 And | darkly | at the foe.

*Verse 1. Consul, chief magistrate.
 Wall, city wall of Rome.*

*Foe, the Tuscan army under Lars
 Porsena.*

Apprehensively. " Their vān | will be upon us |
 Before the brídge | goes dōwn ; |
Despairingly. And | if they once | may win the brídge, |
 What hope | to save the tōwn ? "

2. Then | out spake | brave Horātius, |
 The Captain | of the Gāte : |
Quiet and manly, without bravado. " To every man | upon the éarth |
 Death cometh | soon or late ; |
 And how | can man die | better |
 Than | facing fearful odds, |
 For the ashes | of his fāthers, |
 And the temples | of his gods !

3. " Hew dōwn the bridge, | Sir Consul, |
 With all the speed ye may ; |
 Í, | with two more | to help me, |
 Will hold the foe | in play.
Encouragingly. In yon | strait | pāth | a thousand |
 May well | be stopped | by three ;— |
Looking to either side. Nōw, | whó will stand | on either hānd, |
 And | keep the bridge | with mè ? "

4. Then | out spake | Spurius Lārtius,— |
 A Rāmnian proud | was he : |
Change of voice and manner. " Lo, | Ì will stand | at thy right hand, |
 And | keep the bridge | with thee."

1 Van, front ranks.

2 Facing fearful odds, with great numbers against him.

Ashes, tombs containing the remains.

3 Hew, cut with axes.

Play, check.

Straight, narrow.

4 Rāmnian, of the tribe Rāmnæ.

And | out spake | strong Herminius,— |
Of Titian blood was he : |

*Change of voice
and manner.*

“ I will abide | on thy left side, |
And keep the bridge | with thee.”

*Return to voice
of consul, quiet
and subdued.*

5. “ Horatius,” | quoth the Consul, |
“ As thou say'st, | so let it be.”

Slowly.

And | straight | against that | great array |
Forth went | the dauntless Three.

*Patriotically,
with honest
pride.*

For | Romans | in Rome's quarrels |
Spared | neither land nor gold, |
Nor son nor wife, | nor limb nor life, |
In the brave | days | of old.

Scornfully.

6. Then | none was for a party,— |

Approvingly.

Then all | were | for the state ; |
Then the great man | helped the poor, |
And the poor man | loved the great ; |
Then | lands | were fairly portioned, |
Then | spoils | were fairly sold : |
The Romans | were like brothers |
In the brave | days | of old.

*Enthusiasti-
cally.*

*Pause ; intro-
ducing new
subject.*

*Admitting the
splendour of
the enemy's
array.*

7. Meanwhile | the Tuscan army, |
Right glorious to behold, |
Came | flashing back | the noonday light, |
Rank behind rank, | like surges bright |
Of a broad sea of gold.

4 Titian, of the tribe Tities.

5 Array, army.—Dauntless, fearless.

6 Party, { the good of all was preferred
State, { to serving only those of the
same opinion.

Portioned, divided.

Spoils, things taken in battle.

7 Flashing back, shields and helmets
reflecting the sunlight.
Surges, waves.

*Spoken in
marching time.
Monotone.*

Four hundred trumpets | sounded |
A peal of warlike glee, |
As that | great | host, | with measured | tread, |
And spears | advanced, | and ensigns | spread, |
Rolled | slowly | toward | the bridge's | head, |
Where stood | the dauntless | Three.

Calmly.

8. The Three | stood | calm | and silent, |
And looked | upon the foes, |

Derisively.

And | a great shout of laughter |
From all the vanguard | rose :

*Animated
narrative.*

And forth | three chiefs | came spurring |
Before that deep array ; |
To earth | they sprang, | their swords | they drew, |
And lifted high their shields, | and flew |
To win | the narrow way.

[But the laughter of the Tuscans was soon changed to wrath, for their chiefs were quickly laid in the dust at the feet of the "dauntless Three."]

Grimly.

9. But now | no sound of laughter |
Was heard | among the foes : |
A wild | and wrathful clamour |
From all the vanguard | rose.
Six spear-lengths | from the entrance |
Halted | that deep array, |
And | for a space | no man | came forth |
To win | the narrow way.

7 Measured, steady.

Advanced, held forward.

Ensigns, flags.

8 Vanguard, front line.

Three chiefs, of the Tuscans.

Spurring, on horseback.

Sprang, dismounted.

9 Clamour, shouting.

Entrance, opening of the bridge.

Space, short period of time.

- Shout the name.*
With measured intonation.
Slow.
10. But hárk ! | the cry is | " Ástur ; " |
 And lo ! | the ranks dívide, |
 And the great Lord of Lúna |
 Comes | with his stately stríde.
 Upon his ample shóuldérs |
 Clangs loud | the fourfold shíeld, |
 And | in his hánd | he shakes the bránd |
 Which | none but hé | can wíeld.

[The proud Astur advances with a smile of contempt for the three Romans, and turns a look of scorn upon the flinching Tuscans.]

- Quick time ;*
excited action.
11. Thén, | whirling up his broádsword |
 With both hánds | to the héight, |
 He rúshed against Horátíus, |
 And smóte | with all his míght.
 With shield and bláde | Horátíus |
 Right deftly | túrned the blow.
 The blow, | thóugh túrned, | came yet too nígh ; |
 It míssed his hélm, | bú | gashed his thíg : |
 The Tuscans | ráised a jóyful crý |
 To see the red blood | flów.

- Breathlessly.*
12. He reeled, | and | on Herminíus |
 He leaned | one | breáthing-spáce ; |
 Thén, | líke a wíld-cat | mád with wounds, |
 Sprang | ríght at Ástur's fáce.
 Throúgh téeth, | and skúll, | and hélmet, |
 So fíerce a thrúst | he spéd,

10 Astur, a chieftain's name.

Divide, open to allow him to pass.

Luna, the chief town of the Tuscans.

Ample, broad.

Fourfold, having four layers of metal.
 Brand, sword.

11 To the height, as high as he could.
 Deftly, cleverly.

The good sword | stood a handbreadth out |
Behind the Tuscan's head !

*With tone of
consternation.*

13. And the great Lord of Lúna |
Fell | at that deadly stroke, |
As falls | on Mount Alvernus |
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far | o'er the crashing forest |
The giant arms | lie spread ; |
And the pale augurs, | muttering low, |
Gaze | on the blasted head.

[In the meantime the axes had been busily plied ; and while the bridge was tottering to its fall, Lartius and Herminius regained the opposite bank in safety. Horatius remained facing the foe until the last timber had fallen, when, weighed down with armour as he was, he "plunged headlong in the tide" of the Tiber.]

- Slow and quiet.* 14. No sound | of joy | or sorrow |
Was heard | from either bank ; |
But | friends | and foes, | in dumb surprise, |
With parted lips | and straining eyes, |
Stood | gazing | where he sank :
*Crescendo, with
rapture.* And | when | beneath the surges |
They saw his crest appear, |
All Róme | sent forth a rapturous cry, |
And | even the ranks of Tuscany |
Could scarce forbear | to cheer.

*Sympathetic
description.*

15. But | fiercely ran the current, |
Swollen high | by months of rain : |

- | | |
|---|---|
| 13 Alvernus, a high mountain in the south of Italy. | Crest, ornament on the top of his helmet. |
| Augurs, prophets. | Rapturous, joyous. |
| 14 Dumb surprise, speechless wonder. | 15 Current, stream. |

And fast | his blood was flowing ; |
 And | he was sore in pain, |
 And heavy | with his armour, |
 And spent | with changing blows : |
 And | oft | they thought him sinking, |
 But still | again | he rose.

*Muttered
between his
teeth.*

16. "Curse on him !" | quoth false Sextus, |
 "Will not the villain drown ? |
 But for this stay, | ere close of day |
 We should have sacked the town !" — |

*Nobly, in rebuke
to Sextus.*

"Heaven help him !" | quoth Lars Porsena, |
 "And bring him | safe to shore ; |
 For | such a gallant feat of arms |
 Was never seen | before."

*With intense
satisfaction.*

17. And now | he feels the bottom ; |
 Now | on dry earth | he stands ; |
 Now | round him | throng the Fathers, |
 To press his gory hands ; |
 And now | with shouts and clapping, |
 And noise of weeping loud, |
 He enters | through the River-Gate, |
 Borne | by the joyous crowd.

*Increasing to
enthusiasm.*

[Then follows an account of the rewards given to the hero. The minstrel thus concludes the story :—]

*Spoken
continuously
to the end.*

18. When the good-man | mends his armour, |
 And trims his helmet's plume ; |

15 Spent, exhausted ; tired out.

Changing, exchanging.

16 Sextus, one of the Tarquins.

Stay, stoppage.

Sacked, plundered.—Quoth, says.

Lars Porsena, the Tuscan king.

17 Fathers, rulers of Rome.

Gory, blood-stained.

River-gate, one of the city gates.

18 Plume, feathers.

When the good-wife's shuttle | merrily |
 Goes flashing | through the loom ; |
 With weeping | and with laughter |
 Still | is the story told, |
 How well | Horatius | kept the bridge |
 In the brave | days | of old.

Glowing up, to a gradual and graceful finish, without letting the voice down.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE POEM.—This poem is a series of meditations suggested by a village churchyard. There is nothing in the poem to identify the churchyard to which it refers, but it is generally believed that Gray had in view that of Stoke Pogis, near Slough (Buckinghamshire), the place to which his mother removed after his father's death. The reflections are of a simple and homely kind, and they are expressed in exquisitely refined English. The poet's sympathies are broad as well as deep. He is mostly "mindful of the unhonoured dead." He dwells on the worth of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" that sleep in the shade of its yew-trees, and he speculates on the greatness they might have achieved. Yet they were contented and happy, and along their obscure path they kept "the noiseless tenor of their way," without murmuring and without ambition.

THE AUTHOR.—Thomas Gray (1716-1771), poet. He was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

- Quiet narrative in slow time.*
1. The curfew | tolls the knell | of parting day, |
 The lowing herd | winds | slowly | o'er the lea, |
 The ploughman | homeward | plods his weary way, |
 And leaves the world | to darkness | and to me.
 2. Now | fades | the glimmering landscape | on the sight, |
 And all the air | a solemn stillness | holds, |

1 Curfew (French *couvre-feu*, cover fire), a bell rung every night at eight o'clock in Norman times as a signal for putting out all fires and lights. An evening bell is still rung in some country churches.
 Knell, stroke; sound of a funeral bell.

Parting, departing; dying.
 Lea, meadow.
 Plods, trudges; walks as if tired.
 2 Glimmering, faintly lighted; fading away.
 All the air a solemn stillness holds, a solemn stillness holds all the air.

Save | where the beetle | wheels his droning flight, |
And | drowsy tinklings | lull | the distant folds ; |

*A little
quicker.*

3. Save that, | from yonder | ivy-mantled tower, |
The moping owl | does | to the moon | complain |
Of such | as, | wandering | near her secret bower, |
Molest her ancient | solitary reign.

*Solemn
narrative.*

4. Beneath those rugged elms, | that yew-tree's shade, |
Where | heaves the turf | in many a mouldering heap, |
Each | in his narrow cell | for ever | laid, |
The rude forefathers of the hamlet | sleep.

Quicker.

5. The breezy call | of incense-breathing Morn, |
The swallow | twittering | from the straw-built shed, |
The cock's shrill clarion, | or the echoing horn, |
No more shall rouse them | from their lowly bed.

*Solemn
and slow.*

6. For them | no more | the blazing hearth | shall burn, |
Or busy housewife | ply her evening care ; |
No children | run | to lip their sire's return, |
Or climb his knees | the envied kiss | to share.

2 Save, except.

Droning, dull buzzing sound.

Drowsy tinklings. The bells on the
necks of the sheep become gradually
silent as the sheep drop off to sleep.

Lull, soothe with a pleasing sound.

Folds, sheep-folds.

3 Ivy-mantled, covered with ivy as
with a mantle.

Moping, dreamy ; gloomy ; dull.

Secret bower, hiding-place.

Molest, disturb.

4 Rugged, having a rough bark.

Yew tree, a tree with dark green
foliage often planted in graveyards.

Heaves, rises.

Mouldering heap, grave-mound.

Narrow cell, grave.

Rude, untaught ; rough ; unpolished.
Hamlet, village.

5 Breezy, fresh ; airy.

Incense-breathing, sweet-smelling ;
fragrant.

Clarion, note ; clear-sounding trumpet.

Horn, huntsman's horn.

Rouse, awaken, as from sleep.

Lowly bed, grave.

6 Ply, etc., attend to her evening work.

Lisp, child's imperfect manner of
speaking.

Sire's, father's.

*Faint
recollection.
Minor key.*

7. Oft | did the harvest | to their sickle | yield, |
 Their furrow | oft | the stubborn glebe | has broke ; |
 How jocund | did they drive their team a-field ! |
 How bowed | the woods | beneath their sturdy stroke !

*Deprecat-
ingly.*

8. Let not Ambition | mock | their useful toil, |
 Their homely joys, | and destiny obscure ; |
 Nor Grandeur | hear | with a disdainful smile |
 The short | and simple annals | of the poor.

Moralising.

9. The boast of heraldry, | the pomp of power, |
 And all | that beauty, | all that wealth | e'er gave, |
 Await | alike | the inevitable hour— |
 The paths of glory | lead | but | to the grave.

*Deprecat-
ingly.*

10. Nor you, | ye Proud, | impute | to these | the fault, |
 If Memory | o'er their tomb | no trophies raise, |
 Where | through the long-drawn aisle | and fretted vault |
 The pealing anthem | swells the note of praise.

*Negative
question-
ing*

11. Can storied urn, | or animated bust, |
 Back | to its mansion | call the fleeting breath ? |

- 7 Furrow, ploughshare.
 Glebe, land attached to the church.
 Jocund, merry ; cheerful.
 Team, two or more horses drawing
 A-field, to the field. [together.
 Stroke, blows with an axe.
 8 Ambition, a desire of honour.
 Mock, make light of.
 Destiny, life. [eyes.
 Obscure, hidden away from public
 Grandeur, those in higher positions.
 Disdainful, scornful ; mocking.
 Annals, story, or history.
 9 Boast of heraldry, pride of family.
 Heraldry is the recording of family
 history, etc.
 Pomp of power, display of those in a
 high position.

- Inevitable, that which must come.
 Inevitable hour, the hour of death.
 The paths of glory, etc., every per-
 son, in every rank, must go to the
 10 Impute, charge. [grave.
 Trophies, memorials of victory.
 Aisle, passage in a church.
 Fretted vault, ornamented arched
 roof.
 Pealing anthem, loud-sounding
 hymn.
 11 Storied urn, an urn, containing the
 ashes of the dead, on which an
 account of the doings of the dead
 person has been written.
 Bust, head and shoulders.
 Animated bust, life-like figure or
 statue.
 Mansion, body.

Can Honour's voice | provoke the silent dust, |
Or Flattery | soothe the dull | cold ear | of death?

Musing. 12. Perhaps | in this neglected spot | is laid |
Some heart | once pregnant | with celestial fire ; |
Hands | that the rod of empire | might have swayed, |
Or | waked to ecstasy | the living lyre.

*An illustration
from nature.* 13. Full many a gem | of purest ray | serene |
The dark | unfathomed caves of ocean | bear ; |
Full many a flower | is born | to blush unseen, |
And waste its sweetness | on the desert air.

*A historical
parallel.* 14. Some village Hampden, | that | with dauntless breast |
The little tyrant of his fields | withstood, |
Some mute | inglorious Milton, | here may rest,— |
Some Cromwell, | guiltless | of his country's blood.

- 11 Provokes, call forth.
12 Neglected spot, country church-
yard.
Pregnant, filled.
Celestial, heavenly.
Rod of empire, king's sceptre.
Ecstasy, excessive joy.
Living lyre, living power of music.
13 Full, very.
Gem, precious stone.
Purest ray, etc., of the brightest
nature.
Unfathomed, very deep ; not
sounded. A fathom is six feet in
depth.
Full many a flower, etc., grows
where it is never seen.
Waste its sweetness, etc., is never
met with by man, and its perfume
never enjoyed.
14 Some village Hampden. John
Hampden lived in the reign of
Charles I. He would not pay a

tax called "ship money." He
took an active part in the civil
war that brought about the execu-
tion of Charles.—Little tyrant..
withstood, that is to say, that the
unknown man buried here may
have been as fearless in the cause
of right in his small way as Hamp-
den was in opposing the king.
Some mute, inglorious Milton,
some one may rest here who, in
other circumstances, would have
been as great a poet as Milton.
Milton, a famous poet (1608-1674),
wrote *Paradise Lost*.
Some Cromwell, some one who
would have been as famous a
military leader as Cromwell had
he had the opportunity. Crom-
well was Lord Protector of En-
gland, 1653 to 1658. He was the
leader of the Parliamentary party
against Charles I.

*Apolo-
getically.*

15. The applause of listening *senates* | to command, |
 The threats | of pain and ruin | to despise, |
 To scatter plenty | o'er a smiling land, |
 And read their history | in a nation's eyes, |

*The reason
why.*

16. Their lot forbade : | nor | circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, | but | their crimes | confined ;—|

*Advantages
of their
lowly lot.*

- Forbade | to wade | through slaughter | to a throne, |
 And shut the gates of *Mercy* | on mankind ; |

*Results
of it.*

17. Far | from the madding crowd's | ignoble strife, |
 Their sober wishes | never learned | to stray ; |
 Along the cool | sequestered vale of life |
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

*Serious
narrative.*

18. Yet | even these bones | from insult | to protect, |
 Some frail memorial | still | erected nigh, |
 With uncouth rhymes | and shapeless sculpture | decked, |
 Implores the passing tribute | of a sigh.

15 Applause, praise.*Senates, parliaments.**Smiling, fruitful.*

Read their history, etc., to see
 the praise and admiration of the
 people shown in looks of pleasure.

- 16 Their lot forbade, their position in
 life did not give them the oppor-
 tunities of being Hampdens, Mil-
 tons, Cromwells, of being kings,
 and members of parliament, and
 poets, and learned men; but if it
 had, then the world might have
 heard of their doings, and erected
 monuments to their memory.

Circumscribed, confined.

Growing virtues, etc. Those lying
 in the churchyard may, by their
 lowly position, have been pre-
 vented from doing great things
 for their country; but they had

also been prevented from com-
 mitting great crimes.

Forbade to wade, etc., had no op-
 portunity of causing war to bring
 about their own advancement.

- 17 Madding, excited; furious.

Ignoble, base; low.

Sequestered vale, retired valley:
 the course of life followed by the
 villagers was as retiring as a lonely
 valley.

Noiseless tenor, quiet course of life.

- 18 Insult, careless treatment; being
 walked over.

Frail memorial, weak, simple mark,
 as a wooden tablet, etc.

Uncouth rhymes, rough poetry.

Shapeless sculpture, badly carved
 ornament.

*Implores, calls for.**Tribute, that which is given.*

240 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

19. Their náme, | their yéars, | spelt | by the unlettered Muse, |
 The place | of fame and élegy | supply ; |
 And | many a holy téxt | around she strews, |
 That teach | the rustic móralist | to díe.

The poet calls attention to himself. This requires a change of tone and manner. 20. For thée, | who, | mindful | of the unhonoured déad, |
 Dost | in these línes | their artless tále | relate,— |
 If chance, | by lonely Contemplátion | led, |
 Some kindred spirit | shall inquire thy fate, |

Change to direct speech, and assume manner of an old rustic. 21. Háply | some hoary-headed swain | may say, |
 “Oft | have we seen him | at the peep of dáwn |
 Brushing | with hasty steps | the déws away, |
 To meet the sun | upon the upland láwn.

Quiet narrative in conversational tone. 22. “There, | at the foot | of yonder | nodding béech, |
 That wreathes | its old fantastic roots | so high, |
 His listless length | at noontide | would he stretch, |
 And pore upon the brook | that babbles by.

23. “Hard by yon wood, | now | smiling as in scórn, |
 Muttering his wayward fancies | he would rove ; |
 Now | drooping, | woful wan, | like one | forlórñ, |
 Or crazed with cáre, | or crossed in hopeless love.

19 Unlettered Muse, unlearned poet ; the writer of the uncouth rhymes. Fame, account of great things done. Elegy, poem in praise of the dead. Holy text, passages of Scripture on gravestones.

Moralist, one who tries to learn lessons from the inscriptions.

20 For thee, who mindful, etc. The poet here speaks to himself as one who remembers the poor and unknown ones buried there.

Contemplation, thought ; reflection.

Kindred spirit, etc., person of like temper shall inquire about him.

21 Háply, perhaps ; it may be. Hoary-headed, gray-haired. Peep of dawn, early morning. To meet the sun, to be there at sunrise.

22 Nodding, boughs bending over and moved by the wind. [twisted. Fantastic, irregular ; turned and Listless length, carelessly lying. Pore, looking steadily as a student on a book. [thoughts.

Wayward fancies, wandering

23 Woful wan, pale with grief. Forlorn, forsaken.—Crazed, mad. Crossed in love, disappointed.

More solemn.

24. "Oⁿe m^orn | I mⁱssed him | on the 'c^ustomed hill, |
 Along the heath, | and near his fav^ourite tree ; |
 An^other came, | nor y^et | beside the rⁱll, |
 Nor up the l^awn, | nor at the w^ood | was he ; |

Invitingly.

25. "The n^ext, | with dirges d^ue, | in sad arr^ay, |
 Sl^ow | through the church-way p^ath | we saw him b^orne : |
 App^roach | and r^ead | (for thou canst read) | the l^ay |
 Grav^ed on the st^one | beneath yon aged th^orn."

THE EPITAPH.

A complete change of manner. Read epitaph as one does a letter when first opened—decipheringly, as it were, with a good deal of monotone, but free from cadence.

26. Here | rests | hⁱs head | upon the lap of E^arth, |
 A y^outh | to Fort^une | and to Fam^e | unkn^own : |
 Fair Sci^en^ece | frown^ed not | on his h^umb^le bⁱrth, |
 And Mel^anch^oly | mark^ed him | for her o^wn.
 27. Larg^e | was his b^ounty, | and his s^oul | sinc^ere ; |
 Heav^en | did a re^comp^ense | as larg^ely | s^end : |
 He gav^e | to Mⁱs^ery | all he had— | a t^ear ; |
 He gain^ed from He^aven | ('twas all he wish^ed) | a fri^end.
 28. No further | seek | his m^erits | to disc^lose, |
 Or | draw his frailties | from their dread ab^ode, |
 (Th^ere | they | alⁱke | in tremblⁱng hope | rep^ose),— |
 The bosom of his F^ather | and his G^od.

- 24 'Customed, accustomed ; where he was in the habit of going.
 Rill, brook.
 25 The next, the next day.
 Dirges, funeral hymns.
 Array, procession.
 26 The Epitaph, writing on a tomb.
 Lap of Earth, the lap, etc., as if the Earth were his mother.
 Fame, renown ; praise of his fellow-men.

(770)

- Fair Science, knowledge.
 Melancholy, gloomy state of mind.
 Here Fortune, Fame, Science, and Melancholy are personified.
 27 Bounty, charity.
 Sincere, true.
 Recompense, reward.
 28 Merits, good points.
 Frailties, weaknesses.
 Dread abode, grave.
 Repose, rest.

WORDS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

I.—WORDS FROM LOWER STANDARDS. (FOR REVISAL.)

1	4	7	10	13
A-bun-dance	ar-rest-ed	bus-i-ness	con-sid'-er-ing	dic-tates
a-byss'	ar-til'-ler-y	Ca-lam'i-ty	con-tempt'	dif-fer-ence
ac-cept'-ing	as-cend'-ed	ca'-pa-ble	con-tin'-u-al-ly	dif-fi-cul-ty
ac-ci-dent'-al-ly	as-sem-ble	ca-reer'	con-tra-ry	dif-fi-cul-ties
ac-com-plish	as-sist'-ant	care'-less-ness	con-triv-ing	dirt-i-est
ac-cord'-ing-ly	as-ton'-ish-ment	ca-ressed'	con-ve'-ni-ance	dis-ap-pear'-ing
ac-cus'-tomed	at-tend'-ance	car-riag-es	copse	dis-cov'-er-ing
ac-quaint'-ance-es	at-ten-tion	cau-tious-ly	corps-es	dis-ease'
ac-quaint-ed	at-ten'-tive-ly	ceas-ing	coun-sel	dis-guised'
ac-tu-al-ly	at-tic	coun'-te-nance	cour-te-sy	dis-mayed'
a-dieu-s'	at-ti-tude	cen'-tu-ry	court'-iers	dis-or'-der-ly
ad-mi-ra'-tion	at-tract'-ed			dis-perse'
2	5	8	11	14
ad-vanc'-ing	Aus-tra'-li-a	cer'e-mo-ny	cre-a'-tor	dis-solve'
ad-van-tage	au-thors	char-ac-ter	crys-tal	di-vined'
ad-vent'-u-rers	av-a-lanche	cher-ub	cul-ti-vat-ing	di-vis'-ions
ad-vent-ures	Bam-boo'	chiv-al-ry	cul-ture	doubt-ful
ad-vent'-u-rous	ba-sis	chord	cu-ri-os-i-ty	drow-sy
ad-ver'-tise-ments	bat-ter-y	churl	cu-ri-ous-ly	drudge
ad-vis-ing	bat-tling	cir-cling	Dan'-ger-ous	drunk-en-ness
Al'-pine	beau'-ti-ful-ly	cir-cum-stance-es	daubed	Ea'-ger-ness
al-ter'-nat-ing	beck-oned	civ-il-ly	de-ceit'-ful	ear-li-est
a-maze'-ment	be-gin'-ning	clam'-our	de-feat'-ed	ear'-nest-ness
am-bi-tion	bel'-fry	col-lect'-ed	de-scend'-ing	ech-oed
A-mer-i-ca		col-onel		
3	6	9	12	15
an'-cient	bel'-fries	com-bined'	de-scrip'-tion	e-con'-o-my
an'-guish	be-lief'	com-mo-tion	de-serv'-ed-ly	el'-e-gan'-tial-ly
anx-i-ous-ly	be-lieved'	com-mu'-ni-cat-ing	des-o-late	em-brac'-ing
ap-pe'-rent-ly	be-liev'-ing	com-pos'-ed-ly	de-spatched'	e-mo-tion
ap-pealed'	be-numbed'	com-pre-hend'	des-pe-rate	em-plot'-ment
ap-pear'-ance	Ber'-nard	con-cealed'	des-ti-na'-tion	en-coun'-ters
ap-ply-ing	bev'-er-ages	con-fi-dence	des-tined	en-dear'-ened
ap-point-ed	be-wil'-dered	con-fu-sion	des-ti-ny	en-er-gy
ap-proach'-ing	brá'-vo	con-quer	de-struc'-tion	en-er-gies
ar-mour	broiled	con-quest	de-ter'-mined	en-ter-tain'-ing
a-roused'	bronzed	con-science	de-vice'	en'-vied
ar-rayed'	bur-i-al	con-scious	de-vot'-ed	e-spect'-a-ble

16	20	24	28	32
e-spied'	hast'-i-ly	Jon'-a-than	mu'-si-cal	poi'-son
e-steemed'	heart'-i-ly	jour'-ney-ing	mu-si'-cian	por'-tioned
e-ter-ni-ty	he-roes	joy'-ous-ness	mus'-lins	pos-sessed'
ev'-i-dent-ly	he-ro'ic	judg'-ment	mut'-tered	pre'-cious
ex-am-ined	hes-i-tat-ed	jui-cy	mys'-ter-y	pre'-i-pis
ex-cel-lent	High'-land-ers			pre-cise-ly
ex-cess'	ho-li-er	Kind'-ling	Na-po'-le-on	pre-pär'-ing
ex-clüd'-ed	hu-mour	knight-hood	nat'-u-ral	pre-vailed'
ex-haust'-ed		knight'-ly	nat'-u-ral-ly	prin'-cess
ex-press-ing	Il-lus-tra'-tion	knowl'-edge	ne-glect-ing	prin'-ci-pal
ex-pres-sion	im-i-tat-ing	Lan'-guage	neigh'-bour-ing	prin'-ci-pled
ex-treme-ly	im-i-ta-tion		nerv'-ous	prob-a-bly
17	21	25	29	33
ey'-ing	im-me'-di-ate-ly	Lat'-in	news-pa-pers	pro-ceed'-ing
Fal'-tered	im-pa'-tient-ly	lib'-er-ty	nim-bly	pro-cured'
fa-mil-iar	im-plor-ing	light'-ning	non-sense	pro-dig'-ious
fam-i-lies	im-port-ance	lin'-gered		prompt-ly
fash-ioned	im-pos'-si-ble	lin'-ger-ing	O-blige'	pro-nounced'
fa'-tal	im-prov'-ing	liq'-uors	oc-ca-sion	pro-spect
feat-ures	in-cred'-i-ble	lot'-ti-er	oc-cu-pies	pro-tec-tors
fee-ble-ness	in-cred'-i-bly	lux'-u-ry	oc-curred'	prov'-i-dence
fer-ment-ed	in-dul-gent	Main-tained'	op-por-tu'-ni-ty	pru-dent
fer-vent	in-dus'-tri-ous	maize	op-po-site	pu'-pils
fledged	in-hab'-i-tants	maj'-es-ty	op-po-si-tion	pur-su-ers
	in-no-cence		op-pressed'	pur-suit'
18	22	26	30	34
flee'-ing	in'-no-cent	man'-sions	or'-chard	Quailed
flut-ter-ing	in-quir-ry	man-ting	or-i-gin	quan-ti-ty
for-lorn'	in-qui-ries	man-u-fac'-tured	or-na-ment'-ed	quan-ti-ties
foun-der-ing	in-spi-ra'-tion	man-u-fac'-tu-rer	o-val	quar-relled
Frank-lin	in-struc'-tion	mar'-iners	Päl'-ings	quay
fre-quent-ly	in-stru-ment	ma-tron	pan'-ic	ques-tion-ing
fright-ened	in-tel-li-gent	mat-tress	par-tis'-u-lar	quit-ted
fu-ri-ous-ly	in-ten'-tion	med'-i-cine	pas-sen-gers	quiv'-er-ing
Gal'-lant-ly	in-ter-est-ed	mem-o-ry	pa-tient-ly	quoth
gen'-er-al-ly	in-ter-rapt'-ed	mem-o-ries	peas-ant	Ra'-di-ant
ge-ni-al	in-ter-rapt-ing	mer-ci-less	pe-cül'-iar	rais'-ins
	in-ter-val	mes-sen-ger		
19	23	27	31	35
ges'-ture	in-tox-i-ca'-tion	might'-i-est	pe-en'-ji-ar'-i-ty	Ral'-egh
glanc-ing	in-tro-duced'	min-ster	peer-less	rap-id-ly
glit-tered	in-ven'-tion	mi'-ry	pen-sion-ers	rasp-ing
gloom'-i-ly	I-tal'-ian	mis-chief	per-chance'	read'-i-ness
glo-ri-ous-ly	It-a-ly	mis-er-a-ble	per-il-ous	rea-son-ing
go'-ry	Jack-son	mod-er-ate	per-mis-sion	re-ceiv'-ing
grace'-ful-ly	Ja-pan'	mod-est-ly	per-mit-ted	re-cess'
gra-cious-ly	Ja'-va	mop-ing	per-se-ver'-ance	rec-og-nized
grad'-u-al-ly	jeal'-ous	mo-tion-ing	Per-si'-ans	rec-ol-lect-ing
Hand'-ker-chief	Jo-an'-na	mo-tives	pin'-ion	rec-om-mend'-ation
hap'-pi-ness	joc-und	mur-mured	pi'-ous	red'-den-ing
		mus'-cles	plan-ta'-tions	

36	39	42	45	48
re-deem'	scoff	strick'en	trav-el-ers	Wall-ings
re-fresh-ing	sculp-ture	Stu-art	trav-el-ling	wāk'en-ing
re-gal	sen-si-ble	stub-born	tre-men'-dous	war-rant-ed
re-la-tion	sen-tence	stud'y-ing	trem'-u-lous-ly	Wash-ing-ton
re-lent-ing	sep'-a-rate	sub-lime'	trench-es	Wāt-er-loo'
re-li-ance	sep'-a-rāt-ed	sub-sist'	tru'-ant	wealth'-i-er
re-lief'	sep'-ul-chre	sub-stanc-es	tur'-ban	weap-ons
re-lieved'	se-ri-ous	suc-ceed-ed	twen-ti-eth	wear-i-ly
re-main'-der	ser'-viç-es	suc-cess-es	Un-an'-swered	Wel'-ling-ton
ren-dered	set-tle-ment	suf-fi-cient		whis-tling
37	40	43	46	49
re-newed'	se-vere-ly	sulk-i-ly	un-con'-scious	wid'-owed
re-quir'-ing	sheep'-ish-ly	sul'-len	un-chris'-tian	wil'-der-ness
res-cued	ship'-wrecked	sul'-try	un-earth'-ly	wit'-ness-ing
re-solved'	shud'-der-ing	sum-moned	un-e'-qual-ly	wo'-ful
re-spect'-ful	sim-i-lar	surg-ing	un-ex-pect'-ed	won-drous
re-tained'	sin'-gu-lar-ly	sur-round-ed	un-for'-tu-nate	wool'-len
re-treat'-ing	slaugh-ter	sur-vived'	un-hon'-oured	wor'-shipped
re-vers-es	smock-frock	sus-pect-ed	un-min'-gled	wrath
re-vived'	Sol-o-mon	sus-pend-ed	un-ion	wreath
	sooth-ing	sym-pa-thy	un-u'-su-al	wreathes
38	41	44	47	50
right'-eous	sov'-er-eign	sym-pa-thies	ush'-ers	wreath'-ing
ri-val	spe-cial-ly	sys-tem	Val'-our	wretch'-ed-ly
rough'-ness	spec-ta-tors	Tal'-ent-ed	ver-dure	wretch'-ed-ness
Russ'-ia	sphere	taw'-ny	vic-tims	wring'-ing
Russ'-ian	spir'-it-less	tem'-per-ance	vic-to-ry	Yeast-y
Sa-lūt'-ed	splen-dour	ter'-ror	vic-to-ries	Zones
Sam'-u-el	stalk-ing	tram-pling	vil-lains	
scal'-ing	sta-tion-a-ry	trans-formed'	vi'-o-lence	
sci'-ence	stom-ach	trav-elled	vis-i-tant	
	strain-ing			

II.—NEW WORDS.

1	2	3	4
A-bet'-ting	ac-tiv-i-ty	Al-ver'-nus	ap-plause'
a-bom'-i-na-ble	a-droit-ly	Am'-herst-berg	ap-pre-hen'-sive
a-bridged'	ad-vance-ment	an-i-māt-ed	ar'-bour
ab-so-lute-ly	ad-ver-sa-ry	an-nals	ar-gu-ment
ac-cel-er-āt-ed	ad-ver-si-ty	an-nounced'	ar-range-ments
ac-com'-pa-nied	af-fright-ed	a-non'	as-kance'
ac-com'-pa-ny-ing	a-gil-i-ty	an-tag'-o-nists	as-so-ci-ates
ac-cu-rate-ly	aisles	an-te-lope	as-so-ci-a-tion
ac-cursed'	al'-co-hol	an-them	as-sur-ance
a-chieve'	al-co-hol'-ic	an-tique'	As-tur
ach'-ing	Al-giers'	anx-i-e-ty	a-ty-lums
ac-quaint'-ance-ship	al-lured'	ap-palled'	at-tend'-ant

5	9	13	17
at-trac-tion	Can'-a-da	con-sid'-er-a-ble	De-o
at-trib'-u-ted	Can'-no-bie	con-sis'-ten-cy	de-part'-ment
auc-tion	car'-ni-val	con'-stan-cy	de-pos-it-ed
au-di-ence	car-olled	con-struct'-ed	de-pressed'
au-gurs	ca-the-dral	con-struc-tion	Dept'-ford
au-gu-ry	cav'-a-lier'	con-sul-ta-tion	de-sir'-a-ble
Au-gus-tine	cav'-al-ry	con-tem-plat-ing	des-po-tism
au-thor-i-ta-tive	ce-lest'-ial	con-tem-pla-tion	de-tained'
av'e-nue	cen-tre	con-trib'-ute	de-ter-mi-na-tion
awn-ing	cer-tif-i-cate	con-vened'	Dev-on-shire
Ay-mer	cham'-ois	con-ve-ni-ent	de-vo-tion
	cham'-pi-on	con-ver-sa-tion	de-vout-ly
6	10	14	18
Bab'-blers	char-ac-t'er-is-tic	con-vul'-sive	dew'-y
bach'-e-lor	Chat'-ham	co-op-er-a-tion	dic-tion-a-ry
bag-gage	Chloe	co-or-di-nate	dif-fi-dence
Bar-bar-a	ci-pher	co-quet-ry	di-lat'-ed
bar'-ri-er	cir-cuit	cor-di-al	Di'-nah
bash'-ful-ness	cir-cu-lar	Cor-nish-man	dirge
bea'-con	cir-cu-late	Corn'-wall	dis-as-ters
ben-e-fac'-tress	cir-cum-scribed'	coun-ter-feit-ed	dis-cern'
be-nev'-o-lence	clam-our-ing	coun-ter-mand'	dis-ci-ple
be-reft'	Clare	cow'-er-ing	dis-ci-pline
Beth-pe'-or	clar'-i-on	cox-comb	dis-con-tent'-ed-ly
be-trothed'	clas'-sic	cra'-ven	dis-cuss-ing
7	11	15	19
bier	cli'-max	Crec'-y	dis-cus-sion
big'-ots	clinch-ing	cred-it	dis-dain'-ful
Bing'-en	clogged	crev'-ic-es	dis-per-sion
bi-og'-ra-pher	col-lapsed'	cri-sis	dis-tin'-guish
birch-en	Co-lum-bus	crit-i-cal	dis-tin'-guished
Bir'-ken-head	col-umn	Crom'-well	diz'-zi-ly
blithe-some	com-merce	croupe	doc-trines
Blount	com-par'-a-tive-ly	cru-el-ties	dol'-lar
bond-age	com-pas-sion-ate	Cud'-joe	do-mes-tic
bound-a-ries	com-pas'-sion-ate-ly	cum-ber-less	drenched
brake	com-plex-ion	cu-pid-i-ty	drest
breth'-ren	com-pli-ment	cur-few	driz-zling
8	12	16	20
brev'-i-ty	com-pressed'	Dan'-gling	droll'-er-y
bri'-dal	Com-yn	das-tard	drön'-ing
brooch	con-ceive'	daunt'-less	drow-si-ness
Bru-nel'	con-ceived'	dawn'-ing	duch'-ees
Buc-cleuch'	con-cen-trat-ed	dearth	
buoyed	con-cep-tion	deft-ly	Ea'-sel
bus-i-est	con-cise-ness	de-ject-ed	ebbed
	con-fid-ing-ly	de-ject-ed-ly	ech'-o-ing
Ca'-denc-es	con-found-ed	de-lir-i-ous	e-con'-o-mize
Cæ-sar	con-jeo-ture	de-lu-sion	ec'-sta-sy
cai-tiffs	con-jures	de-mure-ly	ed-u-cate
Ca-naan	con-se-quence	den-i-zens	ed-u-cat-ing

21	25	29	33
ed-u-ca'tion	ex-pe'ri-ence	glis'ten-ing	ig'no-rance
ef-fi'cient	ex-pired'	gloam-ing	im-mor-tal
e-jac-u-la'tions	ex-pul'sion	gov-ern-ment	im-pe-tus
el'e-gy	ex-qui-site	Græmes	im-pos-si-bil'i-ty
el'e-ments	ex-ult'	gran-deur	im-pos-si-bil'i-ties
e-man-ci-pat-ing	ex-ult-ing	grat'i-fied	im-pute'
em-bar-rass-ment	ey-rie	grav-i-ta'tion	in-ac-ces-si-ble
em-bat-tled	Fal'-chion	grav'i-ty	in-can-ta'tion
em-bla-zoned	fan-tas-tic	Green-wich	in-cense
em-blem	fas-ci-nat-ed	gro-tesque'	in-ci-dent
em-pla-sis	fath-omed	gro-tesque-ly	in-cli-na'tion
em-phat-i-cal-ly			in-cre-du-li-ty
22	26	30	34
en-act'	fa-tigue'	Hab-i-ta'tion	in-di-cat-ed
en-cour-ag-ing-ly	fa-tigued'	ha-bit-u-al-ly	in-dif-fer-ent
en-dear-ing	fe-al-ty	hal-berds	in-dig-na'tion
en-dear-ment	Fen'-wicks	Ha'-ley	in-do-lent
en-er-get-ic	fer-men-ta'tion	Hal-li-day	in-ev-i-ta-ble
en-gi-neer-ing	fet-tered	Hamp-den	in-flex-i-ble
en-grossed'	fi-del-i-ty	Hamp-stead	in-flu-ence
en-kin-dled	fi-sure	Han-ni-bal	in-ge-ni-ous
e-nor-mous	flinch-ing	har-mo-ny	in-glo-ri-ous
en-signs	flu-cu-a-te	har-row-ing	in-se-cure'
en-sued'	for-get-ful-ness	haunch-es	in-stinct-i-ve-ly
en-treat-y	for-ma-tion	hea-then-ish	in-tel-lec-tu-al
23	27	31	35
en-vel-oped	For'-sters	heav-en-ward	in-tel-li-gence
ep'i-taph	for-tress	heav-i-est	in-tense'
e-quipped'	for-tu-nate	heir-ess	in-ter-cede'
e-rase'	fra-grance	her-alds	in-ti-ma'tion
e-rect-ed	frail-ties	her-ald-ry	in-va-ri-a-bly
E-rie	Fran-cis	Her-min'i-us	in-vi-o-la-ble
es-sen-tial	Fred-erick	hes-i-tat-ing	in-vi-o-late
e-stab-lish-ment	freight	hes-i-tat-ing-ly	in-vis-i-ble
E-trus-cans	Friet-chie	hes-i-ta'tion	in-vis-i-bly
E-van-gel-ine	fu-gi-tives	hick-o-ry	in-vol-un-ta-ry
e-van-gel-ist	fume	his-to-ri-ans	ir-res-o-lute
e-vent-u-al	fur-nace	hoard	I-sam-bard
24	28	32	36
ev-o-lu'tion	Gal-i-le-o	hoars'er	i'-vied
ex-celled'	gal-lant-ry	hoar-y	Ja-pan-ese'
Ex-cel-si-or	gall-iard	Hol-y-rood	jer-kins
ex-cla-ma'tion	Gal-lo-way	hon-our-a-ble	jew-elled
ex'e-cut-ed	gam-bolled	Ho-ra'tius	joc-u-lar-ly
ex-e-cu-tion	gauge	horde	Jor-dan
ex-haust-less	gen-er-ous	hos-pi-tal	Ju'-li-us
ex-ile	ge-ni-us	hos-tile	junc-ture
<i>ex-is-tence</i>	ghast-ly		Ken-tuck-y
<i>ex-pec-ta-tion</i>	gla-ci-ers	I-den-ti-fy	kin-dred
<i>ex-pe-di-ents</i>	glebe	id'i-ots	knoll
<i>ex-pe-di'tion</i>	glimpse	ig-no-ble	

37	41	45	49
La-bur-num	Mir-i-am	or-di-na-ry	pre-ced-ing
lag-gard	mis-cal'-cu-lit-ing	or-gan-ized	pre-cincts
lain-en-ta-tions	mis'-chiev-ous	o-rig'-i-nal	pre-cip'-i-tous
land-scape	Mis-sis-sip-pi	Or-le-ans	preg-nant
lan-guid	Mo-ab	o-ver-tures	pres-age
Lar-ti-us	mod-ern		priv-i-lege
lat-tice	mo-lest'	Fac'-i-fied	pro-ces-sion
Laus	mo-ment'-um	pack-age	pro-faned'
le-gends	Mon-mouth	pal-frey	prof-it-ed
Le-gion	mon-u-ment	pan-ta-loons'	pro-ject-ed
leg-is-la-ture	mor-al-ist	pa-rade'	pro-longed'
Le-gree'	mort-gage	par-a-lyzed'	pro-por-tioned
38	42	46	50
lei-sure	mo-tion-less	pas-sion-ate	pro-pl'-ti-ate
liege-man	mu-lat-to	pa-thos	pro-pri-e-ties
li-lacs	Mu-ril-lo	pat-ri-ot'-ic	pro-yoke'
lit-er-a-ture	mus-cu-lar	ped-es-tal	pun-ish-ment
liv-er-ies	Mus-graves	Pem-broke	pur-sued'
Liv-ing-stone	mu-ti-ny	pen-du-lum	pur-su-ing
Loch-in-var'	mu-tu-al	pen-e-trat-ed	
Lorn	mys-te'-ri-ous	pen-e-tra-tion	Quad-roon'
Lou-i-si-a'-na	Nä'-tion-al	Pe-pin-su-lar	quaffed
Lu-na	Ne-bo	pen-sive	Qua-ker
lu-na-tic	ne-ces-si-ty	pen-u-ry	
Ma-chin'-er-y		per-ceiv-ing	Ra'-chel
39	43	47	51
mag-is-trate	neck-lace	per-form-anc-es	ra-di-ance
mag-nif-i-cent	neg-a-tive	per-sist-ed	rai-ment
Ma-ren-go	neg-li-gent-ly	per-sua-sion	Ram-ni-an
Ma-ry-land	ne-groes	phi-los'o-pher	ran-som
mar-tyrs	Neth-er-by	phrase	ra-pac-i-ty
mar-vell-ous	New-ark	phys-i-cal	rap-tu-rous
mar-vell-ous-ly	night-in-gale	pin-na-cle	re-as-sured'
ma-ter-nal	noise-less-ly	Pi-sa	re-cap-tur-ing
mat-in	no-tic-ing	pit-i-less	rec-i-pe
ma-ture'	no-to-ri-ous	plain-tive	re-clined'
meas-ure-ment	nov-el-ty	plan-et-a-ry	rec-ol-lec-tion
med-i-ca-ments	Ob-jec-tion	plan-ets	rec-om-pense
40	44	48	52
mem-brane	ob-lit-er-ät-ed	pol-i-tics	re-cord-ed
me-mo-ri-als	ob-scure'	po-lit-i-cal	re-flec-tion
me-pi-als	ob-serv-ant	pol-i-ti'-cian	re-fresh-ment
mel-an-chol-y	ob-ser-va-tion	pon-der-ous	reg-u-lät-or
ment-al	oc-ca-sion-al	pop-u-la-tion	re-hears-als
mer-ri-ment	oc-ca-sion-al-ly	Por-se-na	re-la-tion-ship
mien	off-spring	pos-i-tive-ly	re-luc-tance
mil-i-ta-ry	O-hi-o	pos-ses-sion	re-mark-a-ble
mill-ion	op-er-a-tions	post-pone'	re-mem-brance
Mil-ton	O-ph-e-lia	pounced	re-mem-brance
mim-ic-ry	o-pi-um	pranc-ing	re-plen-ish-ing
min-strel	or-bits	pre-ced-ed	re-pressed'

53	57	61	65
re-sent'-ment	ser'-geant	su-per-hu'-man	un-fath'-omed
re-serv'-ing	ser-vice-a-ble	su-per-nat-u-ral	un-fa'-your-a-ble
res-i-dent	Se-ton	su-per-vi'-sion	un-fet'-tered
re-signed'	Sev-ille	sur-pass'-ing	u'-ni-form
res-o-lute	Sex'-tus	sus-pen'-sion	u'-ni-verse
res-o-lu-tion	Shan-non	sus-pli'-cion	un-let'-tered
re-sponse'	sheen	Sus-sex	un-lim'-it-ed
re-spon-sive	Shel-by	swag'-ger-ing	un-nec'-es-sa-ry
ret'i-nue	sig-nif-i-cance	swain	un-pre-mad'-i-tat-ed
re-ver'-ber-ät-ed	sig-nif-i-cant	syl-la-ble	un-pre-pared'
rev'er-ence	sig-nif-i-cant-ly	sym-bol	un-pro-faned'
rev'er-end	sign'-or	Tar'-quins	un-prof'-it-a-bly
54	58	62	66
re-versed'	Sim'-e-on	tav'-ern	un-re-mit'-ting
rev-o-lu-tions	Sim-plon	ten'-or	un-skil'-ful
rheu'-ma-tism	sin-cere'	ten-sion	up-roar'-i-ous-ly
Rhine	sin-cere-ly	theme	ut-ter-ance
rhyme	skil'-ful-ly	thrilled	Va'-cant
ri-dic-u-lous	släw'-er-y	thrill-ing	va'-cant-ly
ri'-fle	smoth'-er-ing	Ti'-ber	vague
rig'id	so-lem-ni-ty	Ti'-ti-an	Val-ence
Rob-in-son	sol-i-ta-ry	to-kens	van'-guard
ro-man'-ces	som'-er-set	toi-let	van-ish-ed
Ron'-ald	spe-cies	Top-sy	van'-quished
row'-an	spec'i-mens	Tra'-cy	
55	59	63	67
ruff'-ians	spec'-tral	trai'-tors	va'-ry-ing
ru-in-ous	spend-thrift	tran-sept	vault'-ed
ruse	spir-it-u-ous	trans-la'-tion	ve'-he-mence
rus-set	splint-ered	trans-pa'-rent	ve-loç-i-ty
rus-tic	Spu-ri-us	trans-port-ing	ven-er-a-ble
Sal-u-ta'-tion	squan'-dered	trib'-ute	ve-ran'-da
sañ'-guine	squat-ter	tri-umphs	verg-ers
sañ'-gui-na-ry	St. Clare	tri-umphed	ver-ti-cal
sat-is-fac-tion	stealth-i-ly	tri-um-phant	Vic-to-ri-a
sa'-vour-y	Steb-bins	Trompe	vic-to-ri-ous-ly
scaur	Ste'-phen-son	tro'-phies	Vir'-gin
	stim-u-late	tur-bid	vir'-tue
56	60	64	68
scen'-ic	St. Keyne	tur-bu-lent	vis'-ion
scis-sors	Stone-wall	Tus-can	Wat'-tles
scourge	straight-en-ing	Tus-can-y	ward'-robe
scru'-ti-niz-ing	stu'-di-o	twi'-light	wher'-ry
Se-bas-tian	stu-pen-dous	ty-rants	wher'-ries
se-clud'-ed	sub-mis-sion	Un-af-fect'-ed	wooded
se-clür-i-ty	suc-ces-sive-ly	un-bri'-dled	wrench
sen'-ate	suc-cour	un-cer-e-mo'-ni-ous	Yar'-row
Sen'-a-tor	suf-fice'	un-con-cern'	yawn'-ing
sep-ar-a-ble	sug-gest'-ed	un-couth'	yeo-men
se-ques-tered	su-perb'	un-ea-si-ly	
se-re-ne'	su-perb-ly		

FORMATION OF NOUNS, ADJECTIVES, AND VERBS FROM EACH OTHER.

There are *three* ways in which one word is formed from another word.

1. By a **change** within the word ; as, *sing, song*.
2. By an addition at the end of the word (**affix**) ; as, *hard, hardness ; treat, treatment*.
3. By an addition at the beginning of the word (**prefix**) ; as, *large, enlarge ; dew, bedew*.

1. NOUNS FORMED FROM VERBS.

	Verb.	Noun.	
(a) BY CHANGE.	To sing	song	= thing sung.
	To tell	tale	= thing told.
	To grieve	grief	= act of grieving.
(b) BY AFFIX.	To beg	beggar	} = { agent, or doer of the
	To read	reader	
	To trust	trustee	= person to whom.
	To resemble	resemblance	= state, or condition.
	To weigh	weight	} = thing done.
	To act	action	
(c) BY PREFIX.	To come	income	= that which comes in.
	To lay	outlay	= that which is laid out.

EXERCISE 1.

Form *Nouns* from these Verbs :—

(a) To sit, to break, to bake, to speak, to bind, to cleave. (b) To drink, to favour, to commit, to excel, to create, to bear. (c) To spring.

2. NOUNS FORMED FROM ADJECTIVES.

	Adjective.	Noun.	
BY AFFIX.	hard	hardness	} = state, or act.
	brave	bravery	
	high	height	

EXERCISE 2.

Form *Nouns* from these Adjectives :—

Broad, wall, cool, foul, hale, slow, true, kind, deep, honest, grave.

3. NOUNS FORMED FROM NOUNS.

	<i>Noun.</i>	<i>Noun.</i>	
(a) BY CHANGE.	head	hood	= cover for head.
	{ king	kingdom	} = sphere, or state.
(b) BY AFFIX.	{ man	manhood	
	{ lamb	lambkin	} = { diminutives, meaning "little."
	{ duck	duckling	
(c) BY PREFIX.	{ law	out-law	= one outside the law.
	{ house	out-house	= an outside house.

EXERCISE 3.

Form other *Nouns* from these *Nouns* :—

Bishop, rector, hero, kin, town, master, cat, eagle, hill, moon.

4. ADJECTIVES FORMED FROM NOUNS.

	<i>Noun.</i>	<i>Adjective.</i>	
(a) BY CHANGE.	{ pride	proud	} = having, or full of.
	{ heat	hot	
	{ wit	wise	
	{ health	healthy	= full of health.
(b) BY AFFIX.	{ peace	peaceful	= full of peace.
	{ gold	golden	= made of gold.
	{ passion	passionate	= full of passion.
(c) BY PREFIX.	{ door	indoor, outdoor.	
	{ side	inside, outside.	

EXERCISE 4.

Form *Adjectives* from these *Nouns* :—

Friend (2 adjs.), war, wool, poet (2), wood, fame, rock, south, republic, king, stone, grace, care (2), pain (2).

5. ADJECTIVES FORMED FROM VERBS.

	<i>Verb.</i>	<i>Adjective.</i>
BY AFFIX.	{ act	active
	{ please	pleasant

EXERCISE 5.

Form *Adjectives* from these *Verbs* :—

To cure, to depend, to win, to create, to profit, to err, to doubt, to cheer.

6. ADJECTIVES FORMED FROM ADJECTIVES.

	<i>Adjective.</i>	<i>Adjective.</i>
BY AFFIX.	{ green foul	greenish fulsome

7. VERBS FORMED FROM NOUNS.

	<i>Noun.</i>	<i>Verb.</i>
(a) BY CHANGE.	{ cloth glass	clothe glaze
(b) BY AFFIX.	{ captive author	captivate authorize
(c) BY PREFIX.	{ force dew	enforce bedew

EXERCISE 6.

Form *Verbs* from these *Nouns* :—

(a) Food, hound, house. (b) Memorial, magnet, beauty. (c) Joy, bark, gulf, siege, witch, fool, cave, cage, circle, bower, body.

8. VERBS FORMED FROM ADJECTIVES.

	<i>Adjective.</i>	<i>Verb.</i>	
(a) BY CHANGE.	hale	heal	= to make.
(b) BY AFFIX.	{ bright equal	brighten equalize	{ = to make.
(c) BY PREFIX.	{ able calm	enable becalm	{ = to make.

EXERCISE 7.

Form *Verbs* from these *Adjectives* :—

(a) Loath. (b) Public, real, deep, ample, special, wide. (c) Rich, dim, noble, numb, large, bitter, feeble.

9. VERBS FORMED FROM VERBS.

	<i>Verb.</i>	<i>Verb.</i>	
(a) BY CHANGE.	{ To sit To fly	to set to flee	{ causative forms, signi- fying "to make to."
(c) BY PREFIX.	{ To carry To trust To tie	to miscarry. to distrust. to untie.	

EXERCISE 8.

Form other *Verbs* from these *Verbs* :—

(a) To drink, to lie, to rise, to fall. (c) To praise, to speak, to set, to tell, to turn, to fix, to take, to run, to read, to go, to see.

HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

1. Use simple words.

It is a common fault of young writers to use fine-sounding words, of which they often do not know the meaning. As a rule, the scholar should not go to the dictionary in search of words. He should use his own stock of words, and should refer to a dictionary only when he is in doubt about the exact meaning and use of a word which he has occasion to employ. "He proceeded to his residence, and there perused the volume," is weak and affected. "He went home and read the book," is plain and forcible, and goes straight to the mark.

2. Use few words.

Never use two words when your meaning can be expressed by one. Instead of "Through the whole *period of his existence*," say, "Through his whole *life*."

3. Use the right words.

That is to say, use the words that most exactly express your meaning. Here the dictionaries are often misleading. "Constant" and "perpetual" are words of similar meaning; yet the one may be used in many places where it would be improper to use the other. For example, we may say correctly that a boy and his dog were "constant playmates;" but to call them "perpetual playmates" would be absurd.

4. Put the right words in the right places.

This is necessary, to secure clearness. The misplacing of a word or a phrase may alter the meaning of an entire sentence. Even where the meaning of the individual words is not mistakable, it is important that the construction should leave no room for doubt. For example—"She hit a man with a stone on his back" is ambiguous. "She hit a man on his back with a stone" is clear.

5. Write short sentences.

In a long sentence a great many points are put before the mind together. In short sentences, on the other hand, each point is presented separately. The ideas are taken in by the reader in detail; and he places them in their true connection all the more easily, because he seizes each of them by itself.

If the plan of using short words in short sentences were closely followed, errors in grammar would be less frequent, and it would rarely be necessary for young writers to use any other points than the *period* and the *comma*.

6. Attend to the use of capital letters.

Almost the only cases in which the young writer should be required to use capital letters, are at the beginning of every sentence and of every proper name, including the names of the days and the months.

WORDS PRONOUNCED NEARLY ALIKE.

(Most of these Words have been given as Exercises in Readers IV. and V.)

accede, agree.	bare, uncovered.	burrow, a rabbit-hole.	choir, of singers.
exceed, go beyond.	bear, an animal.	borough, a corporate town.	quire, of paper.
accept, take.	barren, sterile.	by, near.	claws, of an animal.
except, leave out.	baron, a noble.	buy, to purchase.	clause, of a sentence.
addition, something added.	be, to exist.	bye, in "good-bye."	climb, to ascend.
edition, of a book.	bee, an insect.	calendar, a yearly register.	clime, climate.
adze, a tool.	beach, sea coast.	calender, hot press for dressing cloth.	close, end.
adds, does add.	beech, a tree.	cannon, a great gun.	clothes, dress.
affect, act on.	bean, the seed of a plant.	canon, rule.	coarse, not fine.
effect, bring to pass.	been, part. of be.	canvas, coarse cloth.	course, a running.
all, to be sick.	beat, to strike.	canvass, ask for votes.	cobble, to mend.
ale, malt liquor.	beet, a plant.	capital, chief city.	coble, a small boat.
air, the atmosphere.	beer, malt liquor.	Capitol, a temple at Rome.	coin, metal money.
are, before.	bier, a frame for bearing the dead.	carrot, a root.	quoin, a wedge.
e'er, ever.	berry, small fruit.	carat, a jeweller's weight.	compliment, act of civility.
heir, an inheritor.	bury, to inter.	caret, a mark to show that words are left out, A.	complement, full number.
airy, surrounded with air; gay.	berth, sleeping-place in a ship.	case, a barrel.	concert, musical performance.
eyry, a nest.	birth, coming into life.	casque, a helmet.	consort, spouse.
all, the whole.	bite, to seize with the teeth.	cede, to give up.	coral, in "coral-island."
awl, a sharp tool.	bight, a small bay.	seed, part of a plant.	choral, pertaining to a choir.
aloud, in a loud voice.	blew, did blow.	ceiling, of a room.	cord, string.
allowed, did allow.	blue, a colour.	sealing, with wax.	chord, in music.
altar, for worship.	bold, brave.	celery, a vegetable.	core, the heart.
alter, to change.	bowled, played at bowls.	salary, payment.	corps, body of men.
ant, an insect.	border, edge.	cell, a small room.	correspondence, interchange of letters.
aunt, a relative.	boarder, one who boards.	sell, to give for money.	correspondents, persons who exchange letters.
arc, a curve; arch.	bow, to bend.	cellar, a room under ground.	council, an assembly.
ark, Noah's vessel.	bough, a branch.	seller, one who sells.	counsel, to advise.
ascent, going up.	boy, a male child.	censer, a pan to burn incense.	councillor, member of council.
assent, agreement.	buoy, a float.	censor, a critic.	counseller, adviser.
assistance, help.	brake, a thicket.	cent., a hundred.	cozen, to cheat.
assistants, helpers.	break, to shatter.	scent, perfume.	cousin, a relation.
ate, did eat.	breaches, openings.	sent, did send.	creak, to make a harsh noise.
eight, four and four.	breeches, trousers.	cereal, relating to grain.	creek, a small bay.
ought, anything.	bread, food.	serial, periodical.	crews, sailors.
ought, is bound.	bred, brought up.	chaste, pure.	cruise, to sail about.
bad, evil.	bridal, a wedding.	chased, hunted.	cruse, a small cup.
bade, did bid.	bridle, of a horse.	check, to restrain.	current, a small fruit.
baize, coarse woollen cloth.	Britain, the country.	cheque, an order for money.	current, stream.
bays, laurel leaves.	Briton, an inhabitant.		
bald, without hair.	bruise, to crush.		
bawled, did bawl.	brews, does brew.		
bale, a package.			
ball, surety.			
ball, a round body.			
bawl, to shout.			

cygnet, a young swan.	ewer, a jug.	gamble, to play for money.	hire, wages.
signet, a seal.	your, of you.	gambol, to frisk.	higher, loftier.
cymbal, a musical instrument.	extent, space.	gild, to cover with gold.	hoard, a store.
symbol, a type.	extant, not lost.	gild, a company.	horde, a wandering tribe.
dear, costly.	fain, eager.	gilt, covered with gold.	hole, an opening.
deer, an animal.	fane, a temple.	guilt, wickedness.	whole, entire.
deference, regard.	feign, to sham.	gluttonous, greedy.	holy, pure; sacred.
difference, contention.	faint, feeble.	glutinous, gluey.	wholly, altogether.
dependent, resting on.	feint, a pretence.	goer, one that goes.	I, the person speaking
dependant, one who is dependent.	fair, a market.	gore, blood.	eye, the organ of vision
descent, going down.	fare, food.	gore, to stab.	idle, lazy.
descent, genealogy.	farther, more distant (more <i>far</i>).	gore, a gusset.	idol, a false god.
dissent, disagreement.	further, to a greater distance (more <i>forth</i>).	grate, for fire.	idyl, a short poem.
desert, merit.	feat, an exploit.	great, large.	impostor, a cheat.
dessert, after dinner.	feet, of the body.	grisly, frightful.	imposture, fraud.
dew, moisture.	fellow, a partner.	grizzly, of a gray colour.	in, into.
due, owed.	felloe, the rim of a wheel.	groan, a deep moan.	inn, a tavern.
die, a stamp.	few, not many.	grown, increased.	indite, to compose.
die, to expire.	feu, land held for rent.	group, a crowd.	indict, to accuse.
dye, to change the colour.	find, to discover.	grope, to feel one's way.	isle, island.
dire, dreadful.	fined, punished in money.	guest, a stranger.	aisle, wing of a church.
dyer, one who dyes cloth.	flee, an insect.	guessed, did guess.	jam, conserve of fruit.
divers, several.	flee, to run away.	hail, to accost.	jamb, side-piece of a door.
diverse, different.	flew, did fly.	hail, frozen rain.	jester, one who jests.
doe, a female deer.	flue, a chimney.	hale, healthy.	gesture, motion of the body.
dough, paste for baking.	flour, ground grain.	hair, of the head.	jury, men sworn to try a cause.
done, finished.	flower, a blossom.	hare, an animal.	Jewry, Judea.
dun, a colour.	fool, a stupid person.	hall, a large room.	kernel, the seed inside the shell.
doom, fate.	full, complete.	haul, to pull.	colonel, commander of a regiment.
dome, a cupola.	fore, in front.	hart, a deer.	key, for a lock.
draft, a bill of exchange.	four, two and two.	heart, the seat of life.	quay, a wharf.
draught, act of drinking.	forth, abroad.	haven, shelter for ships.	kill, to slay.
dust, small grains.	fourth, after third.	heaven, the abode of the blessed.	kiln, for burning lime.
doat, 2nd. sing. of do.	foul, not clean.	heal, to cure.	knead, to work dough.
dying, expiring.	fowl, a bird.	heal, of the foot.	need, to require.
dyeing, changing the colour.	free, does free.	hear, to listen.	knot, hard part of wood. [tion.
errand, a message.	freeze, to congeal.	here, in this place.	not, particle of nega-
errant, wandering.	frieze, coarse cloth.	heard, did hear.	lade, to load.
eruption, bursting forth, as of a volcano.	frieze, part of a building.	herd, a flock.	laid, placed.
irruption, a bursting in, of army.	fur, of an animal.	hew, to cut down.	lain, reclined.
ether, the upper air.	fir, a tree.	hue, colour.	lane, an alley.
either, one of two.	furs, skins.	hide, to conceal.	lair, bed of a wild beast
ewe, a female sheep.	firs, fir trees.	hied, hastened.	layer, stratum.
yew, a tree.	furze, bushes.	hie, to go; hasten.	lapse, to glide.
you, the person addressed.	gage, a pledge.	high, lofty.	laps, does lap.
	gauge, a measure.	him, a person referred to.	lax, loose.
	gait, manner of walking.	hymn, a sacred song.	lack, does lack.
	gate, a door.		lace, of ruses.

lea, a meadow.	mean, low.	one, a number.	poplar, a tree.
lee, the sheltered side.	mean, to intend.	won, gained.	popular, pleasing the people.
leak, a hole in a ship.	mien, manner.	our, of us.	populace, the common people.
leek, a plant.	meat, food.	hour, sixty minutes.	populous, full of people.
least, smallest.	meet, to encounter.	pail, for milk.	pore, an opening.
leased, let out on lease.	mete, to measure.	pale, white.	pore, to study closely.
led, did lead.	medal, coin.	pain, suffering.	pour, to empty out.
lead, a metal.	meddle, to interfere.	pane, of glass.	practice, a custom.
lessen, to make less.	metal, iron, gold, etc.	pair, a couple.	practise, to do habitually.
lesson, instruction.	mettle, spirit, courage.	pare, to cut.	praise, renown.
levy, to raise troops.	meter, a measure.	pear, a fruit.	prays, entreats.
levee, a royal reception.	metre, verse.	palate, roof of the mouth.	prey, plunder.
liar, one who tells lies.	might, power.	pallet, a low bed.	president, one who presides.
lyre, musical instrument.	mite, an insect.	palette, a painter's colour-board.	precedent, example.
lightening, making light.	miner, one who mines.	pastor, a shepherd.	pries, looks into closely.
lightning, a flash.	minor, junior; smaller.	pasture, grazing for cattle.	prise, a reward.
limb, of the body.	mist, fine rain.	pause, a stop.	principal, chief.
limn, to draw.	missed, lost.	paws, of an animal.	principle, rule.
links, of a chain.	moan, a deep sigh.	peace, quietness.	profit, gain.
lynx, an animal.	mown, cut down.	piece, a part.	prophet, one who foretells.
lo! look.	mood, temper.	peak, the top.	prophecy, a foretelling.
low, not high.	mode, manner.	plique, ill-will.	prophesy, to foretell.
loan, something lent.	mowed, did mow.	peal, a loud sound.	quartz, a mineral.
lone, solitary.	more, greater.	peel, to pare.	quarts, parts of a gallon.
lore, learning.	mower, one who mows.	pearl, a gem.	rain, water from the clouds.
lower, more low.	mote, a particle.	peril, danger.	reign, to rule.
made, did make.	moat, a ditch.	peas, in number.	rein, of a horse.
maid, a young woman.	muscle, of the body.	pease, in quantity.	raise, to lift up.
mail, a bag of letters.	mussel, a shell-fish.	peer, a nobleman.	rays, of the sun.
mail, armour.	mute, to meditate.	pier, of a bridge.	rase, to overthrow.
male, a he-animal.	mews, cries as a cat.	pendant, hanging.	rap, to knock.
main, chief.	nave, of a wheel.	pendant, that which hangs.	wrap, to infold.
main, the ocean.	nave, of a church.	phrase, mode of speech.	read, to peruse.
mane, of an animal.	knave, a rogue.	frays, quarrels.	reed, a plant.
manner, method.	neigh, as a horse.	place, position.	reck, to care.
manor, domain.	may, no.	plaice, a fish.	wreck, ruin.
mantel, a chimney-piece.	new, not old.	plain, level ground.	red, a colour.
mantle, a cloak.	knew, did know.	plane, joiner's tool.	read, did read.
mare, female horse.	night, time of darkness.	plaintiff, the plainer in law-suit.	rest, to be still.
mayor, chief magistrate.	knight, a title of rank.	plaintive, mournful.	wrest, to take by violence.
mark, token; proof.	no, negative.	plait, to fold.	right, not wrong.
marque, a license to plunder.	know, to understand.	plate, a dish.	rite, a ceremony.
marshal, to arrange.	none, no one.	please, to delight.	write, with a pen.
martial, warlike.	nun, feminine of monk.	pleas, excuses.	wright, a workman.
maze, a labyrinth.	nose, of the face.	plum, a fruit.	
maize, Indian corn.	knows, does know.	plumb, a leaden weight.	
mead, a meadow.	o'er, over.	pole, a measure.	
meed, a reward.	ode, a short poem.	pole, a piece of wood.	
	owed, did owe.	poll, the head.	
	oh! exclamation.		
	ows, to be indebted.		

rime, hoar-frost.	sheath, a scabbard.	suite, retinue.	urn, a vase.
rhyme, in verse.	sheathe, to put in a sheath.	sweet, pleasant to the taste.	earn, to gain by labour.
ring, a circle.	site, situation.	surplice, the white robe of a clergyman.	use, to employ.
ring, to sound a bell.	sight, vision.	surplus, excess.	ewes, female sheep.
wring, to twist.	size, bulk.	tale, a story.	vain, conceited.
road, a way.	signs, moans.	tail, of an animal.	vein, a blood-vessel.
rode, did ride.	slight, to neglect.	tare, a weed.	vane, a weather-cock.
rowed, did row.	slight, dexterity.	tear, to rend.	vale, valley.
root, of a plant.	aloe, a berry.	tax, a charge.	veil, for the face.
route, line of march.	slow, not fast.	tacks, small nails.	vial, a small bottle.
rose, a flower.	soar, to mount.	team, of horses.	viol, a stringed instrument.
rose, did rise.	sore, painful.	teem, to be full of.	wade, to walk in water.
rows, does row.	soared, did soar.	tear, from the eye.	weighed, did weigh.
rote, memory.	sword, a weapon.	tier, a row.	wain, a waggon.
wrote, did write.	soled, did sell.	tease, to annoy.	wane, to decrease.
rough, uneven.	sold, my boot is soled.	teas, kinds of tea.	waist, of the body.
ruff, for the neck.	some, a portion.	ton, a weight.	waste, to destroy.
row, a line.	sum, amount.	tun, a large cask.	wait, to stay.
row, to row a boat.	son, a male child.	tract, a region.	weight, heaviness.
roe, a female deer.	sun, that shines.	tract, a small book.	ware, goods.
rye, a grain.	soul, spirit.	tracked, traced.	wear, to put on.
wry, crooked.	sole, of the foot.	their, of them.	wave, of the sea.
sailor, a seaman.	staid, sober; grave.	there, in that place.	waive, to put off.
sailer, a ship.	stayed, did stay.	throw, did throw.	wean, to withdraw.
sale, the act of selling.	stair, a flight of steps.	through, from side to side.	ween, to think.
sail, of a ship.	stare, to gaze.	throne, a royal seat.	weather, state of the air.
scene, a view.	stake, a post.	thrown, cast.	wether, a sheep.
seen, beheld.	steak, a slice of beef.	tide, a current.	week, seven days.
sculptor, one who carves.	stationary, fixed.	tied, made fast.	weak, feeble.
sculpture, carving.	stationery, materials for writing.	time, season.	weigh, to find the weight of.
sea, the ocean.	steal, to take by theft.	thyme, a plant.	way, a road.
see, domain of a bishop.	steel, metal.	to, unto.	whether, which of two.
see, to behold.	step, a pace.	too, also.	whither, to what place.
seams, joinings.	steppe, a barren plain.	two, one and one.	wield, to manage.
seems, appears.	stile, a step in a fence.	toe, of the foot.	weald, a wood or forest.
sear, to burn.	style, manner of writing.	tow, coarse flax.	with, by means of.
seer, a prophet.	straight, not crooked.	told, narrated.	withs, a twig.
sere, faded.	strait, narrow.	toll, rang.	wood, a forest.
sees, beholds.	succour, help.	trait, feature.	would, past of <i>will</i> .
seize, to take hold of.	sucker, the piston of a pump.	tray, vessel.	yoke, a chain.
sew, to make a seam.		treaties, of peace.	yolk, of an egg.
sow, to scatter seed.		treatise, a discourse or essay.	
so, thus.			
shear, to clip.			
sheer, unmixed.			





